

Remember 202

Hodgepodge

*...the completely
disorganized thoughts of an idiotic
scientist...* by Dr. Joey Bone

A fictional tome of ten lesser writings(booklets).

Booklet one (total of 10 booklets)

These scribblings are unedited and written about five years just before and during the Hillary-Trump battle. While these uncultured words have been a struggle to write, I do hope they contain a few useful ideas. On the other hand, much of my life's history is utter foolishness. The story line doesn't begin until page 101.

“These extremely boring novels are some of the most poorly written, long winded, pieces of fictional trash, ever to have been inked.

They reek of creative incompetence and moral turpitude, so if your sleeping pill fails you, these books are guaranteed to do the job.”

Jack R. Inventiano, First and Only President of *The International Imbecilic Literary Review*.

“Rarely, does such an uncultured creation of disorganized thought come along. I had to triple my usual dosage of Adderall, to get through these ten tedious texts.” Huge Engano, Resident Scholar Emeritus of St. Magnolia’s Mental Health Institution.

“If your time is of little to no value, these books are probably for you. Otherwise, it’s definitely something you want to avoid, unless you’re starting a campfire; but just don’t do it in California.” Albert Ethos, President of Rain Cloud University.

“The ten most disorganized, poorly

scrawled, pieces of refuse put to paper. Some people should realize their not a writer, before wasting their time.” Elaine Molina of the Funky Cole Medina College of Arts.

“These worthless novels are evidently written by an intellectually bankrupt, dull witted, soul.” Arthur C. Holmes of the London Hard Times Report.

*These confabulations are
dedicated to Chea (Tia), my
dear and only daughter.*

From the moment you were forcefully ejected from your slightly crazy, but enduringly strong, black mother's womb, I've loved you. As far as I'm concerned, that was the most important moment in my life. If certain Hindus are correct, I've loved you since the moment the idea of love sprang into existence. You are pure joy, and everything which I never realized I wanted, until that magical moment you departed the womb. Many folks feel that love begins when one gives up selfishness, to expect nothing in return, but certainly your happiness is the opposite of nothing. With your first cry, I wanted to adopt some of the finer aspects of my Dad's behavior, and abandon some of my sinful ways. In a way, it was as if I hadn't been alive, before you were born. Your infancy forced me to confront my many banal dishonesties and short comings, which mostly faded

in the light of your love, but you've always been so much more than just an opportunity for me to change.

Everything about you is love: your gentle voice, your exquisite face, with those puffy pink lips, and swollen dusky sepia eyelids, covering your large dark almond eyes. Your honest enchanting laughter frees my spirit. Where for some, laughter is wielded like a harsh and tiresome weapon, your sweet mirth is a soothing balm. Your smile is a clear summer sunrise. I love how you think, especially your sincere compassion, your honesty, your exquisite beauty, your love of justice, your innocence, your oh so potent wisdom, and how I love to watch you dance! Dance is where your genius truly shines. If only I'd gotten you into it sooner. On the truly important things, you seem to have been born knowing. I love that you express not the slightest mote of cruelty, but are acutely interested in, yet a little tough on young men; since too much love can make some unworthy. Nevertheless, judging from your desire to find love, you'll likely remain emotionally vulnerable. Perhaps, that's what friends are for.

You're the only person, who seems to subdue my impatience, and you're why I still love life. You're

my sublime light in the darkness, my salvation from my former self, and far more than I deserve. Despite these wonderful things, you've introduced me to a new form of terror. It is a fearsome thing to love a person, who can become sick, or injured, or be touched by death, and so when you started to drive the car, I nearly lost my mind. While it's been a supreme privilege to watch and help you to grow-up, I wish you were once again a small child. Ergo, I both praise and loath father-time for ushering you, into the risky gambit of adulthood. As I age, it seems I care less and less for most people, but time only deepens my love for you.

May your life be filled with love, health, and wealth, and when death finally stalks you, to assert its' undeniable prerogative, may you painlessly skip-off the end of your life's most delightful dream, into that silence of your last precious heartbeat, to set forth into an eternity filled with nothing less than pure joy! Still, while you're there in paradise, please figure out some way to save me from the fires of the ever painful inferno; for even at this late date, I remain uncertain as to the true nature of the divinity, and so, while some say ignorance is bliss, in my case, it could be Hades; at least, if all these Southern

Baptists are right, and they they're right, but belief is such a hard thing to define. Obviously, you must make your own decisions about such things, and don't let me influence your choice. Such infinite speculations are beyond my meager three pounds of gray mush, and better made by a fine loving heart, such as yours. Each of us will decide our own truths. How else could it be?

Wanting all your memories of me to be pleasant, hopefully I'll die suddenly, before becoming any more of a doltish old fool. How I hate the idea of growing old and fragile in front of you. Who can enjoy looking at aged weakness and senility? Aside from you, I'm not going to miss the world too much, since the goodness of the world has markedly faded, becoming more controlled, disease ridden, and polluted. Popular culture now calls pity compassion, flattery on Facebook is mistaken for love, ill-conceived propaganda is delivered-up as sage advice, profitable armed conflict is mistaken for justice, medicine is more concerned with financial gain than it is with health, and so cures are not created, and lucrative longterm treatments are praised, twisted extreme gossip is called news, war and killing for industrial greed and spoils is thought to be patriotic,

digital two dimensional perception has usurped too much of the three dimensional world, the earth's survival has taken a backseat to corporate avarice, and childishly redundant tunes are now foolishly considered music. Good luck with what's left of this corrupt old world, sweetie. On a more serious note, please try to do a better job cleaning your room.

[OBJ]



BOOKLET I

Preface ... If you are bored of the lengthy preface
skip to the THE

VISIT

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THE VISIT

.....

ARE THOSE TESTICLES OR IS IT CHRISTMAS?

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BOOKLET II

EVIL ORANGE

.....

THE PEPPER vs. THE GRASS SNAKE

.....

AWOL AT THE BULLFIGHTS

.....

LA GUARDIA DE CIVIL

.....

THE GHOST HORSE AND THE PSYCHOPATH

.....

THE RACING PIEGON AND THE PROSTITUTE

.....

BOOKLET III

THE MONSTER IN THE TRAP

.....

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

.....

BLOWING-UP THE PENGUIN

.....

THE SOAP JOB

.....

BURNING BOREDOM

.....

THE STRIPPER AND THE ORANGUTAN

.....

HUBCAP

.....

MILITARY SCHOOL

.....

THE SABER PARTY

.....

BOOKLET IV

PISSING PSEUDO BLOOD

.....

THE GIGOLO'S HEAD

.....

KILLING THE BEAR TO CURE CANCER

.....

DEATH COMES WHILE SLEEPING

.....

MY DEAD MAN

.....

THE TICKET

.....

THE GIANT IN THE STEAM ROOM

.....

THE BIG BABY IN THE BUS STATION

.....

BOOKLET V

LOVE

.....

THE *KKK* COMES TO TOWN

.....

PIG

.....

SUPER SAM THE FIREMAN

.....

THE TRAP-HOUSE

.....

REVENGE

.....

BOOKLET VI

MEXICO

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THE KILLING OF KNIFEMAN

.....

THE NEON IGUANAS

.....

SANGRE POR SANGRE

.....

BOOKLET VII

BUSTED ON THE BUS

.....

THE MATRON WITH THE SCHIZOPHRENIC PENIS

.....

GOING LEGIT

.....

WAYNE AND MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS

.....

LA JUARTAS

.....

ENDING THE DRUG PROBLEM

.....

BOOKLET VIII

NORTH OF THE BORDER

.....

MY BRAIN WAKES-UP

.....

A CHESS GAME WITH *HIV* BEES

.....

THE MUSH, THE UNIVERSE, AND THE TIME MACHINE

.....

MAYDAY

.....

BOOKLET IX

LEARNING TO PAY ATTENTION

.....

JUMPING THE WHIRLWIND

.....

THE DEATH OF JOHN AND JAMES

.....

KNOCKED OUT IN THE AIR

.....

BREAKING MY NECK

.....

BELLA'S MURDER

.....

THE ROBBERY

.....

MERCY

.....

THE MOBILE VOICE

.....

THE HABITUAL OFFENDER

.....

THE SCHOOL BUS FROM HELL

.....

BOOKLET X

THE TEST DRIVE

.....

IN CHAINS

.....

GAY NAZI RATS

.....

A FEW PAGES OF GROUSING

.....

HARNESSING THE SPINNING BLUE MARBLE

.....

THE END OF THE BLUE MARBLE AND PET PEEVES

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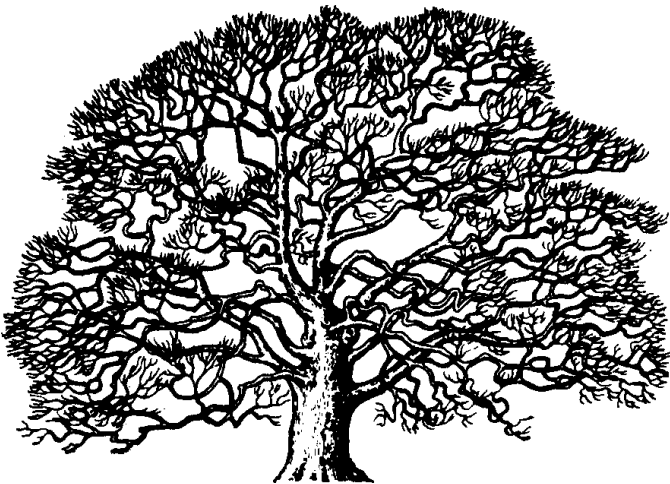
POSTSCRIPT

A FEW VERY ROUGH SUGGESTIONS TO CHANGE THE
WORLD

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Acknowledgements

OBJ



Immeasurable thanks to the mystically talented little Irishman, Professor Jack Brown. Save for the reading of excellent novels, he was my sole creative writing teacher. I only knew him for five weeks,

before his untimely death, which then marked the end of my interest in creative writing, at least until starting to write these ten books, which seemed to have caused a few of his lessons to return to mind, even though its been over forty five years. The overly energetic consummate literary artist, had an inspired wayfarer's spirit. Because of good, and not so good, books, I've had my share of exposure to imaginative writers, yet Jack was the first one I'd actually meant and listened to, expounding on his creative trade. In writing, the brilliant and perpetually cheery gentleman encouraged: enthusiasm, descriptive expansive sensory awareness, conservation of word, while leaving them lavish enough to paint rich descriptive detail, without being too redundant or gaudy. Jack preached the need for making each sentence push the action, or develop a character, regardless of the character's nature. He preached, that when writing, not be afraid to step outside your comfort zone, or to be less than generous with emotions; and, regardless of how contrived the story, it generally should pursue some significant truth, something the reader might deem to be worthy. Though my scant abilities have fallen well short of Brown's lofty instructions, his teaching was a bonafide joy, and yet for his massive genius, he

remained such a down to earth affable chap. To witness his burning passion for his life's interest of writing, was a true privilege, and such intellectual passion is almost as rare as a solid gold stripper pole in the Vatican, but lately, I put nothing past the catholic church, or for that matter, passed any of the world's major religions. Perhaps, the world needs a special place void of children, for those who get sexually aroused by kids, little beings who are only designed to steal you heart, and test your forbearance, yet for some adults the child is a sexual stimulus. Maybe that's the real reason islands exist. While I indeed loath such folks, I can't help but feel they're truly insane.

As mentioned, I'd only known the awe-inspiring teacher for a few weeks, when one dusky evening, out in front of my college dormitory, a group of students suddenly cut loose with screams and shouts. I turned and at first, thought the sounds were simply the students being rowdy; but then, I realized that their voices possessed that flat cutting edge of panicked urgency. They were all staring hard in the same direction. Having heard and felt its distinctive rhythmic rumble, I was aware of the approach of the unforgiving massive black steam-powered

locomotive, and then I saw Mr. Brown, pedaling straight for the unlit and unguarded railroad crossing, on his rickety old bicycle. The crossing was a one lane asphalt strip, built-up level with the tops of the two rails. The students were yelling at the top of the lungs, trying to warn the professor. *He'll see the train any second now and stop!* Back then, safety regulations for railroad crossings were light years from what they are now. There were no red and white striped wooden barrier arms to block my teacher's path, no blinking red lights, no loud clanging bells. It was a small one lane road, made of ancient crumbling asphalt, with powdery red clay, coming-up through the cracks.

The impending black tyrannical death felt so nonnegotiable, still for a few seconds, my mind repeatedly looked for ways to remedy what I was seeing, to somehow make it right, but there was no stopping him, no preventing his demise, no saving Mr. Brown. He couldn't hear the shouts, because he had his earplugs in his ears, listening to his little plastic transistor radio. I sprinted over to him, and there was no mistaking he was dead, his body a mangled mess, no breath, no life in his eyes, and while some blood still oozed, it didn't eject from his

body, no pulse, no heart beat. *It's just as well he's dead, he'd never be the same, if he lived.* His shoes were off his feet, yet miraculously his flimsy tan plastic transistor radio laid unbroken, on the speckled chunks of gray granite, between two creosoted wooden railroad ties. *The ear plugs are still in his ears.*

Reaching down, while trying not to stare at the mutilated portions of his anatomy, I pulled out one earplug, and could heard *Herbie Hancock and the Miles Davis Quintet*, still coming out of the tinny sounding speaker. *The radio lives, but Mr. Brown doesn't. How is that possible?* Having seen enough, I dropped the ear plug, turned away, and walked back to my dorm room to find my ever dependable fifth of bourbon, and so because of strategic drinking his tragic death soon became more tolerable. Perchance, it was also because, by that time in my young life, I'd witnessed more than my share death, yet nothing compared to kids raised in war-torn countries. I didn't so much feel bad about his actual death as I kept thinking about that huge irreplaceable loss of ability, and how unique he was. Again, I didn't feel bad about his life being over, as much as I regretted my being deprived of witnessing his talent. The man was a true inspiration.

Repeatedly, I found myself thinking, that Professor Brown epitomized that trite saying that, *'The good die young.'* From my limited observations of death, there does seem to be more than a modicum of truth to that somber ancient adage. Perchance that hackneyed aphorism had been first used as part of a pep-talk for primeval warriors, just before they charged forth into battle; since most young male warriors, with their notoriously high levels of circulating testosterone, are often anything but good, and so maybe the old maxim became a light-hearted comfort of sorts. Even now, as a barely lucid old man, I debate what's right and wrong, about so many things, and yet so many of my southern acquaintances possess fairly solid, if not overly forceful, opinions.

After attending a few of Professor Brown's informative, animated, and fairly humorous lectures, I came to realize, that you can learn more in one minute from a creatively brilliant soul, than you can in a lifetime from some highly intelligent, logical folks. It was the first time that I realized learning could be such an extravagant event. Profound amounts of information and cognitive computation powers, while definitely useful, and considered by

many to be highly impressive, can't generally make the leap of understanding, that can the imaginative creative mind. Besides the creative mind is more fun, and fun does matter. The more imaginative the gray mush, the more it's apt to cobble together seemingly unrelated facts and discover the formerly hidden truths. Many unimaginative folks are quick to point-out why given lines of logic are in error, or why something can't be made, or a task can't be accomplished. Such folks are fast to put a negative spin on things, and amazingly that makes them feel accomplished; yet, they miss the hidden truths, the discovery, ergo rarely, if ever, do such people create anything of significance. Worse yet, the creativity in others often engenders jealousy in these clueless folks, which may not only devour the hand that feeds them, but other people's careers within their myopic emerald focus. This may be owing to the fact that, while creative people can be hired, there's no way to buy creativity for one's self. Consequently, an uncreative billionaire likely remains forever unchanged. Of course, they'll be happy to take credit for the creative deeds of those they've employed, but they themselves remain rather tiresome. Just ask that egomaniac currently running against Hillary. What has he personally ever created, except for making

money, and ruining some of his employees' lives? His exploitation of the bankruptcy laws for his own financial gain seems to have seriously damaged his employees, but what does that matter? Nevertheless, true creativity seems to have escaped his grasp; he has developed: no new computer chips, no beautiful score of music, no medical cure, no piece of significant literature... only the things he can pay creative people to create for him... nothing by his own volition! And, if he gets elected president, all the creative work which gets accomplished will not be his, but done by those people he has either appointed or hired.

A creative spirit can routinely inspire the listener, whereas a dry logical person, even if they're highly intelligent, usually just relays information and often puts the listener to sleep. Dr. Brown's lectures and classroom discussions were without the customary monotonous academic restraints. For one thing, he treated us all as equals, yet constantly demanded that we spew-forth our own opinions, trying to awaken the creative beast in us. He rattled our cages, till the bars broke and the ideas began to fall-out. In his class, it was like we were all on a grand adventure. To drive home his point, he'd

sometimes bring-in drama students and have them act out various creative pieces literature, and of course we'd all applaud, while the rest of the faculty in nearby classrooms simmered. Frequently, Dr. Brown would violently curse, which in the late 1960s was considered to be completely unacceptable. His cursing correlated evenly with his passion for teaching, somewhat helping him to stretch-out his wings, and soar untethered into realms of imagination, where nothing remained too sacred to discuss.

Yet, Jack Brown's expansive expressive mind was in marked contrast to his life's more bland superficial accoutrements. The astute cultured Harvard graduate sported cheap unremarkable clothes. They were clean, but frequently permanently stained, frayed, ill fitting, and judging by style, manufactured a few decades ago, which he'd most likely procured from thrift stores, or yard sales. The young professor didn't own a car, but he did love bourbon, which he bought every couple of days from my favorite liquor store. He called it, 'writers juice,' and this too didn't sit well with the other faculty. His booze wasn't the outrageously expensive top-shelf stuff, just *Old Forester*. Every now and then, during class we

students would pick up on the odor of bourbon; however, the booze couldn't be detected in his behavior, for he was never less than brilliant and considerate, a rare combination, indeed, two qualities which effectively sealed his fate with the lesser faculty. For lunch, while sitting in his office, he'd generally eat inexpensive sandwiches, god-awful pimento and mayonnaise was his favorite. These things left me with the distinct impression that he only cared about: being with his loving wife, drinking, his on-going writings, listening to jazz, reading great literature, and inspiring his students. Those things comprised his world.

Nevertheless, once a week, Professor Brown splurged, when he and his wife ate at one of the local restaurants. Like my Dad, Professor Brown liked using the word, 'splurged,' maybe the word came from the two words 'spending' and 'urge.' The Harvard grad told us that the word had evolved from the settlers and cowboys of the old wild west, in the early 1800s. He might have been bullshitting me. Because of his undeniable genius, the colorful mercuric Dr. Brown made the rest of the more traditional English faculty seem like stiff washed-out pastel cardboard cut-outs. They were like the 'B'

actors, in a two star 1950s movie, whereas Dr. Brown was Denzel Washington in *Training Day*. He was the gangster of the english department. But luckily for the jealous faculty, his rickety bicycle, habitual cursing, love of drinking, and shabby clothes, furnished them the material, they so desperately needed to write him off as an eccentric weirdo. Being excluded, from the english department's social get-togethers, didn't seem to have the slightest effect, on Dr. Brown. Truth-be-told, the faculty were terrified of the man. His ideas seemed to shake the traditional academic foundations of that time.

As mentioned, unfortunately my dear teacher loved to listen to a local Virginia jazz station on his pocket-sized transistor radio with his plastic earpieces jammed-down deep in his auditory canals, while pedaling home on that well used rusty bicycle. Dr. Brown considered the cheap tiny transistor radio to be a marvelous luxury, which it was in 1966. It had only been on the market for about ten years, and everyone was crazy about them. He pedaled just fast enough to comfortably keep his balance, with his eyelids halfway down, and his eyes barely tracking his homeward path, while his head nodded with the tempo of the radio's lively tunes. The music had

effectively blocked his ability to hear the students' warning shouts, and the bike's poorly inflated tires, riding over the crumbling asphalt, effectively masked the vibrations of the unforgiving locomotive.

The distracted engineer was looking out the far side of the locomotive's cabin, and never sounded his horn. The professor's right temporal lobe was fully engaged in *Herbie Hancock* and the *Miles Davis Quintet*, so hopefully, he was never fearfully aware that death was paying him the unannounced visit. Perchance, his superb soul was simply born aloft on the music's vibrant olden threads; those lively notes became the pallbearers of his spirit, on that otherwise lazy southern evening. Indeed, it was an easy death, for he was gone in a snap.

From watching the tragic incident, it was clear to me that he never knew what had hit him. The train's cowcatcher lifted him and the bike, and his head morbidly bounced off a vertical piece of metal just above and slightly behind the cowcatcher. Later, I found it was called, 'the flagstaff,' which probably knocked him unconscious, and the fully relaxed body then tumbled down in front of the merciless train, between the two steel rails, in a marked depression between two ties. The train, without any cars in tow,

quickly passed over him rolling the body a couple of times, and in so doing the mindless mechanical monster had extinguished all that brilliance, without the slightest shudder. The only reason the engineer knew that he'd hit Mr. Brown was the continued screams from my fellow students, as we ran toward the tracks. Mr. Brown's rusty bicycle stayed affixed to the cow-catcher. Even though the train wasn't going too fast, it continued on for about one hundred yards, before stopping. The old engineer, climbed out and came running back, dressed in his classic blue farmer johns. He put-on an impressive sprint for a gray-haired fat man. He kept repeating the phrase, 'Oh, my God!' I never heard if he'd lost his job, but why should he? It was only a twist of fate. Thank you for all your the inspiration Dr. Brown.

Sincere thanks to the world famous neuropharmacologist, Professor Emeritus Thom Francisco. Like Professor Brown, he kept a fifth of bourbon stashed in his office desk... lower left drawer. He also stored a plethora of scientific ideas in his gifted gray matter. The professor was my savior from an educational system, which was still decades from getting out of the dark ages. He wrote the neuropharmacology section of *Goodman and*

Gilman, often referred to as the bible of pharmacology. Too bad there hadn't been more time to get to know that fine gentleman better; but beyond that, I wish I'd been more of a worthy student. He was the kind of fellow, who helped, whenever it was needed, regardless of their being no reward, and even when unsolicited!

The now departed physician, RC Blackburn was an exceptionally unique friend, who taught me the significance of intellectual honesty in scientific writing, as well as to economically and accurately select my words and phrases, so as best to portray the most exact scientific description. Then, as now, I fail to possess the compulsory patience for good writing. I used to simply believe that once the concept was roughly scribbled down onto the paper, it didn't matter how well it was penned. Once it was crudely set-down, it was then time to move-on to formulating another idea. Why waste precious time on such a mundane thing as editing? Honestly, I still largely feel that way. In many ways, RC's lessons were the opposite of Mr. Brown's. Herein, you will most certainly witness, numerous passages, where I've failed to heed RC's, as well as Dr. Brown's, sage advice. They did so desperately try to impart bits and

pieces of wisdom, but my younger restless mind was often not adequately appreciative, and even now the doggedness of editing has never been one of my virtues. To edit something into beautiful clarity is to be considerate of the reader, and for that, the writer must possess at least a smidge of empathy, which is poorly represented in my gray mush; at least until around age forty, and it really didn't amount to much, until I was forty four, when my daughter was born. Up until then, I only had love for ideas, and one dead girlfriend, and cared not the slightest for a reader's sensitivity. Besides, the laboratory, where RC and I worked, had publication editors, who were paid to perform the tedious editing. Nevertheless, the editors bitched and moaned every time I handed them a paper. They didn't care about the ideas, they just wanted me to do their editing job, because they too hated editing.

RC was kind enough to slow me down, so I could better notice a few of the things I'd been missing. Like my Grandpa, he loved opera. Practicing research alongside RC, was fun and intellectually stimulating, yet it was a bit like being colleagues with a brilliant unpredictable grizzly bear, ergo RC was light years from being boring. Much as with Dr. Brown, his

peers often bitched about him.

Regardless of wealth or intellect, most people's lives seem to acquire requisite amounts of opposing feelings and emotions, happiness and depression, anger/hate and love, fear and confidence, etc.; barring extreme behavioral experiences, those amounts of emotion may well be largely owing to their innate hardwiring of the person's genetically-based and experiential neurophysiology. The bright folks of centuries past, probably because of their lack of understanding of brain function, may have called such emotional balancing, karma, thinking it was something spiritual. More than occasionally, RC lacked the ability to properly direct his anger. He seemed to enjoy his anger. If the plumber called with bad news about some pipe in his home, RC loudly chewed-out, whomever was nearby; and so, I was never quite sure when he'd turn to temper, yet the big guy would always stop just shy of snatching my head off. Sometimes, I purposely do things just to watch him light-off. It didn't take much. For example, if he was out of his office, in the restroom, I just rearrange things on his desk. He'd blow a cork, and then commence to an investigation. RC was filled with life. He was kind of a mixed bag. RC loved

to go in stores and make the salesman think that he was going to buy something, e.g., a car, a boat motor, various tools, etc. He'd would ask the salesman a million questions and really put him through the paces, then RC would just walk off. When we'd get in the car and leave, he'd laugh his ass off. Nevertheless, he was all about justice and protecting innocent people.

Considering his stellar brilliance, RC's world may have seemed to be filled with frustrating impediments, and so that could have explained why the bear often roared and bared his teeth. Perhaps that, coupled with his bad diet is why he succumbed to that early heart attack. He probably was the only man I've known, whose spirit was born too late, but whose intellect was ahead of its time. A religious man might be prone to say that God had made a prodigious timing mistake. RC's inner self was like a wild west cowboy; while intellectually, he should have been some sort of futuristic inventor. He loved the world of medicine, but it was hard for him, not because of its medical complexity and intellectual challenge, but because of the boundless bungling doings of medical administrators, and all the endless bureaucratic red-tape.

At the lab, there were the dull-witted administrators and the more untalented scientists, whose imbecile behavior was a constant irritation, and drove poor RC insane. The two things RC loathed the most were passive aggression and stupidity. Myself, I'm okay with stupidity, after all, we're all foolish now and then and I've done more than my share of stupid shit, but like RC, I'm not too good with passive aggressive folks, often feeling the powerful urge to choke the living shit out of such people; still, I'm just barely smart enough to give them the clear impression I don't notice their efforts. At the lab, perhaps the finest example of such a person was the self-aggrandizing and self-deluded Dr. Timmy Leonardo, who had to be largely ignored and patiently tolerated, as a vacuous irksome being, by most of the other scientists. RC just couldn't accept Leonardo's boundless inanity. Consequently, RC took great pains to ignore the guy, for fear he, RC, might be arrested for assault and battery. RC even avoided the hallway, where Dr. Leonardo had his office, for fear of having to speak with him. With a name like Leonardo, you might have thought he'd have been brighter. While RC detested passive aggressive people, he somewhat admired overt physical aggression, simply because it tends to be more

honest. RC was an exasperated physician and a member of Mensa, trapped in a burdensome medical system, managed by irksome administrators. Medical administrators are usually jealous of those, over whom they administrate, yet they're so self-deluded they're often unable to admit it to themselves.

From our countless discussions, it was obvious that the good doctor dearly loved his beautiful wife and youngest daughter, as well as things like: shooting, fishing, gazing upon feminine beauty, opera, classical literature, and sometimes his other kids. Near the end of his life, RC told me that he regretted not having been kinder to his only son, Charles. And, sustained genuine remorse for his unkind rejection of the boy, who was by then a grown man. RC had basically excommunicated his son, and regularly bleed-out his repentance, for having done so. In many ways, regrets become the worst part of our lives, tending to be painful persistent visitors the older we get, frequently laced with feelings of regret, an emotion I never experienced, until around age forty; though I did many things deserving of guilt, I was fortunately just born without that piece of neurology. Since RC died before his time, something tells me that he never

made his apologies for the undeserved rejection of his son. From various clues, his son was anything but a chip off the old block; my bet was that the boy was gay, and RC was just too much of a true-blue red blooded macho cowboy from a bygone era, to be able to deal with that very common and completely normal neuroendocrine state of human sexuality. So, if you read this Charles, know that your father dearly loved you, much more than he probably ever admitted to you. There's a chapter (*Gay Nazi Rats*) in the last book of this ten book series, which attempts to explain some of the reasons for heterosexuality and homosexuality, how they are created and why, and why gay folks are as normal as hetero folks.

The brilliant and congenial Dr. Suzanne Bensus provided me with the most amazing course of independent graduate study, that a budding scientist could hope for. She was a truly gifted woman, who transcended the usual limitations of academia, and she did this so well that it was as if she was not human, but another type of being, free of all such mundane things... the next step in human evolution. The humorous and illustrious doctor persuaded a number of world-class scientists to provide, us grad-students, with a riveting two to four hour discourse,

regarding their particular field of expertise, and so, each one of them talked about what they were most passionate about in their particular field. Her course was therefore composed of the best instructors, teaching what they knew best. What could have been better? As a result of her efforts, I was allowed to meet and listen to the amazingly gifted researchers, at the pinnacle of their careers, all of whom blazed with the fervency of their intellectual interests. To say the least, the lectures were mind-openers. Thanks and ever thanks dear Dr. Bensus. You were a bona fide brilliant 'slice of life'... an amazing teacher.

Dr. O. Eugene Mahlenhauser was inherently a very shy man, who by perseverance and massive amounts of information committed to memory made himself into one of my greatest inspirational scientific teachers. Woven within his neuroanatomical lessons, were magnificent nuggets of mystery and revelation, concerning the functions of the human brain. Gene, you should have been an actor. Many consider the man to be the world's foremost neuroanatomist. I certainly do. Thanks, and ever thanks, Gene. Oddly enough, it seemed as though the extremely brilliant Gene was driven by the fear of failure, yet it was next to impossible to

find a greater success than he.

I am oh so grateful for the brief friendship of Dr. Chris (Dean) A. Gray, for without him, I never would have changed my ways and found my humble interest in science. Dr. Gray wandered away from his Utah home, at the young age of fourteen, after sustaining an extreme beating. His father had decided to stop using his belt to punish Dean, and switched to using a wooden two by four, thereby inspiring Chris to leave home, and travel to California, where he became an official acid-dropping *Haight-Ashbury* hippie. Then later, thanks to the military draft, he'd periodically walk point, as a combat soldier in Vietnam. After witnessing substantial amounts of blood and gore, Dean bubbled-up from his life's early cauldron, to become one of the world's most dedicated and accomplished scientists. Dr. Gray remains a methodical searcher, and a difficult man to read, but he was forever trying to unscramble fabrication from untarnished verisimilitude, always searching for the hidden golden thread of truth, showing me that the hunt was as good as, if not better than the discovery.

Lastly, I'd like to thanks Mr. John Kellers. While he didn't inspire me, as did the aforementioned

people in this acknowledgement section, he was a good and brilliant friend. He and his fine Mom, Betty, were always supportive, and made my life richer, in many ways. He was a brilliant man of humor and friendship, and has always been immeasurably kind to my daughter.

Thanks and forever thanks to all those above. Most likely, I should have included my fine parents, therein; nevertheless, they are discussed throughout the various texts of this muddled hodgepodge. They were extremely intelligent and decent folks, and both treated me in a loving fashion, conferring an immense value to my life, which I've never deserved, nor learned how to appropriately put to good use.

Preface

Some folks say authentic insightful writing is magically thrust, by various psychic engines, into the conscious mind of the artist, almost like a cognitive specter, unexpectedly materializes, without significant^{OBJ}



effort. It's as if the author's writing hand simply lost control, and was taken over by an invisible spirit, to scribble uncontrollably. While I've experienced only microscopic amount of such creativity, it was solely in the field of science, and I can assure you that nothing akin to such an experience transpired in the writing of these ten humdrum tomes. Moreover, none of these writings begin to qualify as 'art.' Although, I'd like to tell you that this nest of inky scratch is based on truth; unfortunately, it is nothing but fiction. Please realize that these books are abysmally written, highly disorganized, and filled with far too many redundancies, and pointless interruptions. This is due to the simple fact that I

absolutely hate editing; it's just too boring. In addition, these books are void of the usual predictable flow of enjoyable information. I've added various passages from poems and songs, as well as quotes from folks far more learned than I, to make-up for my own lack of writing skill. Even so, many of those quotes may not have been made by those fictitious people, to whom they're attributed. Moreover, every now and then, my text will jump back and forth in time, partially because that's how I think, and again, because I don't want to take the time to edit. These fictional writings are filled with scores of sentences, paragraphs, and countless pages, which are in desperate need of restructuring, but I simply lack the patience to perform that task, and can't afford an editor. Having contacted a few, it seems as though they're priced, as if they all highly experienced neurosurgeons. And, while an excellent editor may be worth the price, any person calling themselves an editor can ply their trade for any price they choose, but what if they underperform? On the other hand, I did try to hire an editor, but she wisely bowed-out after reading only twelve pages. So, if you're a person, who enjoys a stable dependable chronology of thought, these fictitious texts are probably not for you. These ten volumes are about

many things, but too often about nothing of consequence, and only half a click removed from being a poorly done charcoal drawing on some cave wall. For your sanity's sake, I can't over stress, the fact that these books are: disorganized, redundant, chocked-full of irritating interruptions, poorly edited, and with dark swirling gobs of meaningless chaos. Maybe all this scribble is a fictitious obituary, that no one will read.

If you want to publish your book with a major publishing house, you've got to shell-out for a literary agent, with no guarantee that your longhand will be published; like too many things, it's all just another foolish money grab. Other than forwarding-on your manuscript with a nice encouraging note, what could they offer? It's like the attorney, who charges thousands of dollars just to file a one page motion. More often than not, the literary agents are just one more layer of hinderance for the struggling writer.

This isn't to say that I don't realize that good writing can be extremely important, for indeed writing sets-out to influence and shape minds, but my lack of editing effort may simply indicate, that I probably don't take life seriously. After all, what's

one life among billions, on one blue marble, out of the trillions of habitable planets that are undoubtedly out there? When writing this, I've felt like a pilot flying above the equator, chasing the setting sun, headed dead west, but only traveling at barely over 1000 miles per hour, and so these books never seemed to make any progress, and the literary sun never sets. It's as if time stands still and nothing changes. Perhaps our natural genetic perception of time has planned it that way; after all, the three pounds of gray mush between your ears is everything, at least as far as you're concerned.

Again, make no mistake dear reader, not one black drop of this inky disarray, not one iota of this windy compendium, is remotely true, not even the contents of the acknowledgment section, that you just may have waded through. Real life and fiction can be quite similar, but like two parallel lines, they forever remain apart. Only that brief dedication section to my child is true; otherwise, from cover to cover, these chalky slates are wholly contrived! So, if you recognize anything herein, which you think remotely smacks of reality, it is purely coincidental, nothing more! It's all like an unbelievably huge three dimensional billiard table with an infinite number of

billiard balls, each spinning and bumping into its' neighbors, and so moment by moment every change of position is predetermined by the moment before. These billiard balls are both infinitely large and small. That's not to say that coincidence can't be remarkable. Most of the time in one's life, coincidence goes unnoticed, since the movement of every atom, along with all their composite subatomic particles, is coincident with the totality of the universe, for that brief instant of time (time being strictly a human invention), right before the present occurs, called: right now, the present, this second, at the moment, etc. But, with all that complexity, there's just no way that a mere three pounds of gray mush can handle the various infinite computations, and so at best, we only detect the fewest of coincidences, and then we think them: cute, interesting, remarkable, revealing, predictive, cool, etc. Sometimes, it feels odd to believe in coincidence, but what else? If you graph the numbers of any system, patterns will eventually emerge, and in more ways than one, each brain cell, every atom, every subatomic entity, belongs to one gigantic arrangement, made of near countless systems and subsystems. If you miss the coincidence, it's merely human error; again, it's just too complex for any

mere three pounds of gray mush; no matter the scientific instruments, and the stretch of the math.

When I was a young guy, studying the neurophysiology of memory, I found that rats, with electrodes implanted in various parts of their brain, would run a radial-arm maze differently, depending on the amount of available food, regardless of electrical stimulation. The change in their search patterns on the maze coincided with their energy intake (the amount of food they received). Less food meant that they were much more predictable in how they ran the maze; more food, then meant their patterns became more random, more complex, less predictable. The obvious reason is that when you're about to starve to death... who cares about avoiding the predators? You've got to maximize your ability to find food. Of course, the animal doesn't make the choice, its brain does it, without a 'choice,' if there really is such a thing. Humans are creatures of patterns, as well; perchance patterns of somewhat greater complexity than those of the rat, but in some cases not so much as we'd like to imagine. What we think of as serendipity and coincidence may simply be an 'unrecognized' change in the firing patterns of our brain cells. If you give it some thought, what else

could it be, for very thought, each realization, be it right or wrong, simple or profound, is nothing more than brain cells firing, as well as those selectively not firing (inhibited)? That must be true; but if you disagree, just try having a new idea, without a living brain, without those brain cells firing, it's just not going to happen. Is it?

Brain cells are literally all the struggles, of all the people, to understand all the shit, and so much more.

Bringing Home The Magnificent Carnie? by Meroe Y. Williams

In this tedious drawn-out preface, there's a great deal of bitching about the following fictional issues: the reasons America goes to war and the corresponding greed of the military industrial complex... the purposeful making of enemies just to later kill them for profit. I grumble about America's low quality (37th from the top, according to the *World Health Organization*), but high priced (most costly on earth) medical care, as well as big Pharma's abuses against the public health, and why cures are not provided to the public. Some of these cures are

discussed, herein. Frequently, these texts complain about America's lack of quality education and why an ignorant populace supports and benefits certain giant corporations. America only needs educated people to make highly lethal and unstoppable weapons systems. Why? In addition, I gripe insistently about runaway global warming and suggest a couple of ways to help resolve the problem. I complain about the American racially biased legal system, both by the police and the courts. These books drone-on about the politics of drug abuse and how to get rid of the drug problem, and the last book discusses the neurophysiological reasons that some babies (XY and XX) are born gay and why being gay has nothing to do with making a choice. Throughout these texts, I protest about corporate lobbyists abusing and running our government, our corrupt political parties, corporations abusing the extremely poor people overseas as sub-slaves, and other related things. Many of these issues are jumbled-up together; hence, the title of this book, but in various ways they are inculcated, with the lackluster story line (my life). While I've managed to jot-down the ideas, here in, I lacked the forbearance to untangle, smooth-out, and weave these rambling scribbles into something pleasant for the reader.

Since my modest life just hasn't been all that engrossing, I've contrived a fictionalized autobiography, for the reader's, entertainment; besides, it gives me something to do in my old age... keeping those aged neurons from further rusting-up. If I were to write an actual autobiography, I have a feeling that in writing it, I would come to depressingly realize how much precious time I've wasted. However, I'd definitely be too terrified of liability issues to write anything smacking of the truth, especially during this age of frivolous and unjust lawsuits. Moreover, I don't know how to use *Lexisnexis* well enough to save myself. Again and again, I've witnessed our illustrious legal system issue forth into bold action, but like a long in the tooth, senile, myopic knight, too often the lance skewers only a friendly windmill. Without those windmills, the earth is doomed.

One can't be too sure about the educational level, the cognitive prowess, nor the social or psychiatric nature, of a twelve person jury, who only gets screened by the barest of interviews (jury selection), before they pass judgement on someone's fate. Then there's the question of how fairly matched the attorneys may or may not be, as well the

question of the fallibility of our venerable opinionated judges, as well as many other legal issues, discussed, herein. Here in, there's considerable comment about the unfairness of the habitual offender statute. Often justice outside the courtroom is so much more uncomplicated, timely, and effective, but if used, it should be planned in a vacuum, and judiciously measured so there's no mistake that it fits the crime. You only cut once, then forgive yourself, and never mentioned it. Justice as determined by the goings-on in a courtroom can occasionally be a righteous thing, but too often it can be something ridiculous and/or frightening, a regular three-ring circus, being performed on the right side of a category five hurricane, as viewed from above. More often than not, its outcome is heavily skewed in favor of money, the local business community, and of course law enforcement and politics. Perchance, you've had occasion to realize, that what some folks think of as justice is nothing short of an alarming crapshoot, which too many people pay homage. The things people lend their trust to...

These are books, where the dull contrived story lines are too frequently interrupted, by barely tangential fictitious issues, probably because my

feeble thoughts are more than a bit scattered and too easily sidetracked, ergo as stated, there's a paucity of literary flow, and for that reason alone, your structured mind may find this homespun tale to be intolerable and unreadable. Besides, in a very real way, editing is never really finished, especially in my old age. These books started out as one book, but then once I got started, it just kept going, and so to keep it from becoming a tiresome marathon, I divided the million-plus words, into ten books. And once more, I'm too hyper to tolerate a tedious rewrite. So, if you can't stand disorganized thought, toss these writings in the trash, and select a more ordered text. Drop by your local *Barnes and Nobles* and select something with the words, *New York Times Best Seller* on the cover. On the other hand, while the well-crafted phrase is not my thing, I do gravitate toward useful ideas, just not how well they may be written. This is my shortcoming, owing to the fact that I generally only care about the idea, and not the writing of it, even though I don't care about receiving credit. Correspondingly, these books are not published in my name, nor do they use my IP address. In this respect, these books are like an anonymous note sealed in a bottle and tossed into the middle of the Pacific, during a typhoon. Just

getting these ideas out there to the reader is reward enough. Likewise, only more so, the joy of scientific discovery, which promotes goodness (I do realize that the term 'goodness' may vary from person to person), is a type of happiness, which self-centered egomaniacs generally can't understand, since most scientific discoveries are generated not by the desire for fame, but by the desire to do something good, and that's why self-centered people rarely get to experience such wonderful discoveries, because they're generally concerned only with their own self-interest. More often than not, rich people are just that... rich... and that means they own lots of stuff, and it also means that there's less money for the rest of the people, but maybe that's okay as long as no one is suffering.

The highly structured minds of ego-centered folks tend not to be interested in contemplating the disorganized chaos, or things that don't seem to follow a clear line of logic. They tend to only be interested in things that lead to a foreseeable financial profit. However, that unforeseen discovery, that shining kernel of unknown truth, is routinely buried within the cluttered hodgepodge of chaos. And so, it's that unexpected insight, that novel

thought, which leads to discovery, and the corresponding happiness. Discovery makes one feel so alive. Some people live for discovery, which benefit humankind. Their life is dedicated to pushing back the darkness. That which is well known is only that... well known; hence, somewhat boring and insipid. For most of us, it's that unique discovery, which holds the greatest interest, in that respect discovery is mysteriously stimulating, like a new lover. The Pieta and the Mona Lisa are indeed masterpieces, but stare at them long enough, and they become tedious. It is often those seemingly unrelated and disorganized variables, which occasionally transform into the enthralling brilliant moments of a new realization; everything else, at best, is familiar and comfortable. For true excitement, there must be a bit of surprise, some unknown. This phenomena not only applies to intellectual endeavors, but often to sex, art, and many other human experiences. Having said such obvious things you may think these books to be rather juvenile, but there are other reasons as well, i.e., a large portion of the pages are devoted to my fictitious childhood, my limited vocabulary, and then there's my juvenile lack of writing ability. In far too many ways, I've been lucky enough to never have

completely grown-up.

Since these ten works are entirely contrived, I haven't found it necessary to alter the timelines, change locations, or make-up pseudonyms for most of the: people, streets, agencies, organizations, schools, countries, and businesses; nor, have I had to redact certain evidences to protect the fictitious innocent, as well as to shield the guilty, since fake guilty people may seem to be truly fearsome; especially should the written word pushes them into the sunlight, and so I wouldn't want any fictitious person to feel threatened, and therefore, come looking to sue or slew me. Moreover, since this work is pure 24 karat fantasy, I haven't had to throw-out a couple of chapters, nor did I change the seasons of the year. In my short life, I've witnessed two double murders. In one case, two men killed two younger men/teens joy riding in a stolen car, and the other double murder, was carried-out by a well known racial serial killer, who only killed blacks and Jews. After shooting the young black men, the killer stopped to look at me, that dark night, to make sure that I was white. Still another time, I think quite a number of people were killed, and I may have been one of the killers, but my memory is far from clear,

about that night in Mexico City. In places where my memory has failed me, I've added things for continuity's sake. But then again, none of the events, in these books, are true.

By-in-large, killing is profitable, whether it's killing the oceans, the animals, and even the plants, as is now being done by various polluting industries. Killing millions of people in trumped-up wars to support the industries, which manufacture the ever expensive war materials. Killing people with addicting drugs, not only profits the cartels, but the large pharmaceutical industries, as well. Killing people with questionable longterm non-curative medicines, where the victims don't live as long, nor as well, is very profitable, and let's face it, curative medicine would clearly represent a loss of that profit. Besides, profitable killing is also very enjoyable, at least for sadistic peoples, and that's something which is so hard for kinder people to appreciate. While humans are supposedly the smartest of creatures, the greedier ones clearly lack wisdom, but then, so do the kinder ones. The greedy ones never attain any genuine greatness, usually only leaving their banking records as their legacy. The kinder ones allow the

greedier folks to destroy the world.

Time For

Amendments by Miller A. Worey

For the purposes of these fictional texts, Mobile Alabama is a fictitious or borrowed city and state, and has nothing to do with these concocted events, and so I offer my sincerest apologies to the old port city, as well as to the state of Alabama for my unfair criticisms. If you have a love for Mobile, or the state of Alabama, you might want to simply imagine that the events, ascribed to Mobile Alabama, occurred in a different southern city and state, somewhere else, along the once beautiful Gulf of Mexico. Though I have visited Mobile many times, I never stayed more than a few hours; nonetheless, everyone I meant there though amiable, was frequently conservatively opinionated. In addition, the events designated as having happened in Colorado, did not happen there. Having visited that majestic mountainous state twice, I must admit that I'd love to live there. Nevertheless, those mind-numbing winters would now be a bit much for me. The older I get, the less I like cold weather, owing to a bad knee and shoulder. Boulder City rocks (sorry), especially its' young people!

Perhaps, said events might be imagined to have occurred in another nearby western state, maybe slightly further to the West; perchance, also a mountainous state. Some of what happened in Mexico City did happen there, and some of what is said to have happened in Mexico City, actually happened in Guadalajara, about 260 miles west northwest of Mexico City.

Since this text is undiluted fiction, the two oil platforms, known as *ABOT* and *KAAOT*, briefly mentioned (coordinates included) in the latter part of these scribblings, do not actually exist somewhere southeast of the coastal city of Basra, in the blue waters of the Persian Gulf. And of course, I've never personally seen them, and they, as well as the many other oil wells in Iraq proper, have absolutely nothing to do with the reason the United States invaded... absolutely nothing! The reason we nearly wiped all those Iraqis off the map was strictly to get those super dangerous weapons of mass destruction. After all, an American president wouldn't invade a country simply to steal, like a common thief in the night! Would he? For all I know, the entire war may never even have happened. Furthermore, Americans wouldn't have agree to kill one million Iraqis, if their

president was only motivated by things such as: oil, the Iraqi treasury, and massive amounts of business for the US war industries. Would they? Over the last few years, a very large percentage of the websites, concerning those two fictitious and allegedly highly productive oil platforms, not to mention the many oil wells in Iraq proper, may have been expunged from the world wide web. But again, everything relating to the massive Iraqi treasury, and all those oil wells, is strictly fiction.

Those two oil platforms and the countless Iraqi land-based wells couldn't possibly be real, because if they were, all the news agencies would certainly have done more to have covered them, to bring them to the full attention of all the American public. Hollywood stars, newscasters, and talk show hosts would have been discussing them, if they'd actually existed. Wouldn't they? If those oil platforms and inland Iraqi oil wells were real, more stand-up comedians would be making heyday about them. Besides, had they been real, they would have been covered by some sort of economic-historical documentary. Speaking of documentaries, have you noticed that whenever you see videos of the destruction in Baghdad, you see very few, if any dead

children or women/ They must be bomb-proof! And, since there aren't any documentaries, showing *Exxxon*, or the British oil company, *British Petoxic*, loading-up their giant tankers with the free black unrefined oil, those platforms couldn't possibly be real. Nevertheless, *Exxxon* was somehow able to show the largest corporate profits in the history of the world, year after year, while the American gasoline and diesel prices soared at your local pumps. Coincidence, you ask? Wouldn't the US news agencies want to show the world why we had to kill so many... only about 5000 US soldiers died, but don't overlook that there were roughly 1,000,000 dead Iraqis? Now, there's a ratio you can live with... 1 to 100, or 1 to 200. It's amazing what advanced missile technology, and precision-guided bombs can accomplish. Comparatively speaking, the Iraqi military was still in the stone age, ergo we easily laid waste to them! We are the good guys! Right?

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Casualties_of_the_Iraq_War

War is no longer a matter of bone and muscle, hand-to-hand, or sword against shield. For real

excitement, there's nothing quite like long-range cruise missiles, high speed air strikes lobbing in 2000 pounders, or launching hellfire misses from drones, being piloted in Nevada. Many of the one million dead Iraqis were kids, women, and old folks. But don't worry about them, since this book is completely fictional. Because of the war, if there actually was a war, certain diseases might have escalated: malaria, brucellosis, campylobacter jejuni, coxiella burnetii (Q-Fever), mycobacterium tuberculosis, non-typhoid salmonella, shigella, visceral leishmaniasis, and west Nile virus. Nothing helps to speed-up the speed of disease quite like: plenty of rotting corpses, no clean water, a lack of medical care (destruction of hospitals, clinics, and pharmacies), blown-apart sewage systems, a shortage of food, no electrical power (lack of heat, refrigeration, air-conditioning), demolished communications, loss of transportation (airports, roads, rail-lines, etc.), loss of fuels, lack of pest (mosquitoes, rats, fleas, parasites) control, and oodles of stress. Hypothetically, a lot of US troops may have come back with those fictional diseases, but a much larger percentage of the Iraqis contracted them, and many still suffer with them. But none of those things happened, because they weren't discussed in the

news.

In war, truth is the first casualty.

Aeschylus (circa 500 B.C.)

As a taxpayer, if those oil platforms and those countless inland Iraqi oil wells were real, you'd want to see what your hard-earned war moneys (income tax) purchased; wouldn't you? Moreover, if we did steal all that oil, then your gas prices at the pump should have dropped, but in reality they soared, and so we obviously didn't steal all that oil. You'd also want to see all the dead and rotting corpses; wouldn't you? And let's don't forget the people, who were permanently maimed (blinded, disfigured, deafened, loss their limbs and/or their genitals, became brain damaged or paralyzed, etc.). In addition, never mind about all those worthless people, who have been psychologically scarred, having lost their friends and family. Hitler certainly would have known what to do with them. No big deal... besides, those folks live on the other side of the big blue marble, and they dress funny, and they listen to the weirdest music, so they don't really count. Do they? Besides, you're

personally not at fault. The government would have been responsible, if the war had actually happened. The mere fact that there isn't more published about those oil platforms, and all those phony desert oil wells, and all the tankers fueling at those places (ABOT, KAAOT, and Basra Harbor), makes me realize they never actually existed.

And, what about the possibility of that huge Iraqi treasury; after all, Iraq was an extremely wealthy oil rich country. Where did its' treasury go? While watching TV, during that Bush, Jr. war in Iraq, I only saw a few dead bodies, and none of them were kids, women, or old men, and I didn't see any hospital morgues filled to the brim, and so those 1,000,000 dead Iraqis probably never really died. Did they? I still don't know how many Iraqis were permanently injured. Do you? Do you even remotely care? And with no dead Iraqi adults, there were never any orphans left behind, not a single one. Ergo, these slightly worrisome things aren't real. They're fictional. We, as red blooded Americans, can be proud of our patriotic handy work, aren't you proud of the reasons we went in there all all the death and destruction? You known that the Arab world has got to admire what we did! Thanks to George, Jr., and all

those theoretical weapons of mass destruction, we kicked their fucking asses! Aren't you proud?

Should you decide to surf the world wide web and check-out said fictitious oil platforms, and the fueling docks in Basra, the few remaining websites may seem oddly unobtrusive, as if only a few of those very-large and ultra-large oil tankers are still fueling there. Could it be that our oil companies are still fueling there, years after the war has ended? World War II lasted four years, just look at long long we've remained in Iraq. It would be laughable to think that the platforms and fueling stations are actually being operated by US Army personnel, that our soldiers are fueling the tankers of private oil companies. Our military doesn't actually work for the oil companies, does it? In fact, it would be too absurd to imagine that United States Army personnel, who are paid by your tax dollars, are helping to fuel tankers owned by *British Petoxic* and *Exxxon*. Is it difficult for you to believe that a major oil company would turn-down free oil? It is for me, too. Do you really think that we went into Iraq for any other reason than for the free oil, for the massive Iraqi treasury, and as a mega favor to the house of Saud, to get Saddam Hussein's military removed as a threat

to George Bush's favorite country, Saudi Arabia? Well, there may have been another reason. So that the industries which manufacture military materials: tanks, cruise missiles, bombs, guns, ammo, vehicles, planes, ships, supplies, communications gear, drones, uniforms, rations, radar, as well as services for the military could make an absolute shit ton of cash, from your hard-earned tax money.

None of those reasons could possibly be true, and not just because this hodgepodge is nothing short of unadulterated fiction, but because those sad reasons would be tantamount to admitting that the United States committed piracy, with massive amounts of selfish murder stirred-in. And, the Good Lord above, knows that we wouldn't do something so heinous! Such an unprovoked attack would mean that a US president was nothing less than a war criminal, and not just for all the unnecessary killings, but there was that questionable issue concerning torture, disguised as an honest attempt at stopping terrorism. I've often wondered why, as of late, there seems to be an ever increasing number of terrorists. If we're killing so many, why does there seem to be an increasing supply? Currently, many of our returning Armed Forces seem angry with the indigenous peoples of

Iraq and Afghanistan, complaining that they appear to be disagreeable folks, only concerned about themselves, and nearly psychotic about our American presence in their country. How could those people be so unfriendly? All we did was kill lots of them, and probably maimed and injured a couple million more; not to mention, we orphaned countless children, and completely wrecked whopping amounts of their infrastructure (hospitals, buildings, power stations, sewage systems, communication systems, etc.). Honestly, what's the big deal? I dare they be so inhospitable, after all we've done for them! Right? Down here, in Mobile Alabama, most of the good citizens refer to them as rag-heads.

While war routinely mutilates several times the number it kills, the psychiatric repercussions remain immeasurable, and may continue to be passed down through generations.

Dr. M.A. Worley

Saudi Arabia was terrified that the Iraqi military might invade, and was no doubt glad the US did what it did. After all, Saddam had recently romped

and stomped on Kuwait. Long before that war started, didn't you just love those stimulating videos of Bush Junior, hugging, kissing, and holding hands with the Saudi royal family? I know... it makes me warm and fuzzy, too! *Foxy News* played them over and over. How they love republicans!

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3cMlIsd0seo)

v = 3cMlIsd0seo

Could it be that George Junior was deeply in debt to certain royals within Saudi Arabia's ruling family, for funding his early political campaigns in Texas, and maybe for helping him to get his boozed-up, and perchance coked-up (If you believe JH Hatfield...Hatfield died on July 18, 2001, in an apparent suicide, a voluntary overdose of prescription drugs. Police reports had his death occurring in the aftermath of his published book, *Fortunate Son*, and that being the reason for killing himself.) life, back on track? On the other hand, that book (*Fortunate Son*) may be completely untrue, and Hatfield killed himself, because he felt tremendous guilt for lying about poor George. Still, he may not have killed himself. How hard would it be to make

someone take a handful of pills, if a gun were pointed at their head, or at someone in their family?

https://www.democracynow.org/2004/2/18/horns_and_halos_the_strange_life

That comment, about helping George with the Texas election, is sincerely not meant to be a bad reflection on the Saudis, for indeed every Saudi, I have ever meant (a few handfuls), has seemed to be a true gentleman, even if their poor women haven't made it to the twentieth century, much less the twenty-first, and word is that they still stone people, and/or every now and then chop-off someone's head, for crimes less than murder. But while, I've meant a few Saudi flight students, who train with the US military, I never meant those Saudis, who hijacked the four planes during 911, or perhaps I meant just one of them. Wasn't there something about that particular Twin-Tower plot being known about, even back in the Clinton administration? Saudis blow-up the twin towers and the pentagon, ergo we help the Saudi royals to get rid of their northern saber-rattling enemy, Saddam Hussein. That makes sense to me. Does that seem reasonable, to you? Concurrently, the

US military industries make an absolute fortune/ killing off of selling their war materials, while certain intelligence agencies get to snatch-up the massive Iraqi treasury, and then, the US and the Brits, received ungodly amounts of free black gold. At least their biggest oil companies did. It was a win-win-win-win... 'don't mind the maggots.'

<http://www.songlyrics.com/the-rolling-stones/shattered-lyrics/>

You must admit that a situation, where an American President is personally beholding to old Saudi Arabia is more than slightly disturbing; that is, if this book were anything other than fiction. The House of Saud may be known for cruelty, but not for stupidity. Wasn't it under Bush's watch that planes, which were pirated and flown by Saudis, were allowed to bring-down the twin towers? And, immediately after the buildings went down, and one side of the pentagon got nailed, and a fourth plane was crashed in a field by its courageous passengers, that there was one building which mysteriously collapsed without being hit by a plane? All the commercial planes in the entire nation had been

temporarily grounded, but wasn't it Bush, who allowed the members of the bin Laden family (Saudis) to fly out of the US, while all the other flights were grounded? Could that possibly be true? Thank God this book is pure fiction, otherwise such a scenario would be thoroughly disturbing. Bush allowing Osama's family to leave the country would just be too ridiculous to imagine. I've always wondered if Osama, who was from Saudi Arabia, wasn't aboard one of those planes, escaping from the United States, with his and George's plot a complete success. He probably wasn't on one of those escaping planes, and it was just the bin Laden family, but it seems like they should have been closely questioned, and not allowed to just skate.

So once again, could it be that there were four main reasons that you, the taxpayer paid for Bush Junior's Iraq war, which you were not informed of? 1. Big oil could make ungodly profits from massive amounts of free crude. 2. So that the military industrialists could get unbelievably rich from designing and making war/military equipment. 3. The *CIA* could abscond the massively large Iraqi treasury. 4. And, with the last reason being that the Saudi royal family could rest well at night, with their

dangerous northern foe firmly and forever vanquished? You, the taxpayer, have blindly paid for that long costly war, while you then paid through the nose for the increase in the cost of your fuel at the local gas pumps, and that hike in fuel costs also made you pay more for the goods you bought, since practically everything is transported to some store or market: planes, trucks, rails, and/or ships. And, did you get one thin dime from any aspect of that war? Where did all those hundreds of billions go? And yet, even with all this bloody killing and destruction, the misuse of your tax dollars, and the increase cost of fuel, many of you still supported that bloody war. Why? Is there a part of your brain that just likes the idea of vicarious killing? I'm not criticizing. In fact, I understand that possibility all too well, yet I try to control that unruly and hateful piece of my mind, where some folks don't. In the deep South, there is a plethora of Americans, who would rather kill a bunch of foreigners, than to attempt to control that hateful angry portion of their brain. The reason being that the hateful parts of their brain generate pleasure. Just like that there are men, who can only get their dick hard by beating on a woman. While it may be natural to possess a piece of gray matter, which enjoys killing, it is the obligation of each

person to only allow said chunk of gray mush to go operational for selfdefense, or for the protection of others.

If any of the above allegations were true, which of course they're not, you would have to hand it to the Saudis for being master manipulators. Bravo, House of Saud! Abdullah and Fahd, both sons of Ibn Saud, may be some of the shrewdest leaders, ever to rule a kingdom. And President George Bush Junior, way to deceiving the American nation about those super dangerous WMDs. While you didn't fool all of the people all of the time, you sure fooled enough! It's nothing short of amazing, that after all the unjustified killings, no one prosecuted you! You be the man, George! "Fool me once, shame on you, fool me..." (Onset of premature senile psychosis, maybe?) If the last couple of sentences make no sense to you, don't worry, because they probably make sense to George Junior. Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld, Condoleezza Rice, George Bush Jr., and even the normally honest Colin Powell, appear to have meddled with the intelligence, selling that weak case for WMDs, to the American people. I'll bet Dick made sure they were all well rewarded. Of the group, Cheney was the most convincing; comparatively,

Bush Junior struggled like a grade schooler, making his first presentation. Perchance, Bush is proof, that the American people are capable of electing anyone to the presidency. That may have something to do with the fact that America is not even in the world's top ten for education. This may sound unAmerican or unpatriotic, but let's face it folks, if I were part of the Saudi Royal Family and running Saudi Arabia, which by no means would I be capable of doing (too much oppressing women, chopping off heads, and sand, for me), I would have done the exact same thing... use the American military, and all the American taxpayer money to get the Iraqi monkey off my back, and so allow me to maintain control in middle-east, and continue to say, "the hell with women's rights, and screw democracy!" Bush pulled off that WMD charade for the Saudis, the CIA (the treasury), the oil companies, and the military industries... four birds with one stone... not bad George, and you used the American taxpayers to foot the bill! So many good Republicans were fond of killing all those innocent foreigners, and I do mean innocent. Who cares if 5000 GIs died, or that we slaughtered 1,000,000 Iraqis. For most folks, killing is a tough enough decision, when there's a good reason, but without any semblance of real conscience, it's much easier.

Right? For some, killing warms the heart, puts lead in bodies, and the pencil, as well as gold in their pockets. Besides, those Arabs are too weird for us, unless they're the House of Saud. As mentioned, they worship in odd ways and dress strangely, not to mention they speak a peculiar sounding language, eat weird food, and listen to strange minor notes in their music.

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time.

Abraham Lincoln

The above quote is overworked, but the fact that it's so overworked says something. Clearly, those Iraqis deserved every cruise missile, we launched at them, and each 2000 pounder, we lobbed their way. Right? Even with all the dead babies, kids, women, and old men it was okay, because after all, they had a mean tyrannical leader! Those innocent people deserved what we gave them... right? We bombed those people back to the fucking stone age! Good for America... right? America gets a hurricane, there's

some associated flooding, a handful of folks die, the power is out for three days, and you'd think it's the end of the world. But if we kill a million people in a foreign country, destroy almost all their infrastructure, steal their treasury and oil, without having anything resembling a just reason for doing so, it's okay; it's simply business, as usual! Does that make you wonder why there are so many terrorists?

Well, I've rambled-on enough about war. With regards, to the legal, political, medical, business, and scientific issues described in these books, I firmly believe that even though they're all completely fictitious, they may be worth your consideration. Nonetheless, remember that they're all only lies, contrived for your amusement, and maybe to remedy my boredom, as well as something to stave-off senility. I'll lie and say that some of the scientific and medical information, contained herein, has been derived from unsubstantiated specious informal conversations with made-up scientists, whom I have known, through the years.

In all honesty, I have forgotten many of their names. One of those scientists may have been my fabricated German uncle, who had once been a brain surgeon in the army of nazi Germany, and later,

performed *pro bono* brain surgery for the DC (District of Columbia) police force. My contrived uncle may also have done brain research (mapping of the cat brain) for *NIHH*. To put it mildly, he was a bit of a character, for where most Germans are markedly embarrassed about WWII, my highly intelligent uncle loved Hitler's cruel ways. You see folks, cruelty is found from one end of the IQ spectrum to the other. Some people are moronically mean, and others brilliantly wicked. My nazi uncle fully concurred with Hitler's ideas about the jews and those people, the leader considered defective, not because my uncle was so profoundly brilliant, which he was, but because my uncle, like Hitler, possessed a certain irrepressible piece of mean gray matter, which makes some people love to hate, more than they love to love. Neither my uncle, nor Hitler had any kids. For people like them, they'll always find someone to hate. Sex can play into that in different ways, depending on the gray matter involved, and how that hatred wires into the *Septal Nucleus*. Parts of the hypothalamus also fire-off during orgasm.

My brutal, but sharp-witted, uncle lived out his last years surrounded by weapons, even machine guns. He was able to obtain license for such

weapons, since as mentioned, he did free brain surgery for the DC police department. He kept a sizable stash of gold bullion hidden behind the sheetrock walls of his custom-made house, just south of the Potomac River, off Indian Highway in southern Maryland. He's dead now, and for all I know, the gold is still there in his house. Needless to say, my uncle was strangely paranoid, but not nearly as much as I am. Even though my fabricated uncle was mean, he had a soft spot for kids, though as mentioned, he produced none himself. He loved teaching the neighborhood children. Often, he'd help the kids do their scientific projects. The kids loved him, as well. But that soon ended, not too long after it started.

For all his love for children, he disliked dogs, black people, and Jews. If one of the neighbor's dogs did a number two on my uncle's lawn, he'd shoot the poor animal, throw its dead body behind his garage, under the heating-oil tank; then, he'd call the owner of the canine to come pick-up their 'filthy' dog. My uncle never seemed to appreciate the fact that people loved their pets. Since he lived out in the country, he was legally able to shoot dogs, which trespassed on his acre lot. Of course, his shooting some of the neighbor's dogs threw a monkey wrench into his

association with several of the kids. Hence, the kids stopped visiting him. My uncle was actually shocked. There's a better than even chance that he may also have shot a few blacks and Jews, since he was always armed, and possessed a near unlimited capacity to hate. As stated, my uncle was a brain surgeon, and so I've often thought about what he potentially could have done, especially, if his patient was black or a Jew. I've often wondered how many of the unsolved murders of blacks and Jews in the nation's capital were owing to my uncle. He was an excellent pistol shot, having won the Pennsylvania championship for three calibers of handgun: .22, .38, and .45.

His wife, my biological aunt, was a non-religious Jewish (of all religions) psychiatrist. She was an infertile woman of few words, but that's probably why he'd married her... for all three reasons: Jewish, infertile, and not a big talker. She had a will of iron, and never had a problem standing-up to her husband. Likely, it was a turn-on, for both of them, to be having sex with someone, who was a living breathing socio-religious taboo... hot nazi-Jew sex might just have been a real treat for them. They both apparently enjoyed violent sex. I discovered this by accident, when I arrived at their house, an hour

early, for dinner. I'd quietly opened their front door, stepped-inside, and was sitting down on their living room couch, when I heard the noise. I got up and looked down the hallway, as Albert was taking her on the hard wooden floor, yanking at her clothes, and doing what comes naturally; each to their own. They never saw me, and so I quietly left, then soon came back on time for dinner.

When I was a kid, my nazi uncle was always good to me. Yet, it never failed to surprise me how dichotomous he was; a saint in some respects, and a devil in others. Uncle Albert, the brain surgeon, and his wife, my blood aunt, the shrink, once took me to eat at an extremely expensive restaurant, in the District of Columbia. All I can recall about the name of the restaurant is that its' name was a number, perhaps a date. The meal and the service were wonderful, and so to show his appreciation, my uncle left a generous tip, which was twice the price of the meal, but then, she was a beautiful woman! Like I said... dichotomous. My Jewish aunt mildly scolded him for leaving the overly generous tip. Once outside, the three of us hurriedly walked down the icy slippery sidewalk, then climbed in his big Cadillac, but before my uncle could start the engine,

a man gently tapped on my uncle's driver window, with the middle knuckle of his index finger. The homeless man wore cloth gloves, one glove was white and leather, and the other was brown and cloth, with the fingertips cut-out. I could see his dirty uncut fingernails. He was filthy and his clothes were in rags. *He's gotta to be freezing.* He was opposite in stature, from my large and physically powerful uncle. The frail man had obviously been on the streets for a while, and from the look on his face, he was miserable, with blond snot gelled in the dark hairy stubble of his philtrum and onto his upper lip. *The man has a head cold, or maybe even pneumonia.* Covertly my uncle first winked at me, a to clue soon to follow. He then hit the power window button, to lower his driver's window, and quick the poor vagrant spoke.

“Hey man, could you spare some change? I'm mighty hungry.”

“Oh, sure! Just hang-on a second, pal.” My uncle replied, in his heavy German accent, which sounded almost exactly like the deep voice of Arnold Schwarzenegger.

My uncle then turned toward me smiled, and yet again winked, firmly securing my attention to

whatever it was he was about to do. *What the hell is he up to?* Albert then started the car's, massive engine, and pretended that he was getting some change out of his right jacket pocket, which caused the homeless man to lean in closer. My uncle then moved like lightning. His extremely large left hand shot out of the open window, seizing the thin little man by his neck. Maintaining a crushing grip on the man's scrawny neck, my massively strong uncle flexed his left arm, hosting the small man up onto the car's roof, as if the poor vagrant was nothing but a bag of dirty rags. Simultaneously, my uncle stomped the gas pedal, while the man was emitting a muffled scream, and his skinny ragged-covered legs flailed the air, just outside the driver's window.

"Put me down! Help! Help!" The beggar hoarily screamed.

"Ha, Ha! You worthless beggar!" My uncle roared out the window.

Once the car was doing about forty miles per hour, my uncle flung the man out unto the asphalt street, saying, "God damn bum! We didn't tolerate people like you in Germany!" As he closed the window, my aunt calmly smiled and replied, "You'd better hope a cop didn't see you do that, Albert!"

This caused me to wonder if he'd ever done brain surgery on any homeless folks. In those days, I had no conscience, so I didn't feel too sorry for the homeless guy. While I was curious about the his wellbeing, I knew better than to say anything, ergo I acted like everything was just fine.

People are never purely good or bad. It's all a matter of genes and life's experiences. I do believe that genes play a greater role than many people chose to believe. In the 1960s, the popularity of psychology started to grow and with it the supposed importance of life experiences over genetics, and while life's experiences do obviously shape human behavior, genetics is the more hardwired aspects of human behavior and it's fairly undeniable. There was a time, when people attributed almost everything to genetics, then along came the psychologists, and when they got into the game, the opinion polls swung in favorite of life's experiences. No doubt the truth involves both DNA and experience, and how much of each, varies greatly from person to person. But believing that we are what we experience, offers a strange kind of hope, and while hope is good, it's not always truthful, for as cold as it may sound, at times, there is no hope... taxes and death

Each person is like an entire unique universe of good and bad. Even the malicious Hitler set into motion laws for protecting animals, as well as environmental regulations to guard against water, ground, and air pollution. In that respect, Hitler was better than most of today's Republicans, who seem to love pollution. *Mother Jones* would have loved Hitler; at least, until all the bodies began piling-up.

You can bet that if Trump gets elected, he'll likely sack a ton of environmental laws, in favor of certain polluting big businesses (oil, power, coal, etc.), because business and money is pretty much all he believes in, and he's too old to begin to appreciate the complexity of the planet's environments, and while he may seem moderately smart, he doesn't seem brilliant enough to change his stripes. As far as Trump is concerned, the earth is a good dumping ground, for industry. Hitler was certainly a leader ahead of his time, except for that minor concern about how he treated those people, who didn't exactly fit into his Facebook profile, i.e., Jews, Gypsies, Poles, communists, homosexuals, the mentally and physically disabled, drug and alcohol addicts, and quite a few others, including anyone, who wanted to stop him from taking control of as

much of the earth as he wanted. But what's the big deal about one piece of defective gray mush? Right? I've still got my doubts about Trumps attitude toward blacks, although it looks like Hillary is going to win.

How is it that Adolph completely overlooked the fact that many of Germany's best pilots and soldiers in WWI had been Jews? When the Jews of WWII were put into the concentration/death camps, those who had been awarded the Iron cross, for fighting bravely for Germany in WWI, were generously allowed to live as prisoners in the Jewish senior citizen camps; instead of being gassed or shot. How magnanimous of Hitler! I'm sure that his fracas with the Jews didn't have anything to do with the fact that the Jews possessed a large part of Germany's wealth, or that their intellectuals, might have more than mere rivals, for the less common aryan intellectuals.

Sometime if you're bored, and you want to see which race of people is the smartest, take a hard look at how many Jews have been world chess champions, about forty-five to fifty percent, the Fields medal winners have been about twenty-five percent Jews, and Nobel prize winners have also been about twenty-five percent Jewish. That's

awfully impressive went you think about the fact that there are only about 13 million Jews on earth, which is less than 0.2 percent of the earth's population. And if those minor facts don't impress you, then just watch a few of the old black and white Groucho Marx TV shows and movies, or listen to some of his radio broadcasts. But the simple fact is that if you are smart, and are not overly burdened by hate, then ideas and creativity tend to be your huckleberry, not racism and other forms of discrimination; correspondingly, intelligent folks tend to judge people by such things as: their integrity, and the amount of good they do, their kindness, their love, etc.

Unfortunately, too often people have a way of transforming themselves into their enemy. Consequently, I've wondered if many of the today's Jews haven't become a bit similar to their old aryan enemies, and now the poor Palestinians, have become like the pitiful German Jews of WWII. Hate has a way of breeding hate, with all the corresponding problems. Perhaps, a few good deeds may not be enough to redeem a man, especially someone, who has orchestrated the atrocities for which Hitler is accredited. On-the-other-hand,

scuttlebutt has it, that Hitler remained a devout Catholic, throughout his life, and so according to the principles of Christianity, there is a genuine possibility that Hitler's soul now resides in paradise. Yes, folks... Hitler was alleged to have been a true believer, but reports vary widely on that topic. While lots of people say otherwise, just imagine if all those poor innocent Jews, which he murdered went to hell, because they failed to believe that Jesus had died for their sins, while Hitler made it through the pearly gates unscathed, because he was a fervent believer! Makes me wonder about the concept of true belief. Talk about God operating in wildly mysterious ways! Perchance, God has an extremely complicated algorithm to determine admittance in heaven or condemnation to hell. What if Hitler is now a major tourist attraction in heaven, with luxurious tour buses driving past his palatial home none stop, along those streets of solid gold? No one tries to steal chunks of gold from those streets, because they all made it into heaven, so who cares about gold?

You said you have a soul, you deceived yourself; you said there was life after death, you deceived yourself; you followed the priest, you followed the imam, you followed the rabbi, you ran after the gurus, you

always deceived yourself! You betrayed yourself and humanity for not understanding the truth! And what's left in your hand in the end? A fake happiness and perishment!

Mehmet Murat ildan

Despite the fact that, during WWII, my Dad fought in the Pacific theater, he was one of the official attendees of the post-war Nuremberg hearings. He hardly spoke of those sad hearings. The little I know about Dad's role at Nuremberg mostly came from his military buddies. Somewhere, I still might have his Nuremberg identification card, which he had to present at the door, to enter the court building each morning. Perhaps, he was the only US Navy guy there. Perhaps, Dad's presence there at the Army event had something to do with the fact that he became an intel officer for that five star Army general, Douglas MacArthur.

Being present at those hearings, where the crimes were so geographically sprawling and massively wicked, had to be a matchless experience. At Nuremberg, the true death-dealing monsters of the world, were trotted-out into the bright revealing light of the courtroom. However, Adolf Eichmann was not tried and had gotten away, until the Mossad caught

up to him in Argentina, years later. All the demons created by Hollywood, pale in comparison to those nonfictional ones at Nuremberg. There is something to be said about men, who can conduct murder on such a grand scale. My Dad was a relatively young guy at that time, only 26 years old, when he was at the Nuremberg Trials (began in 1945), yet at that young age, he was already a decorated combat pilot, with many missions under his belt, as he bore witness to those appalling judicial proceedings.

There comes a point where a man must refuse to answer to his leader if he is also to answer to his conscience.

The Nuremberg Trial by Ann Tulsa

The above quote by Ms. Tulsa not only hit the nail on the head, when it came to Nuremberg, but may be apply to our soldiers overseas, today. Dad evidently played some kind of role at those one-of-a-kind trials. My Dad refused to divulge anything about the trials. Not one detail did I manage to pry from his lips. But sometimes the way he didn't answer my questions, partially answered them. Perhaps General

Douglas MacArthur sent Dad there, to gather procedural information, to later be used in the Tokyo War Crime Trials, which didn't begin until 1946. Later, Dad worked for MacArthur, during the Korean Conflict. Dad was a good and honest man, but when I was a child, he was also a very hard man, and a man of minimal emotion, a true teflon man. The death of his parents, as well as his own impending death, produced practically no emotional response. Killing enemy and witnessing massive amounts of death may have destroyed certain of his emotions... wiped-out a few pieces of excitable gray matter. The only fear he ever displayed was during his dreams. As a child, many times his nighttime cries would jar me out of my sleep.

Too long a sacrifice can make a stone of the heart.

William Butler Yeats

With each of his life's circumstances, my Dad conducted himself in an impeccable manner. If Dad said he would do something, you could bet your life, that he'd get it done, and that it would be done well. Like my nazi Uncle, my Dad loved kids, but unlike

my Uncle, he also loved animals. When he retired from the military, after thirty years of impeccable service, like my nazi uncle, my Dad took to teaching various kids in the neighborhood, relishing the very simple concept, that he'd helped a child to understand something. Usually, he taught them math, but he would also teach them to play poker. Unlike my uncle, my Dad was kind to the neighborhood pets. He sincerely loved animals. Now, as an older man, I realize what a wonderful gift, I'd been given to have him as a Dad!

We all know that kids are the hope of the future, so perhaps men, who have witnessed massive amounts of injury and death, the likes of which are experienced in combat and plagues (These often occur simultaneously.), possess a deeper appreciation of that simple fact, ergo they tend to be more attentive to children. The other day, while talking with a Korean War vet, I asked him what was the worst thing he'd seen, during that war. I assumed that he would relate some combat milieu. His rejoinder was that he was on a mission, and he and his men were completely out of food and other supplies. The ground was covered in snow and ice, and some kids walked-up to them in the late evening.

The children's hands were outstretched begging for food, but the vets had nothing to give them. He said that he and the other men were so fatigued, they had no choice but to lay down on the ground to go to sleep, and so did the exhausted hungry kids. The next morning, when he and his fellow soldiers awoke, the children didn't, they were all dead. The hungry children had frozen, during the night. Rarely have I seen a combat vet, who perceived children as burdensome. Witnessing so much death, forces one realize the value of life, of humankind's greatest hope, its' kids.

Conversely, it was the non-combat military fathers, the rear-echelon guys, that were more inclined to be too harder on their kids, more judgmental, and less forgiving. They may have worked in support of the war, or trained to go into war, but for whatever reason, they weren't in the actual death-dealing part. Such non-combat military men tended to be more likely to lack forbearance with children. Some of us kids referred to the military guys, who never seen combat, as 'want-a-be vets.' They seemed to think that by being tough on their kids, it would make the kids tougher, or maybe it meant that they (the dads) were tough, themselves.

Some of the absurd fictional medical theories, presented further along in these books, have been born from informal and formal animal research. Up until a few years ago, there was no such thing as animal testing committees. The scientists, where I worked, were free to conduct almost any type of animal study they wished, without fear of scrutiny by *PETA* (*People of the Ethical Treatment of Animals*). Before *PETA*, scientists weren't required to discuss animal experiments, with any type of review committee, not even their peers. Albeit, most of us were happy to share everything with our colleagues.

If a scientist felt an idea had merit, he or she just selected a few animals, and performed the experiment, to investigate the merit of the hypothesis; yet all the scientists, who I knew, did their level best to treat the animals as humanely as possible. Certainly there could have been some scientists who didn't, but I never meant any such people. However, I must admit that much of the research, while intellectually interesting, didn't warrant the animals' suffering. The intellectual wrangle, concerning the use of animals in research has been long, but necessary.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Animal_testing

In my limited opinion, the only animal research, which may be justified, is that which clearly leads to the prevention, and/or curing of serious human ailments, e.g., infant diarrhea, HIV/AIDS, Alzheimer's, Autism, Ebola, coronary heart disease, stroke, COPD, pneumonia, influenza, hepatitis, cancer, diabetes mellitus, schizophrenia, chemical addiction, depression, crippling arthritis, etc. Too often animals have been used for nonessential issues, as has been done by the cosmetic industry.

Neuronal suffering is cruel, regardless if on man or beast.

A. M. Weyor, PhD

While *PETA* obviously plays an important role in animal welfare, inadvertently, it appears that the organization has likely compromised highly beneficial research, helping big Pharma to reduce, if not prevent, the creation of disease cures! Because of *PETA*, universities now cannot use animals to conduct medical research, and if a cure was going to

be developed that's where it would come from; yet, behind the well guarded, walls of big Pharma, unsupervised animal testing is still going on, but not to create cures, but to develop expensive longterm non-curative treatments! A cure would obviously mean that big Pharma loses oodles of money! Many of those highly profitable longterm treatments produce side effects, which then require more drugs, generating even greater profits for big Pharma. Again, research institutions, like the aforementioned universities, are heavily scrutinized by *PETA*, and so, they can't conduct animal research. In that respect, fine institutions like *PETA*, composed of well intended caring people, working to protect animal rights, may now be indirectly doing the dirty work of the pharmaceutical companies, and preventing cures from being produced. In effect, *PETA* may now be doing more harm than good. If you're concerned about that possibility, you might want to check into it, and you may find that some of the people working in *PETA* agree, with this.

www.peta.org/dirty-dozen-12-worst-CEOs.aspx.

The above website may include: *Pifizer's*, Ian C.

Ready, and *Bristolly-Myers Squibb's* Lamberto Andreottio, as well as *Merrick's* Kenneth C. Brazier. It seems to me, that with big Pharma's tip-top security, there may be considerable amounts of animal research, being conducted behind their walls, designed to make them rich, by developing those aforementioned (non-curative) long-term meds; all the while, providing the illusion that they're complying with *PETA*, and pretending that they actually care about your health. Worse yet, some of big Pharma's longterm treatments don't even work, i.e., many of the drugs used to treat certain cancers, Alzheimers, IBS, etc. Since actual cures very rarely, if ever, come-out of their research facilities; my only conclusion is that they only care about their healthy profits. The only reason that big Pharma does anything is money. To that effect, I wouldn't put it past big Pharma to produce a pandemic, so they get paid big money for the required vaccine. The wealth of the top ten pharmaceutical companies is far beyond staggering. And while the quality of American medical care is not remotely near the top, it is clearly the world's most expensive. According to the 2000-2001 census by the *World Health Organization*, the quality of US medicine is well down the list, 37th from the top.

<https://www.linkedin.com/pulse/top-10-pharmaceutical-companies-2016-luca-dezzani-md>

These are irrefutable reasons why medicine shouldn't be governed by money, but should be driven by the simple desire to improve and preserve life! Capitalism is good for marketing things like cars and doorknobs, but not good for medicine. Sure capitalism may encourage the plumbing companies to make better toilets, and hardware companies to make better hammers; but the capitalistic big Pharma, by its very greedy nature, must avoid generating, if not prevent, curative medicine. I'm not a complete socialist, but in my heart, I'm certain that medicine should be socialized, for all our sakes. The quality of healthcare, where medicine has been socialized, is superior to America's. As ridiculous as it may sound, profit should not be the motivating factor in medicine, but health and life.

The only people, who should be involved with medicine are those, who are motivated by the desire to heal, and not the desire to get rich. Perhaps, that's why all the advanced socialistic countries are superior to us in medicine. Again, you might want to

scan the 2000-2001 World Health Report; put-out, by the *World Health Organization*.

<http://thepatientfactor.com/canadian-health-care-information/world-health-organizations-ranking-of-the-worlds-health-systems/>

http://www.who.int/whr/2000/media_centre/press_release/en/

According to that report, the United States of America, with its big profit pharmaceutical companies, and hospitals, is ranked 37th in quality of medical care, while being the world's most expensive! How is that possible? But then, America is so poorly educated (15th to 18th from the top in education, depending on which report you read) that most of us remain unaware of medicine's glaring inadequacies. Without education, democracy does not work as well, since an under-educated country is much easier, for corporate owned media, and their puppet politicians, and paid-off media, to deceive!

<http://www.independent.co.uk/news/education/education-news/global-school-rankings-interactive->

map-shows-standards-of-education-across-the-world-10247405.html

From my own personal observations, as well as conversations with other academics, not only is the greatest portion of the medical research now of questionable value, but the majority of our university classes aren't worth their skyrocketing costs. Most universities are no longer terribly concerned with the quality of research or education, but have become more interested in their profit margins, not too different from big Pharma and big tobacco. For years, big tobacco profited by making more addicting strains of tobacco. Universities have now begun to sacrifice the enlightenment of America's youth, on the altar of big money. Hence, the schools have too many low quality teachers, working for minimal pay. Consequently, it's not too far fetched to assume that we should also socialize education, prekindergarten through the doctorate, depending on how far the student wants to go. And, we need to begin to pay teachers what they're actually worth, but based on merit, and the hell with tenuring teachers. If a teacher is found to be less than adequate, get rid of them, regardless of how many years they've worked.

Still, safeguards should be put in place to keep the educational system, from firing people to avoid paying them a decent retirement. If at this point, you begin to question where the money is coming from to fund socializing medicine and education, bare with me, and I'll soon explain.

University research projects are now largely viewed as something to simply attract funds, and/or to impress wealthy benefactors, but not as a means to improve the human condition, nor to push back the frontiers of darkness, nor to create an actual cure. Both higher education and medicine are now just businesses, no longer humane art forms; neither earnestly striving to improve the lot of humankind. Just look at the salaries that the university presidents and the governing boards, compared to what the poor teaching staff receives. Presidents of even lesser universities often earn larger salaries, than the President of the United States, while its teachers are vastly underpaid; hence, many of the teachers are less than effective, much less inspiring. Untalented teachers are cheaper, and easier for the University to control. Brilliant capable faculty members are more apt to be expensive, not as easily manipulated, and more prone to consult with an attorney, ergo more

problematic, for the greedy University governing boards. Brilliant people are more apt to be less greed-driven, less pedestrian, and more interested in encouraging students, and solving the problems of the world, i.e., medical, legal, social, environmental, etc.

What would you imagine a truly brilliant person would rather have... tons of money, or their brilliant brain? You know something must be wrong with the person, who can only make money by worsening the lots of others, i.e., wars, tobacco, big Pharma, toxic corporate bankruptcies, harmful prison systems/corporations, ridiculous drug laws, major amounts of poisonous pollution, fracking, killing whales, destroying clean water sources, harmful GMO seeds, the ridiculous, non-stop, ineffective war on drugs, etc. Speaking of the war on drugs, it is probably the only war, which has never and will never come to an end. It is certainly the longest war that the United States has ever fought, winning the occasional battle, but losing in greater amounts of ground each year, ground used for graveyards.

To be a serious student, you must love learning. To become an effective scientist or academic, you must be self-motivated, driven by an unquenchable

desire to know, and so most of your learning will be other than what you're taught in school. To actually make discoveries requires the desire to do good. If your only motivation is self-glorification or money, the likelihood of a medical discovery is less likely. As a graduate student, I happily spent most of my money on medical books, and paying for thousands of pages of xerox copies of research articles. The fine scientists I've known have been largely self taught, even though they earned their doctorate, since most of the educational courses, they endured in pursuit of their grade degrees, were anything but inspirational, and the vast majority of their teachers, while generally amiable folks, should have been doing something other than teaching. Indeed, there are fantastic teachers, but very few.

This sad educational condition is partially owing to the fact that the government wants to keep people more ignorant, and therefore more acquiescent, more manageable. Only six percent of the 2014 budget went to education, and 44 percent went to defense; and so, the United States is far too low in the world of education and number one in military might... the best at killing, bushel baskets of killing. That 44 percent doesn't include all the covert billions, which

may be garnered, by *CIA* owned and controlled businesses, nor does it include the colossal spoils of war, such as: the flood of oil, the staggeringly large Iraqi treasury, and those ten Afghan gold mines, and those highly profitable poppy fields in Afghanistan.

As long as we keep America's education budget low, Americans are not likely to bitch too much about how the government and the corporate world operate, and they'll continue to remain blissfully unaware. As mentioned, most of the best medical and environmental scientists are self-taught, ceaselessly searching the scientific literature to keep-up with, and to investigate, new ideas. Not all physicians can do this. Generally, they work long hours, and the seminars they attend once or twice a years don't always present the latest information, since they're often created by or sponsored by big Pharma, or the *AMA*. On the other hand, scientists generally joyously share new information with their kindred spirits... not necessarily looking to be paid for each idea they generate. For many, the ideas and the good they may create are enough payment. Such relationships between scientists are pure and honest, nothing like the relationship between businessmen.

Now, much of the student course work at the

average university has become more of an encumbrance, than it is an actual benefit to the aspiring scientist. The requisite studies can frequently be a profound waste of time and cost the struggling student a blithering fortune. It's usually basic plug-and-chug info, dryly presented, without any real passion for the intellectual experience, and may not contribute to what the student wants to do as a scientist. And for those dispassionate lectures, the student goes into serious debt, working hard for many years after graduation, to pay it off. Too many young creative spirits, who would have made fine scientists, get burned-out by the tedious classes, the ever skyrocketing costs, and the ego-driven university politics, before finishing their doctorates. The state and federal laws have configured things, so that most student loans can't be put in a bankruptcy, but some people have successfully managed to prove that the loans represented an undue hardship, and so have discharged said loans in their bankruptcy. This is something you might wish to look into before you takeout a student loan, or file for bankruptcy.

Compounding this burdensome educational problem is the graduate student's primary committee member or advisor, who is in charge of the student's

masters' research thesis, or doctoral research dissertation. Too often, these advisors basically enslave the grad student, making them carry out excessive numbers of research studies, to which said committee member affixes his or her name as an author; thereby increasing his or her list of publications, when they actually have done nothing to contribute to said research studies. It's the old publish or perish thing. The number of requisite studies the poor student must polish-off is often left up to the publication greedy committee member. While that injustice never happened to me, it did happen to most of my fellow graduate colleagues.

An effective instructor should be enthralled with what they teach, so much so that their passion radiates with a blinding fervor, and they possess a sincere desire to pass-on that spark of interest. Nonetheless, I've had a only handful of such teachers (see the acknowledgement section). The vast majority of my teachers were nice agreeable folks, who needed a job, and knew barely enough to put together their presentation. They were pleasant enough and about as stimulating as a glass of warm milk, but maybe without the graham crackers. Nevertheless, my committee members were

amazingly talented people (all but one), and why I was lucky enough to have them on my committee. The one bad member was there because of political reasons... politics... always the fly in the syrup.

Some folks, who become scientists, only like the idea of being a scientist, so while they manage to get through the course work, they graduate lacking the necessary driving spirit, that imaginative spark. Too often, those people end-up accepting the fall-back position of being a resentful administrator. Imagination, while illogical at times, and probably more prone to error, is absolutely paramount to the art of discovery... to be able to put together seemingly unrelated random facts, and discover that nearly invisible golden thread of logic, linking certain facts together. In a very real way, the illogical parts of one's mind, often discover the logic of life. Imagination allows the scientist to span that gap between what is known and what is as yet unknown, that blind leap of understanding, resulting in discovery. Some simply call this, 'thinking outside the box.'

Imagination the invisible tether, which allows the mind to leap into the unknown, and snatch back

a nugget of truth.

Science Versus Magic and Religion by Willis Abe
Mortely

To create, you must have faith, and believe that the task is worthwhile. It helps tremendously, if what you're pursuing, is good and worthy of great benefit. In addition, the more information your mind assimilates, related to said pursuit, the more apt a bridge can be built allowing the searcher to span closer to the answer. It is also advisable not pay too much attention to those people, who are quick to say why something won't work. The world is filled with people who enjoy building road-blocks. It's easy to see why things won't work, but discovery requires faith. Naysayers do their best to destroy progress. It helps if use enjoy the search, almost as much as the discovery; for while the discovery is often considered by most people to be the best part, in certain respects it spells the end. Still, there's always another Easter egg to be found. Kind of like sex... the orgasm is the best, but it sometimes spells the end of the merrymaking, at least until the next time. A leap of imagination, beats plug-and-chug logic for scientific discovery, just as it adds zing to sex.

Imagination is more important than knowledge. For knowledge is limited to all we know and understand, while imagination embraces the entire world, and all there ever will be to know and understand.

Albert Einstein

Maybe Einstein was metaphorically speaking about sex. The more information crammed in a creative mind, the more apt it is to make a discovery, be it great or small, but hopefully it is something worthwhile. Administrators may not always be deficient in memory content, though usually they are; still, characteristically they are severely wanting in imagination, rarely finding anything, within the chaos. But, the worst thing about many administrators is that they don't seem to respect those who discover the elusive thread of logic. What one doesn't experience, one doesn't generally appreciate. If you possess a self-absorbed ego and can't dance, then dancing just ain't that important. Such an attitude may have a lot to do with why artists tend to be under-appreciated. If you can't paint, what good's a masterpiece? It's not always that

way with the uncreative, but it is, if they have a massive festering ego.

Arrogance... an irritating disguise for ignorance and insecurity.

Those Who Hate to Love by R.Yeo Warmly

Figuring-out a scientific conundrum is something like finding an Easter egg, when you're a two year old. The search is intensely exciting, and of course, there's the amazing finding of the egg, with it's beautiful color. Perhaps, that's why I meant so many old researchers, who still enjoyed talking science. They excitingly speak of science, as if those regions of their cerebral matter are still young. It is as if the old folks are young again, theorizing with their fellow students, shooting the shit about some scientific idea. As a young scientist, often an old scientist would show-up unannounced at our lab. They'd just want to talk and discuss science, to be involved, to relive the thrill of the search. We always welcomed such ageless spirits! Now, I'm one of those old farts, still reading and thinking about science.

In that respect, science remains ageless, for every

discovery leads to another mystery, another question! This fact is granted to us, by the simple fact that we are only working with the illustrious three pounds of gray mush, which means we'll never understand the entire picture. Now, every time I run into an MD, I ask them what's new in their field of medicine. Since medicine is now governed by money, rarely do they have something original and refreshing to tell me. Most MDs are overworked, too busy chasing the dollar, and have been hamstrung by hospital corporations, the *AMA*, big Pharma, the *FDA*, frivolous lawsuits, lobbyists, etc. At least, doctors are generally paid exceedingly well, and the patients do so appreciate a good doctor.

Try to imagine some pharmaceutical advertising, where they express the desire to heal you, by say, "We're the company that cured: cancer, HIV, diabetes, Alzheimers, and arthritis" That's a joke, but the jokes on you!

To become an effective medical scientist, you should be motivated by such things as the yearning to heal, the desire to do good, and the hunger to know how the body functions, or at times, how physiology malfunctions. Those are the reasons why administrators will only be administrators...

typically, they're motivated by things like: prestige, fame, the desire to control others, and money. Simply put, they fail because they are self-centered, with far too little imagination!

Imagination is to science, as oxygen is to fire.

The Researcher's Handbook by O. Y. Raweml,
Ph.D.

Please understand, that this description of the ego is usually not inclusive of the brain's *Septal Nucleus*, a group of cells where much of the grandeur of sex and orgasm reside, but the ego is part(s) of the brain, which seems to float (not literally) as an island, poorly connected to the ocean floor, the rest of the brain. The ego is only concerned with its own wellbeing, and receives a limited amount of sensory, and cognitive/creative input, usually remaining fairly detached from much of the gray mush. The larger the ego, and the more brain tissue devoted to it, oddly enough, the more it must be only aware of itself and concerned with itself, and the less concerned it is with the subconscious, the more creative part of the brain. Hence, such a mind tends to make few, if any

discoveries, fewer segues into the seemingly absurd uncontrollable imagination; consequently, creative ideas are more apt to remain hidden... fewer colorful Easter eggs get put into the basket.

Having failed at research, scientific/medical administrators usually want to command others, more than they desire to know: how the universe works, how to stop global warming, how the human mind functions, how to cure an illness, or why plants and animals function and behave in the mysterious ways they do. Administrators usually just want fame and power more than they want the colorful Easter eggs. Moreover, when someone shows them the Easter egg, they tend to under appreciate its beauty, simply because it's in another's basket. People who have the most trouble creating, often have the greatest desire to control. Perchance, it's the next best alternative. Hitler may have suffered from this syndrome. He didn't create or succeed at much of anything, until he started vying for control. Most administrators, whom I've known, seem happiest when bossing others, especially if it makes the person unhappy. They live to tell others how to do what they themselves haven't a clue how to do. Medical administrators may be the worst of all... telling

doctors and scientists what to do, when they haven't the ability to do it themselves.

While I have commented innumerable wrongs (More than a few of which are described, herein.), to the best of my recollection, I have never desired to control others, so as to further my position, or to make me feel better about myself. Nor, have I intentionally claimed another person's idea as my own, although there was one unusual time, where I claimed someone's scientific idea; however, it was actually at the request of the creator, that I did so. It was to protect the creator, since the idea was potentially dangerous, given that it involved three high profile murders. And, the murderer was never brought to justice.

In my limited way of thinking, the mere idea of controlling people seems depressing. Besides myself, the one person I attempt to control is my daughter, but the only way I can do that is by letting her know that what I do for, and ask of, her is because I desperately love her. Love isn't a science, but it should be what motivates it. On the other hand, love like all emotions, is simply certain pieces of gray goop, eliciting feelings and directing actions. And while that may seem rather unromantic, it is

indisputably the truth. Last I looked, the truth still counts, just not always.

In meetings, I've witnessed administrators and crappy scientists attempt to steal another researcher's ideas. I've also watched untalented administrators endeavor to rule over brilliant doctors and scientists! Though I am proud of my meager scientific achievements and believe they may have made a slight difference, they're hardly discussed, herein; but rather, the majority of these texts mostly describe a minor percentage of my many sins, a few of my meager observations, and a few things I would like to see changed to better the world... unpolished suggestions.

In the latter parts of these books, I attempt to discuss promising areas of medicine, which may have been deliberately ignored, if not intentionally suppressed by mega corporations, and the government puppets, they control. These are certain types of treatment, which potentially might cure all diseases caused by: viruses, bacteria, and mycobacteria. Also, said research might also cure many forms of cancer.

These few books are also designed to expose some of the covert, yet sinister, motives behind war.

WWII only took five years, but now, the United States has been at war, since 2001, with a poorly trained, poorly equipped country. Why? The war industries want money. Concurrently, we carry-out drone and air strikes, as well as on ground attacks using special forces groups. All designed to make the military industries rich!

Scattered amongst these pages, are a few suggestions which might help to: improve people's health, attenuate war, somewhat alleviate the illegal and legal drug problems, reduce the national debt, and slow global warming. Moreover, there is a small discourse on racial and sexual discrimination, and suggested ways to deal with these hurtful and unnecessary wrongs. Most people would like to see those unkind things changed, but realize that changing them requires a massive outcry from the populace, and that's you; hence, one of the reasons behind these scribbles is to motivate people. Where ugly bigots are often highly vocal; good people generally remain silent and just tend to ignore things, thinking that if they wait long enough, things will be okay. Such acquiescence can cause the egomaniacs to wrongly assume that people agree with their views. We only got out of the unjust Vietnam war after

people began to march on Washington. Protestors were flipping over cars and setting them on fire, on the bridges and roads leading into the District of Columbia, our nation's capital. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to know there was no purpose behind our killing 3,000,000 Vietnamese, not to mention the 54,000 dead Americans! That war lasted twenty years!

My paternal Grandpa, who was vastly unlike my maternal Grandpa, is barely mentioned, herein, but my Dad's dad left behind four pages of a roughly constructed autobiography, typed on old onionskin paper, using a black manual typewriter, it was a *Remington 12*. He had graduated from Princeton law, in 1904, but rather than quickly establishing a practice, as young attorneys often did, he walked across America, as part of an old fashioned horse drawn wagon-train. I do deeply cherish those few pages, for without them, I'd hardly know a thing about him. Those four pages only described the various places he'd lived, his education, a few of his jobs, that his second wife was better than his first, that his favorite sport was baseball, and why he gave-up practicing law. He simply made the comment that, 'the law, may be necessary, but its

unnatural, and is too often unjust in its results, at least, for my taste.’ The most glaring two omissions were that he made no statement about his owing and operating a whorehouse, nor did he make mention of his son, my Dad. The four pieces of onion skin were more like a polite wikipedia fact sheet, than they were an actual autobiography, since there was nothing about his opinions, fears, dreams, etc., except for the comment about the law. But stark as those four pages were, in a way, they are part of what inspired me to write these ten books.

This bonus collection of disorganized melange rambles here and there, with my fictitious life’s story being the least significant aspect, serving only as a continuing convenient springboard to egress to far more worthy issues. There’s no doubt that the dubious worth of these books, lies not with my insignificant life, but the weight is in the segues and sidebars. Again, this will undoubtedly make your reading difficult, since there is no dependably clear storyline. Perhaps, all life is insignificant, if taken in context with the big bang. Maybe that’s part of what the sand mandalas of the Tibetan Buddhist signify. No matter what anyone creates, even if it’s passed on to the next thousand generations, eventually it’s

gone. For many, their fears of, and hopes of, dodging death, by 'believing' a fantasy, allow them to deny death's inevitability, its' great nothingness. You've got to admit, eternal happiness sounds great. Doesn't it?

My Dad didn't respect his own father; yet still, he named me after him. I'm not sure why. Maybe it was my traditional Mother's idea. The Grandpa, which I've primarily discussed in these books, is my maternal Grandfather, not the one who typed the aforementioned four pages on onionskin. Both of my Grandfathers were lawyers. My maternal Grandpa, 'Buddy,' was considered by the citizens of Mobile to be highly successful and founded his own firm. Most of his life, he was a criminal defense attorney. My paternal Grandpa, Joe, was said to prefer running the aforementioned whorehouse and roofing houses, to practicing law. He claimed that by not practicing law, he was better able to sleep at night. Of my two Grandpas, my paternal Grandpa, the owner of the whorehouse and roofer, etc., died the happiest, and lived the longest. Also, his second wife loved him, immensely. My financially and legally 'successful' maternal Grandpa died a protracted miserable death, and his bigoted wife made the last two-thirds of his

life a living hell, albeit Grandpa was a master at blocking-out her frequent bitching.

Don't let anyone tell you that writing about one's self is easy, for the pen can painfully impale the hand that wheels it! Writing these fictitious accounts has periodically left me depressed, being forced to recognize just how much time I have wasted and how many lamentable deeds I've committed. In this respect, the written word is like a vicious counterpuncher, coming back off the page to blacken your eyes. Because of this unpleasantry, more than a few times, I've ceased these scribblings, and set them aside for weeks. Not being good about confessing, I've also left out quite a bit. Writing this has also made me realize how much of my life's odyssey has faded from memory; and, what a poor narrator I am. Still, this is likely my last attempt to leave behind a message, a swan song, if you will. Maybe when I die, there could be a small scannable information design, a QR code, to be left on the bathroom walls of a few bars, which when scanned with someone's cellphone, might download this hodgepodge.

My lovely innocent child has placed me on a high pedestal. Consequently, I inked this hodgepodge, as something of a cathartic

confessionary, by which to weave my tether, to climb down from that undeserved lofty perch. It's far better to voluntarily climb down, than to be cast-off, when she finds out what her dad was really like. What could be worse than being rejected by your child, whom you love more than life itself? So, herein I admit to various wrongful deeds, but as stated, there are many more, I've failed to mention. In all honesty, my list of sins is longer than my memory can accommodate.

Sometimes I feel my life is nothing more than a fishing expedition in search of my daughter's smiles and especially her laughter. Usually, humor and gifts work best, but awkward and embarrassing circumstances are frequently the best form of bait. God, how I love that child! But alas, since all of this book is fiction, I suppose I have left her only erroneous embarrassing innuendos. Perhaps some of my minor good deeds have been writing letters for friends. I've lost track of the hundreds of letters I've penned in other people's names, to be sent to various judges, attorneys, landlords, employers, loved ones, friends, enemies, etc. In addition, I've written a number of editorials and newspaper articles, which may possess some degree of social merit. Most of my

few good deeds were in the realm of helping-out my friends or community. While I do dearly love my friends, I'm sure those limited good deeds wouldn't make an interesting read. A couple of my scientific ideas might just have been able to create some good on a larger scale, had they been implemented. A few of them are mentioned in these pages, explaining most of them would have required too much boring detail, and had I attempted to include them, I would likely have put the reader to sleep.

Much of these writings relate, in one way or another, to my Dad, though from the outset, I never intended for that to be the case. As I wrote these books, I often found my Father's profound influence directing my thoughts, and I don't mean God. If anyone should have written a book, it was Dad. While my Father was a good and extremely honest man, he had no problem with the concept of killing people. He killed many in war, but I strongly suspect he killed a few for other reasons, as well. I may have watched him kill a man, but Dad never bothered to check to see if he was dead. In his old age, Dad was not the same man, I knew as a child. Once he had reached fifty, he and Mom retired to a nice community, *Southern Breezes*, and everyone thought

Dad to be a sweet easygoing old guy, which by then, he was. They would never have recognized him, if they'd meant the Dad, I'd known as a child and a teenager. Mom was attracted to the more dangerous side of Dad.

Unlike my maternal Grandpa, Dad operated by his own set of laws, not those of the government or the masses. Nevertheless, he was mostly a law-abiding man. What none of his friends or family realized is that Dad regularly dispatched quick sermons about the importance of killing people, who needed killing, and that if I did have to kill someone, not to feel the least bit bad about doing so, but to be methodical about the planning, so as to not be caught. My Dad was the man worthy of a book, yet I knew so little about the man of few words. I once asked him what it was like being in Pearl Harbor, when the Japanese attacked, December 7th 1941, when those four torpedoes hit his ship, The USS Oklahoma. Dad's response was just three words, "It was loud!" He then walked away. It was only after repeated efforts, that I was able to extract more information.

Once as a very young child, while riding in the car with Dad, I watched him run a man off the road,

at over one hundred miles an hour. The man had wrongly cut Dad off in traffic, and to make matters worse, he had also given my Dad the international symbol of goodwill, extending the third phalanx of his left hand, out the driver's window of his car. While flashing the ancient gesture, the man gunned his engine, and pulled in front of us. Dad had to brake to avoid the collision, then he smiled. Once again, the man jammed his hand out the window and pointed at the cloud cover, with the third digit.

In response to the insult, except for the smile, Dad didn't display the slightest emotion. Dad didn't say a word, not even did he frown. He only stepped on the accelerator, pulling-up to within inches of the man's rear bumper. Dad's well tuned flathead eight, of which he cleaned and gapped the plugs and points every couple of months, appeared to be the superior of the two engines; but, each time Dad tried to pass, the man speeded up and veered to block our path. Soon, I realized it had become a high speed war of wills... who would get the lead? The faster we went, the more Dad grinned. He began to gently tap our front bumper against the man's rear bumper, causing the man to worriedly check his rearview mirror. I could tell the man was yelling something,

presumably to himself, since no one was in the car with him, and there were no cellphones or carphones, then.

Dad clearly seemed to enjoy the game. The competition continued for what seemed four or five minutes, taking us a few miles out of town. I don't know how fast we were going, but it was extremely fast. Near the end of the race, we were flying down a long lonely straight stretch of country road, with plowed fields on both sides. No cars or houses were visible in any direction. It was my first such experience, and since I was only three, it's one of my earliest recollections of Dad.

As my grinning Dad finally pulled-up along side the driver's door, I could plainly see the fear on the driver's face, nonetheless, he screamed at us, "Fuck you!" Still, the fear on his face, told me that his words were a hollow jester. The stranger knew he had bitten-off more than he could chew. Glancing over at my Dad, he looked like he sometimes looked when he read the comics in the morning paper, calm, relaxed, and smiling.

When my passenger door had barely passed the stranger's door, Dad suddenly ordered me to hang on tight. He then drifted back slightly, jerked the wheel

to the right and slammed our front quarter panel and passenger headlight into the driver's rear quarter panel. A second before we impacted, I had grabbed the armrest with both hands, and gritted my teeth. I felt the impact like a vibrating hammer blow in my hands, but it wasn't as loud, as I would have suspected. It sounded like two big trashcans banging together. Dad then jerked the wheel back to the left and we passed the car, which was then heading off the road.

Dad was looking in the rearview mirror, so I stood-up in the carseat and turned to look back. The stranger's car was careening off the road. It zoomed off the raised roadway, out into a farmer's plowed dirt field. As it left the road, the front of the car dropped down in a depression, then it suddenly pitched-up high in the air. Somehow the car turned sideways, and when it came down, it violently rolled several times, as if it suddenly gained some hidden momentum. The car came to rest on its roof, inside a cloud of light-filled dirt and dust. Looking through our rear car window, I tried to make out the driver, but couldn't, but there was too much dust and distance. I wondered if the man was dead. In 1951, no one wore seat-belts, and there were no airbags. A

few seconds later, we'd rounded a curve, and the sight of the car was gone. Sensing my concern, Dad calmly spoke.

"Don't worry about that guy. He had it coming, and don't mention any of this to your Mom or anybody. Understand? You've got to learn to keep a secret. You know what a secret is. Right?" Dad instructed.

"Yes, Sir." I replied.

"Keeping a secret makes you stronger, Joey. The longer a secret stays in you, without you telling anyone, the more powerful you become, and the more comfortable you will be with who you are. If you want to be strong you have to learn to keep a secret." Dad advised.

"I understand, Dad... Thanks."

At age three, I knew what a secret was, but didn't really understand the stuff about it making you stronger, for back then I wrongly assumed Dad meant that by keeping a secret my muscles would become stronger, so his statement caused me to look at, and flex the muscles in my arms. *I hope this secret thing works, my arms are too skinny!* Having complete faith in Dad, and his being so relaxed about the high speed

event, I was hardly fazed. Following Dad's lead, I didn't worry about the man, and promised never to mention it. In fact, I never mentioned it for sixty-two years, not until I wrote this windy hodgepodge. From that moment, and for many years, my Dad became my moral touchstone. He was thirty-two years old.

We never went back to check on the guy. Dad is now dead, and several generations have intervened, and no doubt countless people have died having been run-off the road, so mentioning it here can no longer put Dad in jeopardy, but since this book is fiction, it never happened. Once we got home, Dad parked the car, in such a way that Mom didn't notice the damage on the front and right side. The next day, he simply told Mom he was getting some work done on the car, and in fact that was the truth. Dad never actually lied. Dad never made a promise, because whatever he said was as good as a promise. His word was indeed his bond. Mom probably thought Dad was taking the car to get some routine maintenance. She knew little about cars, other than how to drive them, and she could really drive, much like an experienced New York cabbie. Like Dad, once Mom approached old age, she didn't resemble the Mom I'd known as a kid; she became more concerned with

money, and more manipulative, yet she was still basically a kind person.

For many years, I had almost no conscience, and firmly believed that people, who claimed to feel sympathy, were only women, and that men simply pretended to have a conscience, so as to give the appearance that they were good, which deep inside, they weren't. My conscience was extremely late in coming, and didn't begin to make its sputtering appearance, until I was forty years of age! This is not to say that before I acquired a conscience, that I would purposely try to hurt people or their feelings, for I didn't, and I never honestly relished hurting others, unless they were a true asshole, and in that case, yes, I did enjoy the idea of revenge. On the other hand, I did kill thousands of animals, as a young child. Sad to say, I enjoyed that, and I'm now sincerely sorry for doing so. Looking back, it's almost like I was a completely different person.

The exact moment, when my mythical conscience first emerged, I was at home, standing in front of a large bathroom mirror, thinking about how I had chewed-out my secretary, earlier that day. She had honestly deserved the criticism, but I could have been kinder and more constructive in how I handled

it. Looking at myself in the mirror, I began to 'feel sorry' for her. Upon this realization of earnest empathy, I suddenly realized that I was in the throes of developing a conscience. *Jesus... so this is what it feels like to have a conscience! I don't like it!* Prior to that moment in front of the mirror, if I hurt someone's feelings, it had little to no effect on me, unless it was fear that I would get in trouble. The next day at work, I apologized to the secretary. She looked pale, and a huge coldsore had appeared on her upper lip, probably from the stress I'd inflicted upon her the day before. This realization also served to, stimulate my fledgling conscience, and again, I didn't care for feeling the of remorse.

The birth of my conscience didn't seem to correlate with any profound circumstance... no near death experience, no major stress in life's circumstance, nor was there some sudden religious conversion. Its' emergence was simply odd and disagreeable; feeling regret or guilt is now unpleasant, like an annoying chronic pain, due to an old injury. At first, my new conscience was easily overruled, and more like an interesting novelty, than it was a true aspect of my being. But, a couple of years later, with the birth of my daughter, it began to

grow exponentially, concurrent with my love for the sweet baby.

Before my feeble conscience emerged, except for a few dreams of my Dad, I never dreamed of people I knew, ergo it always seemed a bit odd, when people told me about dreaming about their friends, or family. *How do people do that?* And so, I've wondered if having a conscience is not a prerequisite to being able to dream about people you know. My dreams were often violent, and so I found them satisfying. They were especially enjoyable when life became stressful.

Although my Dad was a remarkably good man and highly intelligent, I sensed that he too had little conscience; at least, at that time in his life. On the other hand, he always showed affection towards animals, though at times, it seemed slightly exaggerated. Perhaps, since I perceived Dad as something of a like-minded person (without a conscience), I was able to dream about him, because he seemed more real. Who knows about the nature of dreams? Then again, perhaps I dreamed of Dad, because he was the only person I truly cared about. It could be, that you can only dream about people, for whom you have some amount of real interest or

caring. Perchance, if you have little or no conscience, the characters in your dreams remain strangers. Or, it just may be that my mind was configured to work like that. Or, maybe I dreamed of strangers because I never made any lasting friends. Now that I have something of an bonafide conscience, I dream about people I know, but only roughly once or twice a month. Whenever I meet a young adult, whom I suspect could be a psychopath, I ask them, if they only dream about strangers. Often, they agree, that they never meet anyone they know in their dreams. Something tells me that by-in-large, the kindest people are the albinos, and they only dream about folks they know. Oddly enough, I've never thought to ask the albinos I've meant about their dreams, but the next albino I meet, I'm going to ask them.

Later in this book, I'll try to discuss how, where, and why dreams occur in the brain, going into some of the involved parts of the brain, and the biochemical and psychophysiological benefits of dreaming. That little discussion will pretty much put the whammy on all those dream interpretation books, which try to say that dreaming about certain things, means specific things about one's life. For example, if a woman dreams about water, it

supposed to mean she's pregnant, or if you dream about the moon it means you're getting ill. In my opinion, all such prognostications are total bullshit! Sure, dreams have meaning, but that meaning is usually different from person to person.

Dreams, where my Dad made an appearance, were generally extremely comforting. On the other hand, there was one dream, where my Dad went insane. In that dream, Dad was sitting crossed-leg in a grassy field staring at me, when unexpectedly he reached up on top of his bald head and slowly pulled his brain out, through a hole in his skull. The brain came-out like a long thick pink snake, which he dropped on the green grass, and it slithered away. Then he got up, without his brain, and started to chase me. Terrified, I was running for all I was worth, but I kept slipping and falling, then getting-up and running, again, and again. Finally, I crossed a sidewalk, and for some reason I knew Dad couldn't cross that little sidewalk, and so I was safe. That was one of my very rare, but memorable, childhood nightmares. Before I had a conscience, I probably only had five nightmares... only five nightmares in forty years. My dreams tended to be joyous, even the violent ones; while, most people might not have liked

such dreams, as a child, I loved to kill in my dreams, yet I took no pleasure in torturous cruelty, just straight killing.

Aside from the dream of Dad going crazy, all the rest of the dreams, involving my Dad, were roughly similar and consoling. In those dreams, a mirror-like shiny silver DC-3 aircraft would be parked on an abandoned runway, usually with one or more dead bodies in the back of the plane, and Dad would be giving me some type of advice. Usually the two huge propellers would be turning, and Dad would have to shout his advice, above their roar, yet the extremely loud engines never interfered with my hearing him. Yes, dreams have a way of transcending awake reality.

Dad's advice would vary from dream to dream, but often it related to the killing of the people, the bodies in the back of the plane. The dead bodies were there, to be dumped out the rear door, as we flew out over the expansive ocean, although I envisioned that in the dream, that dumping never actually happened in the dream. That reoccurring dream is one of my life's greatest consolations, for in those dreams, Dad was always friendly toward me, much friendlier than he ever was in real life, and we

were doing something together. In actuality, after I gotten to be six, Dad had had almost no time to share with me, so we did practically nothing together, but before then he taught me many things. He used a rather unique, though extremely effective, teaching technique.

Supposedly having a conscience is a 'good' thing, but obviously, it can also be a worrisome nuisance, and fairly unpleasant. To be free of guilt is a sweet gift, indeed. Without a conscience, life is considerably more care-free. You don't replay the bad things you do. If you have a conscience, there are certain manipulative idiots, who like nothing better, than to play upon it, for their personal gain. Even when I lacked a conscience, I never used people that way. People, who play with peoples' sympathy for personal gain are the world's weakest people.

"If I don't come-up with \$150, they're going to turn my power off. I've been putting in applications everywhere, but no one's calling me back. I know you've been helping me for a while now, but as soon as I get a job, I won't be bothering you, anymore. Please help me, just this once."

My child is great at keeping me abreast of such folks. Often they are people, who have given-up on trying to make something of themselves, and are

content with being master manipulators of others, to get money, drugs, or to garner a favor of some sort; but if you have the audacity to point out their pathetic manipulations, then they usually resort to pseudo-anger, or they act hurt.

While it's easy for me to criticize such desperate folks, I must admit, that in many such cases, I could never have endured some of the things, they have. Usually they've sustained too many negatives in their 'childhood.' Some experiences are not to be overcome; nor should they be. Certain optimists will try to tell you that it's never too late to be all you can be. Don't believe that ridiculous lie. Only time affords you the means by which you may perform your life's dance, and these books clearly attest to the fact that I'm guilty of squandering far too much time, just one of my many depravities.

Scrolling back through my sixty-five years, portions of my memories appear bright and lucid, while others are like hazy dreams, where 'freewill' appears to be only a merciful deception, as if I was just actually swept along by people and events... "*Call me Ishmael.*" How much freewill a person possesses can easily change, for there are those people, organizations, and governments, as well as

physiological and psychological conditions, which are more than capable of whittling away your psyche, and extinguishing your blessed illusion of freewill.

Conceivably, freewill is nothing more than a strategic neuro-chemical arrangement, which you believe you've created, with every thought, notion, idea, decision, dream and scheme, we usually believe that we voluntarily 'chose' it. Such a pleasant belief is in fact only the ionic illusion of freewill, since brain cells operate by the flow of various ions and releasing certain chemicals, and a thought is nothing more than the firing of a particular set of those brain cells. In a way, life is simply the sequence of various neurons firing. My point is that each thought, the firing of those neurons (that thought/awareness), is predisposed by the molecular/atomic arrangements and/or firing of other cells, a fraction of a second, prior to said thought, and whatever sensory info came banging its way into the brain, via the eyes, ears, proprioception, olfaction, taste, or touch, and because of the memories already residing in that brain. Hence, every thought must in fact be prearranged. How could a thought or idea be anything else? So again, I say that freewill is nothing

more than an illusion. Since the areas of the brain, which represent the ego are so poorly connected to the larger parts of the brain, then the ego can only conclude that it created the thought itself; hence, the ego assumes, or must assume, it has freewill. If we really believed that we didn't have freewill, we'd suddenly realize that we're all just puppets in a huge ongoing event. The universe is just like an incomprehensibly large wind-up toy, and we're each like the tiniest cog in that toy.

If there's a God, then maybe this neurophysiological illusion of freewill is God's best stratagem to may us think we actually have purpose, or maybe those old guys who wrote the scrolls, which Constantine and the group selected, just wanted us to think we could have a good life after we died. You must admit that stratagem (freewill) is almost undetectable. Freewill is but a manifestation of our own inability to perceive our actual method of thought, to distinctly understand how each thought is born into existence. Because of evolution, the human brain has acquired an ego, which allows a person to perceive of itself as being apart from the herd, unique, separate from universal consciousness, and let's not forget selfish.

Cogito, ergo sum (roughly translated... I think therefore I am)

René Descartes

The ego thinks it's in it for the long game, but the real game is infinitely long, and I'm not referring to any religion. The ego, the same piece of gray mush which believes it comes-up with everything that goes on within the brain it inhabits, is why we have the illusion of autonomy... the illusion of freewill. The ego thinks it's the ruler, the creator of its thoughts and ideas, and the orchestrator of all that goes on in that jiggly three pounds of gray mush.

Likewise, the ego perceives of itself as the brain's rudder, when in fact, it's clearly the stem or bow, half underwater, and blinded by life's flow of events passing by, life's bow-wave washes over it, but it can only assume that it's leading the way, ergo it foolishly knows that it's making the choices, steering the brain's destiny, but the truth is that while life does seem to contain a universe of possibilities, they are all preselected... prearranged. There is in fact no freewill, and the rudder is literally everything, the universe, ever how infinitely large or small that may be. The more certain circuits in the brain are used,

the more apt they are to interact with other brain circuits, since they establish more connections. Consequently, the earliest circuits (those of our childhood) are most apt to get used more frequently, and therefore more prone to interact with other circuits. When a person learns to fish as a child, the teacher may encourage parts of the child's brain representing excitement to begin to function, and so with occasional repetition of this early learned fishing experience, may mean that fishing continues to be fun and exciting, throughout that person's life. As a result, the sport may take-on a disproportionately large importance; at least, compared to the other more critical issues of life. Nevertheless, because of that early experience, coupling with emotional and other types of circuits, through the years, the person who starts fishing early in life is apt to devote a larger portion of their life to the sport. So it is, with many things in life, especially religious beliefs. If there is no freewill, what does that say about responsibility, culpability, and punishment... they too are predetermined. The same goes for every emotion... circuits making connections with other circuits.

Every couple of photons (light particles) striking

our eye's retina, or molecules bumping the tympanic membrane of the ear, and each touch, smell, and taste, which activates a sense receptor, etc., comes along when and where it does, because of the universal arrangements of all matter of the universe, the moment before. On the universal billiard table, once the speed, direction, and spin has been set into play, the outcome is all predetermined. But the larger one's ego, the more difficult this simple concept is to realize and to accept, regardless of one's IQ. Often, the larger the person's ego, the more they oppose this theory, for the ego hates to admit its own limitations, or that it isn't the rudder. But, the ego is just there to witness, and perhaps for the owner to make himself or herself appear foolish, but it definitely loves to lay claim to each thought and idea, which travels through the associated gray matter, and certainly it provides us with the blessed illusion of freewill.

At best, the ego is the errand boy of the brain. If the ego is too big, it begins to inflict its ideas and opinions onto other brains, while thinking it's controlling them. All too often, insufferable egos yearn to manipulate others, yet since the ego is but a small portion of the brain, it generally lacks in content, and especially in creativity. That day

standing in front of the mirror, the day my conscience first made its unexpected appearance, I realized that I'd done just that, I tried to bully the poor secretary. My ego had overstepped its bounds. Perhaps, because I 'realized' that condition, it caused my conscience to be born, and that piece of gray matter came sputtering to life, even at age forty, capable of judging and evaluating the deeds and thoughts of my own misguided ego. Why it took so many years to finally materialize, I can't say. That remains a mystery, even now.

But again, the ego is what allows for the trick of, the illusion of freewill, since by itself, it is incapable of impartial self-analysis. All our accomplishments, feelings, and ideas are not our doing, but just show-up, and when our ego gets wind of their presence, then the selfish ego claims the prize as its own, never really having created the idea or discovery. A region inside the frontal area, may be the ego itself, and could well be the seat of all that foolishness, this feeling of oneness, ownership, identity, being special, and the ionic illusion of freewill. Said piece of brain tissue is largely composed of the Anterior Cingulate Cortex and Fronto-insular Cortex. {William C., "The Consciousness Connection" published in *New*

Scientist, Volume 215, Number 2874, on July 21st, 2012.} I realize that this is but one reference. Nonetheless, there are others, and since this isn't your usual tiresome scientific publication, I haven't bothered to load-in the other corroborating references. If you're interested, truly interested, then find them yourself. If you don't know how, try PubMed, and go to your local medical library and ask the librarian to help you.

That sloppy selfish chunk of gray goop likely becomes active about the time the baby begins to repeatedly utter such phrases as, "I want!" and "Give me!" And while it may be the most demanding and self-centered part of the brain, it is also the most fearful, for generally nothing fears death, quite like the ego. The ego is terrified of death. The Anterior Cingulate Cortex and Fronto-insular Cortex receive significant input, from the parts of the limbic brain (three parts of the amygdala) heavily correlated/involved with fear: dread, panic, terror, whatever word you prefer... all words invented by people to describe what certain brain circuits represent. Of course, all the other emotions have inputs to the ego, as well, but fear is usually a big one. Morphine, heroin, and opium all greatly diminish the ego, and

at the same time, the user becomes relatively fearless.

In some folks, these connections (emotions-ego) are quite substantial, and in others not so much. The ego may also connect to other subconscious primitive parts of the brain, which may have been used by ancestral mammals for thought, as well, the ego connects with the hippocampus, which contains conscious, as well as a few unconscious memories. These unconscious connections to the ego may account for a person's awareness of their intuitiveness and creativity, and vary tremendously from person to person. In general, the creative and intuitive regions of the brains aren't well connected with the ego; in fact activity in the ego can inhibit these areas. When an idea is generated by the larger more creative subconscious parts of our brain, and by hook or crook, it does somehow manage to find its way to the ego, the ever flailing ego may claim the prize with pronounced alacrity; when in fact, the ego may have done little to actually create the idea. Considerable indirect evidence implies that the larger the ego, the fewer these creative connections, and so hubris and inventiveness tend to inversely correlate. While large egos may still have logical connections,

the subconscious attachments (synapses) are often fewer. While creativity needs some amount of logical thought, outside-the-box creative thinking requires both logic, as well as intuitive/creative thought. As a child, I found little sense of accomplishment for coloring inside the lines, which someone else had drawn, and yet my Mom just insisted, whereas Dad just wanted me to know the colors, how to spell them, and if you blended two of them, what new color might be created.

So, as the child matures those phrases like, “I want,” “Give me,” “Mine” become larger phrases like, “It is my idea...,” “In my opinion, the reason for...,” “It is my contention that...,” “It is my theory that...,” “I am the creator of this...,” “My solution for these issues is that...” How some egos do love to crow! For many, that selfish little cluster of self-serving cells remains like the ever demanding infant of the brain, throughout their life. Just look at that guy running for president for the republican party. Doesn't he seem like a selfish big baby, at times. The larger the ego, usually the louder it crows, and the less creative its owner. Large egos, which claim to be creative, are generally great impostors. They've often 'succeeded' by sheer intimidation, if you can call that

success.

A bad day for your ego can be a great day for your soul.

Jillian Michaels

And when I say the ego is larger, I mean that it literally is a larger chunk of gray matter. Not that there aren't parts of the brain designed to attenuate the activity of the ego, for there are, but these parts may be large or small; hence, the ego is put in check or remains uncontrolled. The size and activity of the ego, as well as these 'controlling/inhibiting' parts may be owing to genetic predispositions, as well as to life's experiences. But if a child isn't taught to control an inordinately large Anterior Cingulate Cortex and Fronto-insular Cortex, and they have limited areas of their brain, with which to inhibit it, you'll have a self-aggrandizing runaway nightmarish adult, your typical: politician, CEO, flag level military officer, administrator, salesman, Marine bootcamp drill instructor, etc. Not all of those folks are egomaniacs, just the majority, and yet they don't care.

In more humble people, the ego may be relatively demure, or just better controlled. But, whether the ego be brash or meek, its mere presence in the brain, provides for the feeling of individuality, and the false illusion that you're the captain of your fate, that you have freewill.

Perchance, an appropriate analogy might be a man catching a fish in an unknown stream. Sure he (the ego) threw out the hook, and yes, he (the ego) selected the rod and reel, the line, the lure, the exact spot to cast, the time of day... all these selections came from his conscious mind, his perceptions, and his senses, as accessed by his ego. Nonetheless, the fish (the idea), its degree of hunger, its direction of swim, the direction and rate of the water currents, the light levels, the cloud cover, the water temperature, the water's turbidity, etc., to a much larger degree determined the coincidence of the fish meeting-up with and biting that hook... the catch (the discovery).

And so, the question is... Did the ego really catch the fish? Or, could all of these things have simply been prearranged, including the fisherman deciding to go fishing that morning and all his skill techniques? Regardless, the fisherman (the ego) will

likely gloat that it was he (the ego), who ‘caught’ the fish, and in that weird moment, the size of the ego becomes proportionate to the size of the fish. Right now, my ego would like to think that this is a good analogy, whereas other parts of my brain are not so sure; still, I hope it’s made some amount of sense.

As mentioned, each choice and thought is likely predetermined by the arrangement of molecules and atoms, comprising a given set of active and inactive neurons, for just the tiniest fraction of a second, just before they are transformed into the essence of that new (in the present) thought, that idea, that awareness. Afterwards, all the atoms and molecules just keep bumping into each other, until the next moment of transformation occurs... the next idea or thought. In fact, the movement of all the atoms in the universe is determined by their arrangements, just before the moment they change position. If you carry this reasoning to its logical conclusion, everything up to now, and into the future, was, is, and will be, predetermined. In that respect, time itself, a man made concept, is simply the continued movement or repositioning of matter.

If this conjecture about brain activity is true, which the laws of physics seem to demand it must

be, then how could there possibly be such a thing as freewill? It's more like neuro-chemical dominoes or neurophysiological billiards, with ions, atoms, and molecules (infinitely smaller and smaller particles of matter) constantly bumping into and rearranging each other, resulting in each new thought and/or idea involuntarily emerging from the last (position of particles), and all the while, the highly limited ego thinks that it's doing all of it. In this respect, our lives are not our own; at least, not our ego's. Even the emergence of the sleep state and the awake state are but such neuro-chemical events.

Quite possibly, the human ego (coupled with its intelligence) may be evolution's biggest miscalculation, for it could well be those massive, profit-driven egos, which will soon spell the end to life on earth, via global warming. Evolution selected the ego for its ability to allow the organism to better survive, but the selection process resulting in the emergence of the ego, being paired-up with intelligence, became the earth's most destructive force, creating: war, greed, slavery, global warming, islands of plastic, genocide, massive reduction in clean drinking water, GMO seeds, a lack of medical cures, less than effective drugs with huge side effects,

etc. These industrial sized egos are so self-centered, that they are able to ignore all the scientific evidence about global warming, and be so self-absorbed, so terribly greedy, that they are willing to destroy all life, simply to satisfy their insatiable desire for wealth and power (their egos). But if it is true, that we are void of true freewill, perhaps they can't help being their egomaniacal selves; they're not accountable for their actions, and should be forgiven. But even forgiveness might be predestined. Determination aside, my bet is that these greedy old folks just don't care, because they figured they'll be dead, before the global warming hits the high speed fan. How well I understand them; at least, before I turned age forty, before my child was born. If the above theory holds water, existentialism is null and void, and Nietzsche, though a logical intelligent man, was full of beans.

The idea of a lack of genuine freewill may engender philosophical consideration. For example, some Christians say that belief that Jesus died for our sins is what determines whether you get to heaven. But if your choices or beliefs are not actually volitional, then the idea of a 'choice' to believe is quite impossible. So, how can anyone get to heaven?

Besides, the word 'belief' is so hard to quantify. One man's or woman's feelings associated with their belief, might seem severely wanting, even ridiculous.

Where concepts, like eternity and infinity, are clearly beyond my meager comprehension, this explanation concerning freewill is not, it seems so simple, and so obvious to me. While this neurophysiological explanation of determinism is not exactly rocket science, I've yet to hear of anyone espousing it, but since the idea is inherently apparent, there are probably several boring books devoted to the subject, on some shelves somewhere, which I'm unaware of, or maybe they just weren't very popular, or they got burned for being heretical. Aside from this atomic/molecular determinism, philosophy is definitely not my thing. Philosophies and religions seem about as interesting as burned toast.

During my scattered life, I've picked-up a few bits of information, yet most of the big questions, which have pestered me since childhood, remain unanswered; all those years of education, and talking with scores of knowledgeable, highly intelligent people, still haven't solved the larger questions. The idea of eternity at life's end may be, hot as hell,

magnificent has you imagine paradise to be, unfathomable as the universe, or simply nothing, but my bet is that the latter two suggestions are closest to being accurate. There's no doubt in my mind that many of you readers are certain that you have the answers to the big questions, but that's the problem with that fearful ego. Religion can make you foolishly fearless, just ask those guys, who strap-on those suicide-vests. Just ask those hate-filled Christians, who occasionally run around with white hoods on their head, or those lunatics that burned people at the stake, because they refused to admit the earth was at the center of the universe, or they drowned women in the river, because they were supposedly witches, or tortured countless innocent people in the various inquisitions, etc. The psychopathic mind will always find a way, and what better excuse for torture and killing, than the ignorant unbeliever, the infidel, the pagan, the heretic, etc.? They so deserve it! Don't they?

Perchance, 'infinity' simply represents the limits of our gray mush, our inability to do further computations. There's a very real chance that the word infinity should be defined as, 'something representing that which no human brain can

comprehend.’ Living in the Bible-belt, surrounded by thousands of dogmatic southern baptists, I’ve encountered lots of people, who claim they want to save my soul. I wish they would, but despite their desire and my hopeful wishing, I still find it too difficult to simply lie to myself, and scream-out... “I believe!” I do believe in goodness, and maybe that’s all God is, but many say that’s just not good enough (pun intended).

Often, I’ve heard people say that, “There are no atheists in foxholes.” Here in the southern part of the Bible belt, the surrounding group of listeners will sagely nod their heads in agreement. But what about those combat veterans, who later wrote about the fact that seeing all that war-induced injury and death made them realize there couldn't possibly be a God? The former ‘foxhole’ group is forced to believe by fear of death; while the latter group is forced into disbelief, after witnessing death. What do you think the difference between those two types of people might be? Perhaps, belief and disbelief are not too different. Maybe they’re one-in-the-same. Only the ego fails to detect that they are the same. Perhaps the only way to determine if a person believes is by their goodness, the happiness they create, not by what

they verbally claim.

While I've published a few scientific articles, and a handful of newspaper editorials, this is my first attempt at being a novelist, and I have no genuine idea whether you'll find these books to have the slightest use, or literary merit. Ultimately, you readers will be my judge and jury. But please be merciful, since I've had no editor to scrutinize these books, so doubtless, they're filled with countless typos, incomplete sentences, poor punctuation, bad grammar, ill-placed pointless segues, etc., plus like life, these ten books have no happy ending. I did hire one little older lady to help me edit, but after editing just a few pages, she stopped, and began to die of stage four cancer, and so I inherited her two dogs. They're sweet little dogs. Although, these ten books are far from an arcane glimpse into the mysteries of the universe, or as something that might alter the fabric of consciousness, still they may contain a few scattered jewels of fictional information, worth a second or two of your precious time.

What minimal writing skills are employed herein, stem from the fact that I've regularly enjoyed reading good books, as well as the fact that as an undergraduate student, about forty-seven years ago, I

once took a short, creative writing class, taught by a remarkable guy. About half a dozen lessons into that class, as mentioned in the acknowledgement section, my dear writing teacher suddenly died, having been struck and killed by a train, while riding home on his bicycle. Even though I realized the physics of the situation... a light weight man, being hit by an extremely heavy locomotive, I still was shocked to see, that the body of such a brilliant man had virtually no effect in slowing the black metal beast. Physics invariably remains physics... there's no hocus-pocus, when it comes to such things.

For those few weeks, in which I had listened to the writing lectures of the gifted Dr. Brown, he not only astonished me with the depth of his literary knowledge, but most especially with his spontaneous mercurial creative skills, and his passion for his field. He was like Salvador Dali, but with words instead of paint. He made me begin to consider creative writing. Had he lived a few weeks longer, I might have tried-on writing as a profession; instead, I opted for science. Now as an old man, I've finally decided to take a stab at writing... a delayed reaction, to say the least.

Comparing Mr. Brown to his replacement

instructor would be like comparing Picasso, to a child doing a paint-by-numbers. But then to teach creative writing, you probably should be creative, ergo the replacement instructor was in an untenable position, since it's nearly impossible to fake creativity, but that deficiency rarely stops a large enough ego from making the useless attempt. After failing at teaching and writing, the replacement teacher began to badger folks in the department, to then become a 'successful' administrator, making the few talented faculty members miserable, thus the administrator fools themselves into thinking they'e a success.

Certain administrators, salesmen, and religious leaders are much alike. It is my contention, that most salesmen make their sales, not because they persuaded the buyer to see things their way, but because people just want the salesman to shut-up, and leave them alone, and that's why they buy their products, and so the salesman actually thinks they convinced the buyer. A lot of religious leaders are also like that, trying to convert people, so they themselves can be assured of the validity of their own beliefs. I'm sure this is hard to believe, if you're a 'true believer.' Some people may even say that they

believe, to just get the preacher, or other members of the congregation, or their neighbors off their backs. How many times have I said I'm a believer to just get the southern baptists to shut the hell up and leave me alone? Sometimes, they sense that I'm lying. As a little child, each Sunday my Mom took me to church, and I found myself, doing just that, agreeing with the flock, to get them to leave me alone. To no avail, Mom did her best to inspire a Christian spirit in me, but the Lord still seems like a more dangerous Santa Claus, with paradise instead of gifts. Isn't that why Christmas supposedly came about?

Dad routinely tried to install a competitive spirit in me, and he succeeded where Mom failed. At times, I did feel the desire to be better than others at various things; still, I have never possessed anything of a world class quality, except possibly for my prevarication skills, and a few scientific ideas. My master's thesis, *The Biochemistry of Schizophrenia and Depression*, though very poorly written, may have a smidgen of medical merit, but except for those in my committee, I doubt it will ever be seriously read. The work now collects dust on some library shelf at the University. A bit of that thesis is barely discussed, in one of the subsequent books of this series. My Ph.D.

dissertation, *A Biochemical Model of Epilepsy*, was an absolute waste of time, and my postdoctoral project on certain brain receptors, only served to fulfill the research requirement. Take my word for it... the vast majority of published medical studies have little practical value. And are largely not worth the suffering of the lab animals. Nevertheless, a few might be worth it, but few, indeed.

If your reason for reading this hodgepodge is to learn some redeeming social values, or learn of some worthy ideas, you just might as well fast-forward to the following seven chapters in the various later books: The Pepper vs. The Green Grass Snake, Ending The Drug Problem, A Chess Game With *HIV* Bees, The Mush-The Universe-And The Time Machine, The School Bus From Hell, Gay Nazi Rats, The End Of The Blue Marble, and the Postscript at the end of the tenth book. Scribbling about my fictitious tawdry life has often been so depressing, that after this, if I write anything, I'll try a completely different genre. I've found word-smithing to be extremely frustrating, but every-now-and-then, it was a therapeutic distraction. If you live for ideas, how well you write them doesn't matter, because the tedious writing delays you from contemplating the next idea. Before ending this

extended foreword, allow me mention that there are quite a number of website addresses in these texts. By the time you read this, some of them may have been changed or redacted. The websites have been included merely to prove that this is nothing more than a work of undiluted fiction.

While there are many things in life which I've enjoyed, I've never aspired to be anything significant, and while I didn't want to be a failure *per se*, I cared nothing about being a success. Only in that way, I suppose I am a success. Each profession has its attractions, but also its limitations and frustrations. Being a medical doctor is a worthy profession, but after scribbling ten thousand prescriptions for antibiotics, cough syrup, blood pressure meds, antacids, cholesterol lowering pharmaceuticals, laxatives, diarrhea pills, pain pills, anti-depressants, anti-emetics, etc., compounded by the periodic death of the occasional patient, I'd be ready for my own psych meds. Moreover, I'd make a terrible doctor, for I get bored, make far too many mistakes, and have limited tolerance for bullshit. To be a good doctor, you've probably got to love people more than I do.

Practicing law is filled with huge amounts of repetitive tedium, far too many lies, and near

countless personal tragedies, probably because sixty to ninety percent of the criminal clients are guilty, depending on where in the country you're looking. Whether prosecutor or defense lawyer, you're constantly having to manufacture scenarios, or at the least to dissemble, or at least stretch, the truth, so as to make your case. Regardless of whether it's prosecution or defense, it's a show, not a genuine pursuit of truth.

Politics requires that you be an egomaniac, willing to hurt people, often lots of people, just to get elected. Moreover, you're constantly dealing with other egomaniacs, i.e., other politicians and businessmen. Politicians and corporate CEOs are probably the most destructive psychopaths on the planet, via things like: pollution, bad drugs and ineffective medicine, and war. They clearly inflict the most damage, more than all the plagues combined. If you're not a bit of a psychopath, you may have trouble appreciating the truth of that fact.

A career in the military can be exciting, especially if you enjoy shooting, lobbing artillery, or dropping bombs. In the military, you're definitely trapped into doing exactly what you're told to do, and you'll live in a completely socialistic society,

ultimately ruled by politicians and the military industries. As a military man or woman, often your individualism is pretty thoroughly erased (especially in the Marine Corp), and you can be ordered to kill in accordance with the whim of those above you, from your sergeant up to the president. The American military may be the most socialistic organization on earth; it's also the best at killing. No country's leader in his or her right mind would want to take on the US military.

For most of my existence, I've just wanted to experience a little life, and not end-up being too much of a passive spectator, nor have I wanted to lead a life of quiet desperation... maybe do a little more good than bad, and not have to give-up too much freedom in the process. I didn't want to be a big sinner, nor a saint, but I must say that I've enjoyed much of my sinning, and accomplished most of it guilt free. On the other hand, occasionally, I've fancied the idea of having an extraordinary life... not amazing, but certainly not like anyone I knew. As a child and teen, I saw myself as becoming someone, who was interested in many things, but not committed to any one job, person, organization, or religion. This perspective may have something to do

with why I had to get to be so old (sixty-five) to begin to write down this idiocy. Age has slowed me down just enough to pen this scratch. Generally, I write about one hour, right before I take my sleeping pill, and so portions of this text may seem drowsy, but should you decide to *kick the tires and light the fire*, I do hope you find this inky ride worth your nickel. In closing this foreword, let me remind you one last time, that everything in these ten books, is pure unadulterated fiction.

If an idea infuriates the rich, many government officials, and the highly religious folks, it's probably worth pursuing.

The Birth of Thought by Dr. Mort E. Willys

OBJ



THE VISIT

When the homemade bomb exploded, I'd barely turned five, and was soon to enter kindergarten. At

first, there was a marked pause of consciousness, an ill-defined period of time absent of any thought or feeling, as if universal secondhand had frozen, yet somehow I'd remained still on my feet. With the blast, life had halted, yet without my dying. Perhaps, if everything actually stopped for any period of time, said interval might represent its' own type of eternity, and so maybe that's what actually happened. When my bomb detonated, I died but only forever, then time had found another avenue, and I was back, again. Conceivably, that pause was simply a pleasant state of nothingness, not too different from nirvana, but more than likely, I was simply in shock. There's routinely, if not always, some amount of neurophysiological overlap in words designed to describe states of consciousness, as well as idioms for types of emotion. No single word, or group of words can adequately describe the state of operation of billions of neurons, with near countless connections, unless of course they're all dead, ergo then indeed the word 'dead,' fits the bill. So many neurons are worried about what happens, when they die. When it comes right down to it, in a way, everything in one's life is only different combinations of braincells firing, as well as those cells that are not firing.

As my consciousness snapped-back online, there was an intrusive unwelcome high-pitched ringing, in my ears, and then there came the heady odor of burned cordite, often inaccurately called, gunpowder. Even though I'd never experienced such before, intuitively, I seemed to understand that the ringing in my ears and the unusual smell, were related to the bomb. Next, came another smell, the pleasing aroma of cooked hamburger, only it wasn't lunchtime. At first, I didn't realize that it was the smell of my burned hand. Large thick drops of dark red blood were steadily dripped from my charred and slightly torn right hand; as mentioned, at that instant, I was unaware of the injury. I hadn't as yet seen it, or felt it. While it is quite common for authors to describe the metallic smell of blood, I myself can neither smell, nor taste blood; even so, as a child, I loved raw meat, not so much the taste, as the texture, as well as the act of chewing it. I enjoyed my teeth crisply slicing though bloody tissue; this is not to imply I enjoyed hurting people, for I didn't, unless they were truly evil, or they're cruel to someone I care about, even if they're good in other ways. Where as, Dexter's (*Dexter* the TV series) father had to teach him, who he should seek revenge against, I was more or less born that way, but the older I get, the less I

feel those urges. Oddly enough, I never want to be normal that respect.

My life's first severe pain arrived hours later, an unavoidable and somewhat exhausting creature. At age five, perhaps the most bothersome aspect of pain was not knowing how long it would last, and being unable to escape its' agony. But by the time the pain set-in, the surgeon had repaired the damage and sent me home with some codeine tablets, thereby introducing me to the merciful world of opiate-based narcotics. Unlike most folks, I've never really cared for such drugs; others yes, just not the pain killers. Avoiding addictive drugs is a good and brilliant idea, and so I never did too many. Whether you believe in God, or in four and one half billion years of evolution, it's inarguably foolish to assume that you can improve on the vast complexity of natural neurochemistry, by using a drug, though there are many who'd argue to the contrary.

LSD users typically think they're terribly insightful and creative, and indeed some users have made a few discoveries, but compared to the vast numbers of people, who've done the drug, few discoveries can actually be attributed to the hallucinogen. However, art is a different thing.

Moreover, most of the LSD users I've known, fully believe that they benefitted from the compound, yet they generally lead problematic lives, not exactly the lives of creative capable minds. LSD should definitely never be used, if the individual has a genetic propensity for schizophrenia or bipolar depression! Still, there is one event described in these books, where the user may have overcome a fatal disease, through the use of LSD.

There are some life-threatening situations, when addictive drugs should be used, but only temporarily, if possible, and stopped once the threat has ended. If you are exhausted, and in a life and death situation, speed (adderall, benzedrine, dexedrine, methamphetamine, etc.) might better allow you to survive, and if pain is preventing you from thinking and saving your life in some dire situation, narcotics (heroin, morphine, roxy, codeine, etc.) are tough to beat, but the dose has to be enough to reduce the pain to a manageable level, but low enough so that the user doesn't become incapacitated. In practical terms that means the user should begin with a small dose.

The use of such addictive compounds should be reserved only for emergency situations, since there's

no free lunch, when it comes to psychotropic medications, though I'm fairly certain that a number of people will happily argue this point. Generally, those persons are addicts, who think they're still in control. So many people have their favorite poison, from wine to whiskey, from mescal to mescaline, from anisette to adderall, from librium to lysergic acid, from heroin to methamphetamine, from cocaine to benzodiazepines, etc. The list is long, but each drug, if used too often, extracts a price.

The problems related to drugs are many: addiction, schizophrenia, depression, feeling crummy or purposeless much of the time, profound loss of motivation, prejudice against and alienation from people who don't use the drugs, loss of property and savings, loss of family and friends, poor health, brain damage (reduced IQ and recall), prison (largely due to criminal activities to procure the drug money), suicide, premature aging, overdose, various diseases (diminished immune system function and infections, cardiovascular problems, gastrointestinal issues, respiratory problems, liver damage, kidney damage, neurological issues), etc. Of all the psychoactive drugs, alcohol is often the most dangerous, due to its depressing effects on motor skills (dangerous

driving), its powerful addictive nature, and its ability to enhance aggression, resulting in things like: aggravated battery, murder, destruction of property, unkind and cruel statements, etc.

Perhaps the least dangerous drug of abuse is marijuana, yet about two or three percent of the people, who use it, get psychologically addicted. Often such people are your basic assholes, or suffer with borderline personality disorder, without their weed. The weed makes it easier for the rest of the world to tolerate them. There often is a corresponding loss of motivation in many folks, more than half of those, who use it, and often the users tend to alienate themselves, from those who don't use. In a very small percentage of weed smokers, the herb seems to actually increase their motivational levels. Considering the well known dangers (health and behavioral) of alcohol, the fact that a relatively harmless drug, like marijuana is still illegal seems criminal. It's a testament to American's stupidity, and the greed of their politicians. No one should be arrested for selling or smoking weed. Why should they be? Still, I don't recommend using the drug. The synthetic form of marijuana, called spice, is dangerous as hell, for two reasons. The molecule is

constantly being altered, and quite likely it gets sprinkled (dusted) with other more addictive drugs. Frankly, it causes brain damage, and the user is a total idiot, when on it. People do it for two reasons: it's cheap, and it allows the person to escape their worries or their addiction. It's often used by people, who are addicted to a hard drug, but can't afford the more expensive hard drug, usually heroin, cocaine, or methamphetamine.

Today, the world's most addictive drug may be tobacco, yet it's legal and fairly expensive. The tobacco companies have made the cigarettes as addictive as they legally can. If a person smokes two packs a day, that costs them about \$15 per day. In a year, that equates to over \$5400 dollars, but then there are the many increased visits to doctors for respiratory illnesses, and of course, there's those minor concerns of emphysema and cancer (mouth, throat, laryngeal, lung, etc.). Amazingly, the government has seen fit to ban weed, but condone the use of tobacco and alcohol.

Though it was the first time I'd received a serious injury, the potentially lethal blast abruptly changed me, from perceiving myself as a banal obedient five year old, to that of an independent, not so honest,

force of one; capable of evoking noteworthy change. The homespun bomb awoke some long dormant piece of gray matter, perhaps unleashing my creative spirit, since before the bomb, I'd created nothing. That handmade device had detonated, early one morning in August of 1953, ergo I'd sustained my life's first bona fide injury, and a bit of a rebirth. As a child, I had fancied the idea of having a perfectly unmarred body, so upon finally seeing the open wounds to my hand, with my blood issuing forth, I was stunned; yet, swelling within that crimson flow was the pride that my device had triumphantly exploded. It filled me with the feeling that my life might hold potential!

Three weeks before starting kindergarten, I experienced the violent liberation from my mundane existence. That blast was my Apollo lift-off, tearing down my personal Berlin wall, and freeing my spirit. While the thick dark red drops steadily plopped, from my still attached fingers, I suspected that a wondrous enduring rent had been left in my flimsy familial fabric, at least the portion, which I shared with my ultraconservative maternal Grandparents. And so it was, that while my hand would heal, the rip in the relationship with my maternal Grandparents would

not. Sorry to say, I didn't care in the slightest... just one of any reasons, why I think I might have been a borderline psychopath.

It was thirty-five years, after the explosion, before I'd begin to acquire a moral compass. My then sociopathic mind accepted the loss of my Grandparents' trust, as being of no significance. Unlike what Hollywood and adolescent romance novels might have you believe, love does not transcend all things. But then, being borderline evil, makes such a determination difficult, for psychopaths know only self love. In their world, there is no genuine love, at least as the preponderance of normal folks consider love to be. If you're a psychopath, and someone in the neighborhood is killed in a car wreck, and you probably think, 'glad it wasn't me.' Another kid at school gets cancer, and all you think, 'I'm sure glad it wasn't me.' In my case, that sad psychiatric diagnosis wouldn't begin to change until around age forty. That's when my conscience began to sputter to life, but it still wouldn't firmly kick-in, for a few more years, until my daughter was finally born, and then it seemed to spring to life. An innocent baby is nothing but goodness and light, and once I saw that, I began to see myself as wanting to be a worthy

parent. It is a supreme understatement to say that my child's birth was a pivotal transformative moment in my life.

During the delivery, the doctor told my child's mother not to push, yet instead of waiting, the mother screamed back at the doctor, that he'd better catch the baby, 'cuz here she comes,' and then with a powerful muscular contraction my daughter was violently launched from the birth canal. The baby sailed more than three feet through the air, gracefully landing in the physician's capable hands. He skillfully caught her, as if she were a football, and he was Jerry Rice. She had been shot from the womb, like a circus performer, blasted from a cannon. Thinking back, the violent birth might have been early maternal rejection, but regardless, it was a wondrous sight to behold, indeed. My daughter was immediately breathing, but silent and slightly shaky, as newborns often tend to be. Perchance, the potent meteoric birth had rattled her, for it certainly had me. Her brutal appearance awoke some long dominant in me. A few minutes after her birth, I recall thinking, it was time to get serious about how I was leading my life, ergo it was as if I too had been born.

The paralyzing retort of my homegrown bomb splintered the solitude of the lazy humid southern morning. Its' mighty roar radiated outward, traveled down the smooth brown antebellum brick streets, bounced off the white washed board fences, and careened along the sides of the colonial houses and buildings, within Mobile's historic district. Later, I'd find-out that people, who lived more than five miles away, on Scenic Drive, running along Alligator Bayou, had grabbed their heavy black bakelite telephones, lifted the receiver, stuck their index fingers in the hole marked zero and spun their rotary dials, clockwise to ask the operator to connect them to the *Sheriff's Department*, where they'd inquired about the mysterious 'boom.' After a couple of such inquires, the operator would simply tell the callers that the *Sheriff's Department* didn't know what the explosion was, but that the police officers were looking into it. Operators in those days, were often a cross between a gossipmonger, and a central information service. At times, people would call the operator to get the time, or for a weather forecast, or often the elderly would just call the operator for a friendly chat. I'd soon be starting kindergarten, and my injured hand would be my first attempt at doing an in-class 'show-and-tell.' Although, when I started

explaining how I'd constructed the bomb, the ever alert young teacher had hurriedly interrupted me.

“Joey, just tell the class about your injury, and then talk about your visit to the hospital.” She had insisted. *She wants me to leave out how I made the bomb, and that's the best part... too bad!*

From the moment of the blast and all the way to her grave, my dear Grandma would forever remain leery of me; never again, fully trusting me. While time doesn't heal all wounds, some are best left open. Certainly, some scars are disfiguring, while others can be meritorious, like a saber slash across the cheek. The most hurtful and often destructive scars are routinely the invisible ones. Of those, maybe the ones created by the betrayal of a loved one, or the shame of unpardonable gullet, are the most disturbing. Even so, such psychological traumas can eventually lead to a more robust personality.

One of the most interesting scars I've witnessed was on a German gentleman's face. It was seven years after the bomb, and by then, I was twelve, and I'd just gone through the alcohol withdrawals, and was dealing with severe depression. Mom, Dad, and I were on a road trip through Europe. I hated the torturous trip, and not just because of the violent flu-

like symptoms of withdrawal, but it meant that I was going, without my weekly visit with Anna, a beautiful Spanish prostitute. At age twelve, the famous sights of Europe were nothing in comparison to having sex with that beautiful young woman.

It was while Mom, Dad, and I were in Frankfurt, that we meant the man with the notable scar. He'd been our English-speaking guide, while riding on a tour bus through the historical parts of Frankfurt, one morning. It seemed like the gent knew the entire history of Frankfurt. Each of his obligatory smiles faded too quickly, and so it was easy to tell he'd lost his enthusiasm for the presentation, which he probably delivered a thousand times. The tour focused on the bygone events of Frankfurt, and seemed to address three categories: changes in economic trade, world class fairs, and periods of great social unrest; ergo, the tour bored me. Again, nothing compared to having sex with Anna.

After the tour, Dad offered to take the man to lunch. The four of us had lunch at a Frankfurt beer hall, *Zur Sonne*. The man had once been a German tank commander in the waffen SS, during WWII, but had been cleared of war crimes, in a public trial, in his home town, three years after the war had ended.

Dad kept kicking me under the table, since it was impossible not to stare at his scar. His prodigious nose possessed something of a right-leaning deformity, and it seemed to be slightly deflated, and floppy in appearance. Disturbingly, the bulbous tip slightly vibrated, whenever the gentleman spoke with gusto. This was probably owing to the fact that the surgeon had sacrificed some of the nasal cartilage and shattered nasal bone, during the reattachment. Finally, I couldn't resist any longer.

“Did you get your nose cut off?” I foolishly asked, causing Mom and Dad to both give me looks that could melt steel.

At the young age of nineteen, in 1939, the year Hitler had attacked Poland, our tour guide had once had his nose almost completely sliced off, by a heavy-bladed razor sharp saber. He'd belonged to one of the old dueling fraternities, while attending Heidelberg University. In those days, the dueling scars (Schmisse) were something to be proud of, a badge of honor. The dangerous sport had gotten started around 1825, and was played amongst the German and Austrian upper classes. Judging from the thickness of the hypertrophic scar running from the very top of the bridge of his nose, then down along

both sides of his nose, to the back of his nostrils, it was clear the tour guide's extremely large schnoz had very nearly been completely severed, and had to have been surgically reattached. The substantial scar was an eye-opener, nearly completely encircling his nose, and almost flush with his eyebrows and upper lip. According to the tour guide, his youthful dueling opponent had been an extremely large and powerful giant, ergo the vicious overhand blow had been unstoppable. Even though, our tour guide had presented the appropriate above-his-head cross-blade block, and did so in a timely fashion, the blocking saber blade had barely slowed the swiftly descending blade, welded by his herculean opponent. The guide said that he'd suddenly realized that he was about to have his cranium sagittally cleaved into right and left halves, and so he'd wisely turned his face to the side, while leaning his head back to save his skull. With that maneuver, indeed, the tour guide's brain had successfully dodged the saber's blade, but the very top of his sideways-pointing prominent proboscis was struck, with sharp edge of the blade. Immediately after the blow, the match was stopped, and the dueling judge then kicked our tour guide out of the dueling fraternity, claiming that he had seen fear in the injured man's eyes. Most likely what the judge

actually saw was mind-bending pain. All the while, the mostly detached nose was lopped-over, and dangling in front of our tour guides lips, while large amounts of blood gushed-forth, from the hole in his face, where his nose had been. Holding his semi-severed nose in its' proper position on his face, he walked to a nearby hospital. At age twelve, I found it hard to believe that anyone had the courage to participate in such a deadly sport.

According to our tour guide, at that time in German and Austrian society, fear was an emotion not to be tolerated in males. Yet even though he'd failed according the dueling judge's assessment, the old German had later been decorated with an Iron Cross first class, for acts of bravery during WWII, along the Russian Front, ergo our tour guide was almost cavalier, about admitting his more youthful fear, when dueling. In fact, he seemed to be proud of the horrendous scar, which in essence signified his loss. And so, I then realized that a person could be fearful and brave at different times in their life. There are few solid black and whites, when it comes to human behavior, and most of the people, who study psychology are barely above average with a screw loose.

The tour guide had stressed the fact that after the war, he was astounded at how Adolph Hitler had made a fool out of so many Germans. During the war, he said he hadn't known about the gassing of the millions of Jews. All he'd known about was that Hitler had kicked the Jew's out of their homes and confiscated their possessions. The tour guide had agreed with Hitler's expulsion of the jews, because he felt that the jews 'lacked the German national view,' and were only interested in money and other jews. Still, he agreed that Hitler had gone too far, with the camps, and the zyklon B, that cyanide-based gas, which came out of those showers.

"Because the selfish jews lacked loyalty to the fatherland, they deserved to lose all which they'd taken from Germany, but still, Hitler was wrong to kill so many of the traitors... they didn't deserve to be slaughtered like that. Der Führer should have just kicked them out, but he went too far. All the soldiers, I knew, didn't know about the gassing. " The old German commented.

The German tour guide claimed that he hadn't found out that Hitler had gassed six and one half million Jews, until months after the war had ended. He said that when he first heard the rumor, he'd

thought it was a lie. He seemed honest about this, and admitted that he was wrong to have followed Hitler, although he didn't admit it enthusiastically. *Americans would never follow an evil leader, like Hitler.* The tour guide momentarily looked down, his expression seemed to be one of shame, but then, no one likes to be on the losing team, or maybe he hated to be made a fool of by Hitler; after all, the tour guide was a proud and brave man.

"I should have known Hitler was not a good man. He was always so angry, when he spoke to us... a very arrogant man." The guide observed.

Regardless of his facial expression, the admission, that he shouldn't have followed Hitler, shocked me. Until that moment, I never heard of a military man admitting that his side of the war was unjust. Of course, I'd only spoken with American service men. My Dad just sat, quietly sipping his beer, not offering any opinion, but probably thinking about the minor role he'd played at the warcrime trials in Nuremberg, where Nazi leaders had been hung.

After roughly twelve years of alcohol addiction, and just having finished going through the associated physical withdrawals, Dad not allowing me a beer,

while we sat in a beerhall, surrounded by countless mugs of beer. It was killing me. Dad had done a complete one-eighty about my drinking. Watching all the patrons drinking all that high quality beer, in the German beer hall, without so much as a sip, was pure torture. Now days, people call such things, 'triggers.' Addicts love to point-out to non-addicts every time they (the non-addicts) do something or say something, which the addict claims is a trigger. It's my feeling that such pointing-out of 'triggers' is an infantile way to blame their addiction on someone else. I can honestly say, I never did such.

Universities no longer have dueling fraternities. Instead, they now have the occasional mass shooting. Sabers or guns, it makes no difference... hate and aggression will find a way. Hate is a palpable piece of the human brain tissue, just as is love. In some people, these opposite emotions are far from equally represented in their three pounds of gray mush, and so some folks love to love, others love to hate, but most folks fall somewhere in between those extremes. Brutality can also be a persistent piece of gray matter; the neural structures of which can be programmed in the nucleotide sequences of human DNA. Perchance, that dogged piece of gray mush

once served humanity, when we were nomadic tribes wandering the earth, hunting for game, and fighting other tribes.

Most psychologists claim that excessive amounts of aggression is a result of certain life events, which generally occurred in the formative years. While at times, that is no doubt true, there are those people, who arrive on the planet, brimming with more than their share of aggression... natural born killers. There's lots of people with varying degrees of each, genetic-induced aggression, and environmental-induced aggression; the worse of those, the most lethal, are doubtlessly those individuals graced with lots of both; those who experienced traumatic aggression-producing events, while also being born with a marked genetic propensity to hate.

However, with the development of more advanced civilization (whatever that really is), perchance that particular unsavory lump of gelatinous gray goop has continued beyond its time. It is precisely in response to that unpleasant gray matter, that polite society needs police, but we certainly don't need our police officers to possess an excessive amount of that same dangerous gray goop, since all that does is to hurt innocent folks, and turn

the citizens against the police, ergo it becomes the agent of more social strife.

Racially motivated police shootings maybe why *Apple* keeps making cellphones with better and better cameras.

Wilmer M. Aloery

Often the gray goop, which codifies aggression and violence, can be indicative of insecurity and/or cowardice. The pure essence of courage is a clear and deliberate effort to inhibit ones' fear, to push past it, and continue to do the right thing. Hate is far removed from courage, and only serves to confound courage. Being a man with more than his share of fear, and only the slightest bit of courage, I know these things to be true.

It doesn't matter if you take away the guns, or eliminate the dueling societies, the owners of those treacherous pieces of primordial gray mush will not be denied. Where there's a will... Just look at the ungodly amounts of foolish barbarity found in prisons; where at times, even the innocuous toothbrush is transformed into a deadly weapon, and

yet in prison there's an immense amount of control! This is not to mention the damage being done to our planet by the pathological CEOs of: certain power companies, the military industries, the oil companies, the plastic companies, the whaling and fishing industries, big Pharma, etc. Just look at the unconscionable damage big Pharma is doing to people's health, by funding, creating, and selling too many profitable longterm treatments, with profitable unpleasant side effects, yet they never create any unprofitable cures, or they'd hurt their business. And look at how much money big Pharma makes off their drugs of addiction, as well as their ineffective drugs to treat addiction.

And let's don't forget the damage levied by various religious terrorists, who are positive that their religion is the only true religion, and everyone else needs to bow-down, convert, or die. Kill the infidels or the nonbelievers! Even the klan claims to be a good christian group. It is hard to imagine that Jesus would have done things such as the klan unquestionably has done. It's hard to imagine Jesus tying some guy to a tree and whipping him bloody. But who knows? Maybe Jesus used to make hangman's nooses in his spare time, then every now

and then, he might have sought-out someone, who'd pissed him off, and strung him up. After all, most of Jesus's life is unrecorded. How can the klan members overlook certain christian teaching, yet adhere to others, and still claim to be christian? George Bush Jr., a Christian, ordered the attack on Iraq, where countless women, kids, and old folks were killed. But regardless of what the Bible says, racism seems so inherently wrong. All such vexed thinking is largely a product of that primitive piece of hateful gray mush; primordial Darwinian DNA, at its worst. Primitive archetypal pieces of DNA, selfishly struggling to inflict their will on the modern world.

After my homemade bomb detonated, my Grandparents never again looked at me as a trustworthy person. The familial sharing of certain nucleotide sequences, frequently fails to guarantee compatibility, nor should it. After all, DNA survives because of mutation-induced diversity, and thus evolves to hopefully become something more durable, allowing the offspring to survive and successfully propagate, and so in terms of evolution the lethal intelligent psychopath (Thank God, most psychopaths possess a below average IQ.) may be the finest DNA has to offer, even though he or she may

not be everyone's idea of social progress. Many psychopaths are critters of remarkable survival skills, but they are not so good at caring, nor are they too concerned about the survival of the earth, and for some weird reason they can't seem to grasp the idea, that they too need the earth to survive. Such oxymoronic folks will probably deny or ignore global warming, with their dying breath. Perhaps their ancestors were the ancient apes, who refused to share, and hoarded all the food from other members of the tribe. No doubt greed evolved, long before the humans came along, for greed is clearly seen in the animal kingdom. Still, what does that matter in the big scheme of things? The earth is next to nothing, compared to the universe. So what then is the significance of a few selfish chromosomes? Who cares if life on earth disappears? Just how important is life; especially compared to making money?

More than sixty years after my homemade blast, the physical scars on my hand are barely discernible, amongst all the wrinkles and age spots, but the blessed psychological effect thankfully endures. Maybe, it has allowed me to better understand the illusion of freewill, since making the bomb was the first time, that I recall feeling that I had freewill, for

it was the first time I'd done something significant, by my own volition, or at least I thought it was by my own choice, at least it felt like that. Since it momentarily stopped my thoughts. The blast seemed bigger than reality, a satisfying product of my own creativity. Less than a week into age five, my ego laid claim to that exciting destructive deed. *I did it!*

Throughout my alcoholic childhood, Grandma and Grandpa's primary residence was a roomy wooden framed home, on 17th avenue, where I periodically stayed for my customary annual two week summertime visit. The large off-grade wooden structure was a creaky three bedroom, but with extremely large rooms, and high vaulted ceilings. It still stands. As a child, I frequently tried to imagine how the space in those vaulted ceilings might be better used: art work, shelving, retractable lines on pulleys to lower and raise extra furniture, etc. Each rattly energy wasting window was about four to six feet wide and six to eight feet tall.

One strange aspect of the windows were their thin glass panes. These sheets of glass were exceedingly thin, and thinner at their tops, than at their bottoms. Several of the thin panes were loose in their frames, so you knew when the wind was

blowing, and they'd loudly rattle in response to thunder. Entombed within the antique rectangular glass panes were shiny silvery spaceships, tiny ovoid droplets, containing clear air, which had been trapped sometime in the mid 1800s, when the panes were made. Some of the air bubbles were half the size of a grain of sand, others were as large as half a centimeter. At times, I'd stare at the bits of trapped air, thinking about the fact that the atmosphere of the 1800s was ensnared, within those silvery droplets, like small time-capsules.

To my five year old way of thinking, this minor deduction felt rather profound. A few years later, it occurred to me that the entire earth has always been made of basically the same stuff, mostly the same atoms as it first began with; but instead of being encased in glass, it is entombed by the force of inexplicable gravity. (In book eight, the chapter entitled, *The Mush, The Universe, and The Time Machine*, there's a naive theory, attempting to explain gravity.)

The earth with its atmosphere, and those ovoids of snared air in the glass, are both sealed time capsules of sorts. Each with its spatial limits, whereas the rest of the universe appears to be unlimited...

maybe... but there's not enough gray mush between my ears to begin to compute that one. When I mentioned the air bubbles in the glass to Grandpa, he referred to the type of glass, as 'float glass.' The term had to do with the manner in which the glass was manufactured, but as a little child, I wrongly figured that it was called 'float glass,' because the air bubbles floated inside it. To make float glass molten glass is poured on a bed of molten tin. The glass 'floats,' and cools on the tin. The shape of the glass is determined by the shape of the container.

My grandparent's creaky ligneous homestead, with its heavy slate roof, had first been heated by a giant wood-burning black cast-iron pot-bellied stove, located on an interior wall of the kitchen. Obviously, the stove had also served as the family's cookstove. That made me wonder, if in the winter, on the especially cold nights, the residents might not have elected to sleep, in the kitchen. Later in 1952, the heavy black and gray wood-burning hob was replaced by a luxurious gas floor furnace, and so a two by four foot hole had been sawed through the floor, and covered with a black metal grate. A white gas stove was installed for cooking.

The furnace was situated in almost the center of

the house. It laid on a layer of bricks, right down on the dirt ground, below their off-grade home. In the winter, massive plumes of wonderful heat would flow-up through that metal floor grate to gradually disseminate throughout the house, since there was no ductwork, in those days. Rarely did I visit that old home in the winter. However, when I did, I enjoyed leaning over the floor grating to luxuriously bathe in the warm ascending hypnotic waves.

“Oh Joey, when you’re real cold, nothing feels as good as this here wonderful furnace, but you sure don’t want to put your bare foot on that hot metal grate. You know your absentminded Grandpa (her husband) did that once, and once was all it took. He never did that, again! No, sirree... ha, ha, ha...” Grandma happily exclaimed.

If Grandma or Grandpa got caught in the rain, they’d string a piece of white cotton clothesline above the hot grate, and hang their wet clothes on it to dry. The water drops would pop and sizzle as they struck the hot metal grate, and some of them missed the grate, passed-on through, to spit and sputter on the iron furnace, just below. And so, the floor furnace acted as an efficient clothes dryer, as well as a heater. Grandma considered the floor furnace to be

the ultimate symbol of luxury, and she never failed to point it out to visitors. She acted as if it had arrived from the future in a time machine, to miraculously appear below her house. How she delighted in bragging about that opulent floor furnace. Grandma absolutely loved the furnace, almost as much as she loved maligning her brilliant husband, as well as the black race.

Across the front of the house, and down one side, grew humungous verdant azalea bushes, each the size of a Volkswagen minibus. Every spring, they were covered in thousands of light pink and white blooms. Although my Grandparents have been gone for many years now, those same azaleas yet bloom, and probably will, long after I'm gone. I've heard tell that there are azaleas bushes in Japan that have been blooming for hundreds of years! Oddly enough no one seems to be too sure about how many hundreds of years they can live. Hypothetically, some of them may literally be immortal, and will live indefinitely, provided their environmental requirements are maintained. Animals aren't so lucky, except for perhaps the never dying jellyfish, using its transdifferentiation to live-on and on, forever. Perhaps mother nature saw fit not to grant

immorality to humans, due to their marked propensity to damage things.

Those large scrubs were home to innumerable swift green and brown lizards, as well as, the occasional bird nest, usually hidden deep inside the foliage. Since my mother has always been deathly afraid of both lizards and birds, she is forced to appreciate beautiful flowering shrubbery from a distance. She'll never closer than twenty feet. Supposedly everyone, except for my Dad, is afraid of something. I never knew Dad to fear anything, other than his dreams; and while I realize such a claim seems rather grandiose, it nevertheless seems true. In the fear department, my parents were polar opposites. I suffer from more fear than I prefer.

My mother, now going on eighty-nine, lives in an assisted living home with a nearby little koi pond, yet she refuses to visit the beautiful little bucolic tarn, for fear of encountering its one friendly white duck. It's a sweet little duck, which if you walk to the pond, will inevitably come waddling over, twitching its tail feathers in hopes of receiving a piece of bread. Mom perceives the affectionate tiny white waterfowl as something of a threatening beast. Paranoia can be such an unreasonable demon, eliciting a bizarre form

of control, all the while lacking in basis. Hell seems like that kind of fear. Someone, long before the Bible was written, came-up with the concept of hell, and just look at the fear they've successfully generated. In reality, paranoia is just an unchecked overactive pesky knot of neurons, illogically linked to some harmless concept or memory. Try as she might, Mom just can't dispel her fears. For my Mom, the harmless lizards and beautiful birds, living in the azaleas, might as well have been a pack of rabid wolves, or a pride of hungry West African lions. Mom's not crazy but has too much gray matter, related to fear. None of her sisters, raised in the same fashion, weren't like that.

Most likely, the fear of death is worse than death itself, for in all probability death is simply the essence of nothing. Men seem to generally do better with the possibility of a sudden death, i.e., combat, skydiving, car racing, motocross, bullfighting, etc. Women tend to deal better with the prolonged deaths, things such as: various types of cancer, emphysema, congestive heart failure, *ALS*, etc. Nevertheless, in this respect, there are women, who are more like men, and visa versa.

Bravery in the face of a prolonged slow death

seems to be so much more courageous to me; but then, being a guy I markedly fear, even the idea of a prolonged death; especially, if it includes unavoidable pain. Suicide seems preferable to the sustained suffering associated with a long terminal illness; but, perchance in my last days, morphine might change that perspective. Obviously, morphine is both a great blessing and a curse. The drug not only blocks pain, but it eliminates fear. The tears of the poppy, can be tears of great joy, when properly medically applied, or the messenger of profound misery, if its' use becomes an addiction. The darker the flower's pigment the more narcotic the plant's sticky exudate contains. After studying the brain for a few years, I've concluded that the best neurochemistry is its natural endogenous state, uncorrupted by drugs or alcohol, and fuck what every brilliant drug abuser claims; but then, you the reader, will believe what you choose, but just make sure your choices are motivated by goodness, not by what feels good, or cool, or fun, etc.

Still, I feel most of the drug-related courtroom prosecutions are fairly immoral; at least, those where there is no violence or theft involved. Such prosecutions, and all that goes along with them, have

done practically nothing to stem the influx, sale, and use of illegal drugs. Moreover, said prosecutions have cost the taxpayers a virtual fortune (prosecutorial and defense costs, courtroom costs, jails, prisons, etc.). If the courts, in general, are doing something to help the situation, then so be it. Yes, you'll sometimes hear an addict say, "Going to jail allowed me to kick the habit." Sometimes that is true. But most often, the addict gets out and he or she is back using. Prison and jails are not, by any means, an effective drug and alcohol treatment program; regardless, of what any ultraconservative tells you. If incarceration was a successful treatment, the drug problem wouldn't be what it is today.

Many white southern women, especially those of my Grandma's and Mother's generations, go irrationally gaga over flowers. I like it that my mother appreciates beauty in those ways, which I don't understand. Flowers are okay, but I don't understand the thrill they provide. Mom still points out blossoming azaleas, as if it's the first time she's seen them, and with unflagging enthusiasm; it's the same ardor that I'd imagine a big game hunter might display, when pointing out a prize lion, while on safari.

“Look over there, Joey! Isn’t that azalea bush just amazing? Oh my goodness! Look at how many beautiful blooms it has! Have you ever seen so many on one bush? Oh, my, my, my! It’s just magnificent... Its like heaven on earth, Joey. Stop the car and let me look, awhile!” Mom might exclaim such things, as we’d drive by someone’s manicured yard.

My Grandparent’s covered porch traversed the entire front of the house, also continuing halfway down the home’s south side. The porch’s floor, ceiling, and its squarish supports were made of thick rough cut oak planking, and every year they were repainted white, by John, the extremely tall black man, who took care of the yard. When John wasn’t in hearing range, Grandma referred to John as, ‘my yard nigger,’ then she’d laugh. John was a mostly silent older black gentleman, and hard to read.

On the front porch sat a couch, four large armchairs, and a long low table, too big to be a coffee table. Grandma called it her, cotton table. Why she called it that, I’ve no idea, but think it might have had something to do with paying homage to the old south. All the porch furniture, except for the cotton table, was made of woven wicker, complete with overstuffed Mediterranean blue cushions. The

wicker had been painted over several times with thick white paint, complete with sagging dried drips, often interconnecting the woven rattan. Though a certified genius, my dear Grandpa was the man solely responsible for the messy painting of the furniture. Consequently, Grandma never failed to point-out the drips.

“My yard nigger could have done a better job of painting the furniture.” She’d say pointing at the furniture’s poor paint job.

The floor timbers of the entire porch, as well as those of the beautiful home, sat atop thirty-six massive brick pillars. These were each heavy four foot cubic supports made entirely of overly mortared remnant bricks; their edges and corners were worn smooth, by the relentless brine-laden gulf winds and sandy soil. These scrap bricks were mismatched, many different colors, and more than half of them were slightly imperfect in shape. But the fact they weren’t color matched or perfect in shape didn’t matter since they were under the house, and out of sight. The bricks had come out of the kiln, around the time of the civil war. It seemed slightly distressing that such a well made and elegant looking southern home rested upon, such carelessly made,

unattractive underpinnings. Nevertheless, many of the homes, built during the war between the states, still stand. Often these homes are the ones surrounded by the largest trees, and so, in the land of hurricanes, the fact that they are still standing seems like something of a minor miracle. That war very nearly killed my Great Great Grandpa. He was a physician, and used his skills to help the injured soldiers on both sides. As a result both sides arrested him, at different times in the war. He was threatened repeatedly by the North and the South. You might have thought both sides would have loved him, but no. Their hatred for the enemy frequently outweighed their appreciation for his healing skills. Perhaps, that situation wasn't too different from how we now treat the physicians and staff of *Doctors Without Borders*, bombing them, and frequently killing them, because they gave medical aid to 'the enemy.' Often the victims have been children, who'd been harmed in the conflict. Such kids are often considered acceptable collateral damage!

Beneath my Grandparent's home, some of those mismatched support bricks possessed distinctive nickel and dime-sized dark reddish brown spherical cavities. These were hollow iron deposits, which had

resided in the clay, when the brick was formed in wooden frames, had ancient air trapped inside. The air was probably trapped when the earth was first forming. These iron air pockets had been trapped for hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of years. Like the window panes, these were more minor time capsules, of primordial atmosphere. If not properly removed from the clay, sometimes one such air-containing ore deposit would explode, while being fired in the kiln. The fierce heat of the kiln, could cause the air to expand and the hollow iron geode would explode, blowing apart the small iron chunks, thereby pock-marking the outer surfaces of certain brick. These explosions would occur, when the workers became too hurried and careless, failing to thoroughly screen-out the ore deposits from the clay, before adding some washed beach sand and water, then molding and pounding the would-be-bricks, into the wooden frames, to be later removed and placed in the fiery kiln. Grandpa once told me, that every now and then, such kiln explosions would destroy the entire kiln, injuring or even killing nearby workers. I suppose that's possible, but seems a bit farfetched.

Most of the bricks, used to build the houses of

early Mobile, came from the immense red, tan, and gray clay beds along various parts of the Mobile, Tombigbee, and Alabama rivers, as well as from the west shore of Mobile Bay. Some was also brought in from Pensacola Bay, in nearby Florida. The bricks, which were used to build the streets, were always a deep red. Sometimes as a child, while swimming in the bay, I'd take great handfuls of the clay, smear the heavy wet red clay all over my body, until I was completely coated, then I'd let it dry, then later rinse it off, by swimming in the bay. When I'd smear the red clay all over my body, I'd sometimes imagine I was a Native American. *I'm a red man!* As children going-up in the early fifties, we were taught that the American Indians were ruthless savages, who had continually killed pioneers, cowboys, and settlers for no damn good reason, and couldn't be trusted... what a crock of crap that turned out to be. So what, if we were taking their best land? What difference should that make? How rude of them to object to our thievery! Right?

Running across half the back of my Grandparent's house was an outsized enclosed veranda or family room, which when my mother was a girl had just been an open unscreened back porch.

But as Mom's younger sisters were born, there was a need for more sleeping space, and so the back porch was enclosed, and turned into 'the sleeping room.' That spacious sleeping room had ten sets of screened jalousie windows, which could be opened and closed by turning aluminum hand cranks. The long frosted rectangular glass panes could be cranked open, to provide better air flow on the stifling hot summer nights. Consequently, it was usually the coolest room in the house, and the one most fit for sleeping, in the heat of summer. Like the floor furnace, the sleeping porch was considered to be an extravagance, especially since there was, as yet, no air-conditioning.

In the summer, Mobile could be a regular Death Valley, but because of its proximity to the Gulf of Mexico, a thick dollop of salty humidity was stirred in, to exacerbate the oppressive heat, and better elicit the free flow of perspiration. Sleeping on top of the sheets, I'd usually awake in the morning soaking wet, and extremely thirsty. In those days, I'd just get-up and go stick my mouth under the kitchen facet. Now, because of ground water pollution, only fools drink Mobile's tap water; then again, even many fools are smart enough not to drink Mobile's water.

To facilitate sleep, I'd wait till my Grandparents had firmly drifted off, and I'd silently get-up, sneak into the kitchen pantry, and pour a bit of bourbon in a water glass, then I'd quietly sneak go out into the backyard. In the darkness of the backyard, I'd often take off my pajamas. Standing naked, I'd soak my body with the water from the hose, shake my hair dry, then sit naked and wet on the smooth concrete back steps, while slowly sipping the bourbon, enjoying the cooling effect provided by evaporation, while the whiskey buzz set in, and sleep began to subdue my thoughts.

Once I had dripped fairly dry and the glass was empty, I'd put my pajamas back on, go in the house, rinse-out the glass, throughly dry it with the dishtowel, and return it to the kitchen cabinet. Then, I go into the bathroom to pee, sip some tap water, and silently climb into my bed. The liquor made me sweat more, but better allowed me to sleep.

With the glass jalousies rolled wide open, and the night's cooler air flowing through the room, I'd routinely fall asleep to a symphony of crickets and beautiful large-eyed small green tree frogs. The sounds were accompanied by the heady scent of Confederate Jasmine, which next to the scent of a

desirable woman, may be the finest olfactory experience nature has to offer.

Rarely the wind would spring-up in the night, and the old wooden house would creak and groan, resting on those heavy thick brick columns, which also served as a defense against the flooding, which routinely accompanied the occasional merciless hurricane. The monstrous swirling storms would come hissing, growling, and slashing their way through the coastal region, demonically charging straight out of the vast inky darkness of the turbulent Gulf of Mexico, wreaking havoc upon people and property, as well as on the giant indigenous gnarly ancient grayish brown oak trees. In those days, there was little warning the hurricane was coming, ergo the storm seemed more mysterious and much more frightening.

Some of the heavy barked elephantine trees were literally uprooted by the powerful winds... massive ancient deep root systems would snap far underground, huge trunks and limbs broke, all sounding like great explosions. If the tree was close, you could feel its death though the floor of the house. Often, tree trunks might spit in half. Some of the limbs were thick as cars, but weighted

considerably more. A heavy limb, dropped during a storm, has been known to cleave a house in two, sometimes crushing the ill-fated inhabitants. Some of those beautiful oaks had been alive long before the United States came into existence, and before Columbus discovered the new world, and then with the storm, all that biological history would be gone with a loud crack. Often hurricanes are accompanied by a scattering of tornadoes, insanely patrolling inside its diffuse borders.

After such a massive storm had passed, many of the locals would emerge from their homes, and could be seen roaming through the neighborhood, gazing at the vast amounts of devastation. Grandma and I would ride around in her old *Ford*, being careful to avoid the various tree limbs and pieces of man made debris, scattered about and blocking various roads, causing Grandma to frequently backup and make a detour. For Grandma and many others, viewing the after-storm damage was similar to how some folks might drive around at Christmas to look at the colorful lights and decorations, or maybe how a reporter might tour a demolished war zone, looking for examples of shock and awe to photograph. Post hurricane damage would always elicit various

exclamatory comments.

“Oh my God! Just look at that big white house over there! You think the folks inside were killed, Joey? I’m sure glad that wasn’t our house. Oh my God!” Grandma might say.

“I’ll bet that big ole tree limb, on top of that red Cadillac, is as heavy as a Sherman tank! Just look at how it smashed that car flatter than a pancake! My, my, my...” She’d comment.

“Think the insurance companies are going to pay for all this mess? You know that those no-good companies charge way too much and always try to find a way to wiggle out of pay’n what they should. Those poor homeowners better hire your Grandpa to sue those cheat’n companies, if they don’t pay up, like they should.” Grandma proclaimed.

“That house might as well be bulldozed... no point in trying to repair it... better off just building a new one. Sure hope the people got out of it in time! The phones are down, and the power’s gone... will be for a few days. That’s the problem with hurricanes... no power. Thank God, I got a lotta candles. You can bet the hospitals are packed full of injured folks, those nigger clinics too.” She’d

speculate.

Grandma only drove around the wealthier neighborhoods, as if they were the only people, who mattered.

“Who cares about what happens over to Niggerville? Their shotgun houses are a mess, anyway.” She’d say, while chuckling.

A highly unusual and somewhat coincidental story, grew out of the more recent hurricane, Ivan. The storm had knocked-out the power for miles around, and so a poor elderly black man, who was living in a shack of a house, was simply waiting out the storm. He was all alone and sitting on his couch in his darkened little living-room, when suddenly he heard a ripping sound. Looking-up, he realized that a large squarish, eight by eight foot hole, amounting to two sheets of plywood, had been torn from the roof, then a correspondingly huge piece of his living room ceiling, directly above his head, had been sucked-out through that hole in the roof and flew away into the storm. Of course, that section of roof and ceiling were never to be found. As a result of said damage, the elderly black man found himself looking up, straight-out, and into the churning dark storm. As you’d expect, the rain came violently pouring

through and began soaking him, so he was forced to abandon his living-room, and retreated to his bedroom. He closed the bedroom door, and sat on the bed nervously waiting-out the terrifying storm.

Four blocks away was an affluent white neighborhood, where a ten thousand square foot mansion was FUBAR, by a cyclone. Debris from the mansion was scattered for blocks. Come daylight, a couch and a pool table, along with the family's dead dog, were found floating in the swimming pool. That same morning, the old black man, in the little house with the damaged living room roof, opened the door to his bedroom, and there in the middle of his living room sat an expensive red leather high-backed chair in mint condition. The leather was completely unmarred, and the small curved sculptured wooden legs weren't even scratched. The expensive piece of furniture had most likely come from the demolished mansion, via the winds of the tornado. The chair had flown the four blocks through the air, then perfectly threaded it way through the large hole in the old man's roof, to end-up sitting upright on his living room floor, in perfect shape. But that was just the beginning of what was zany about that event.

The day before the storm, the old man had given

his well worn recliner to the crippled elderly lady, who lived next door, since the woman could no longer sleep prone in her bed. Being a fairly large lady, she suffered with sleep apnea, ergo she slept better reclined. When the old man was later touring the devastation, he saw the demolished expensive ten thousand foot home, and correctly assumed that the red leather chair had come from there, so he loaded it up in his old rusty pickup, and drove it over to the wealthy family, who was still sorting through the rubble of their home. The father of the family thanked him, but told the old man to keep the chair, since their dead dog had loved to sleep on it. The then demised dog's name was Sally. Likewise the woman who had sleep apnea was also named Sally. Of course everything is coincident, but with only a three pound computer made of living gray mush, we can only appreciate a very small portion of coincidence.

Despite the myriad of perilous storms, many of Mobile's historical homes still stand, some from the eighteen hundreds, and a handful from the seventeen hundreds... luck of the draw, I suppose. A large number of those old homes are built from the giant indigenous oaks, as the mineralized resins of the

wood continue to crystalize, from sticky soft sap to something resembling a hard jewel, the lumber tends to become harder over time. Although, time eventually destroys everything, and one day the earth will fall back into the sun, and the universe will stop expanding, to shrink back upon itself, then presumably explore once again, ergo in the grand scheme of things, even a long life is only the briefest flash in the pan. Each life is started by orgasmic explosions, likewise the entire universe is all about the big bangs.

Half way through my customary two week summertime visit, I was struggling with insufferable boredom, my life's most irksome nemesis. Throughout my life's wasted odyssey, too often, I have gone hand-to-hand with that slothful beast of boredom, but in my efforts to vanquish that foe, I've usually done myself more harm, than good. In my efforts to slay the tiresome adversary, I've been known to throw caution to the winds, reaping the whirlwind, and one time it was literally the whirlwind, but that's in a later book, in a chapter entitled, *Jumping the Whirlwind*.

But alas, the whirlwind, though frightening, and at times downright terrifying, is anything but boring.

It's the very same reason that a gambler is addicted to gambling. A gambler draws a straight flush and wins a pot-load of green, and so his twin pair of adrenal glands, reward him with that magnificent wondrous biochemical, adrenaline. Then, if the gambler fails to pull-off a bluff, and sustains a crushing financial loss, yet again those twin adrenal glands pump and squirt forth adrenaline, the gambler's drug of choice. As a result, win or lose, the gambler gets his heart's desire, nature's one and only... that all natural endogenous biochemical elixir for curing boredom... adrenaline! So, when I was bored, I just do something slightly edgy or different, but all too frequently, stupid. It didn't always matter, if the results were successful or tragic; either way, I still got the adrenaline, and vanquished the boredom monster. A more intelligent logical mind might claim such behavior is foolish, but thank goodness that life's not just about logic. Without some foolishness, where would we be? Just contemplate all those totally logical sexual encounters you've experienced, or consider every spellbinding, yet entirely logical piece of artwork you've gazed upon. It's generally the bizarre, the absurd, and the imaginary, which grabs one's attention, and elicits the flow of adrenaline.

While my erudite Grandpa possessed the forbearance of Job, I was the epitome of impatience... something of a cross between Donald Duck and the Road Runner, but probably more insular than Donald, yet maybe without as much anger, since I usually don't get angry too easily. Boredom is what scares me about old age; you can't do as much, can't generate as much energy, as much excitement. Plus, while I don't mind wrinkles on my face, I hate to see them beginning to appear on my hands and arms. Wrinkles on your face may be misinterpreted as being a sign of wisdom, but on the hands and arms they simply look disgusting. Of course, I suppose it's all part of some unwelcome 'grand plan.' But most definitely, I lack the patience for the more galling accouterments of old age, and that cursed 'grand plan,' and so I would like another plan, please. But even in old age, there still is the opportunity to do good, and in the long-run that is what counts the most.

And while aging gracefully is often thought to be a virtuous thing, it inversely correlates with the speed of one's thought processes. While wisdom is not often born of swift thought, but made of something more deliberate and solicitous, and

measured-out by a disciplined deliberateness, it is nonetheless boring.

As mentioned, probably nothing has done me more harm than my wretched impatience, my half-baked struggles to make life less dreary. That's why I can't stand the passive-aggressive inhabitants of earth. Those folks literally devastate me, yet I'm barely smart enough to never let them know they have the slightest effect. Hell no! To pay them back, I give them a big dose of what they hate the most... indifference, giving them the impression that I don't even notice them; rather than rewarding them with my rage. They are the people, who can't get enough attention, because they're just too boring, and no one wants to deal with them. Clearly, I could never have been a caring psychologist. I'd rather shoot myself, than regularly listen to various forms of insanity, sad stories, twisted perceptions, pet peeves, depression, fears, etc.

Perhaps, one of the few people I've killed was such a person, whereas two were highly aggressive males, with nothing better to do than kill people. While I once unintentionally killed a female, I only have indirect evidence that she was passive-aggressive. It seemed like she wanted me to kill her,

just to impress a man, she was arguing with, ergo my participation in her death was convenient, and she was suicidal.

As a child, twice my Mom took me to see a psychiatrist. The first time was to see if I was crazy, since I've hallucinated, every so often. The second time was to determine, if I was hyperactive. After the first visit, the doctor simply said I had some symptoms of schizophrenia, but I had no delusions. He told my mother that it probably wouldn't be a problem unless I became highly stressed. The second time, I was fourteen and the shrink gave me a test dose of Ritalin, a socially acceptable form of pharmaceutical speed. It was supposed to slow me down and allow me to focus, but all the drug succeeded in doing was to allow me to experience a form of cognitive hyper-drive, and yes, to focus, but on many different things simultaneously. So, I was deemed not to be truly hyperactive, at least in the biopharmaceutical sense. There's something disconcerting about using a drug to diagnosis. While psychiatrists and psychologists help lots of disturbed folks, they know little about actual neurophysiology and neurochemistry. Compared to what there is known about neurophysiology, your average

psychiatric professional knows only a tad. If the ocean represented all known medical science, the world's best doctor knows but a drop.

It seems more than strange that psychiatric pathologies, are diagnosed by the efficacy of pharmaceuticals used to treat them, rather than by an actual understanding of the function/malfunction of the different parts of the brain. It's like admitting that they don't really have a valid understanding of that particular illness, but instead just a few foggy clues, with a lot of rough guesswork. The only real definition of a mental illness would be an accurate neurophysiological and neurochemical description, naming the parts of the brain, how they interact or fail to interact, as well as the various biochemicals involved; not what some shrink writes down about someone's behavior, or what a drug does or doesn't produce in someone's behavior. It's a sad commentary on the state of psychiatric medicine. Psychiatric notes often read as if they don't have a valid indicator as to the exact nature of the illness. Worse yet there are no cures for most of the mental illnesses, and so they remain as life long illnesses, and extremely profitable for big Pharma!

“Sammy has been banging his head into the wall,

while carrying on a conversation with Moses. We've administer drug X, which appears to have attenuated both the intensity and occurrence rate of hallucinations, and he seems to have completely stopped the head banging. Therefore, it is my diagnosis that the patient is suffering with..."

A more appropriate diagnosis might include the physiological descriptors, and if that could be done, a cure would be much more likely. It might be as follows.

"Sammy has been banging his head into the wall, while carrying on a conversation with Moses. Because of stress, and the corresponding high blood cortisol, the liver has increased production of tryptophan pyrrolase, lowering 5-hydroxytryptamine in his brainstem's *raphe*, and as a result, the *locus coeruleus* has fired during his awake state, stimulating the *geniculate bodies*, resulting in cortical visual and auditory hallucinations, displayed in the occipital and temporal lobes. These hallucinations are emanating from parts of the hippocampi, and correspond with, or in fact are, the patient's fears. The fear itself, is emanating in the basolateral nucleus of the two amygdalae. Since said fears are indeed stressful, this acts to further increase blood

cortisol, and so the condition becomes self-perpetuating, along with the fact that the patient has an enlarged *zona fasciculata*, the adrenal region which manufacture cortisol.”

Counter-intuitively, one of the few benefits of being impatient is that you learn early in life to be better prepared, and to consider the scads of possible outcomes, which your impatient behavior might create. If you're impatient, and don't consider the consequences, you are forever involving yourself in unexpected things, and so you should look down the road to anticipate life's potential pitfalls. If you're hyper, your brain may occasionally operate too fast for practicality, as a result, you realize that you're more prone to error, and so you've got to be continually looking for the various ramifications. Worse yet, if you're hyperactive and enjoy lying, then you have to be on your toes. It's all about foresight... anticipating peoples' responses, and already having a prepared response, preferably one people couldn't have anticipated. Surprise helps to eradicate suspicion that you've been less than honest. Living each day in such a manner, tends to produce a somewhat creative mind. To further mask all this nonsense, it helps to put on an air of calm.

As maddening as all that folly sounds, at least it's not boring, but generates its own special form of paranoia. Consequently, I've suffered paranoia by the bucket load, and have grown somewhat accustomed to it, almost as if such fear is an old friend; after all, adrenaline is adrenaline, regardless of whether it's generated by happiness or sadness. Still, I try not to over indulge, lest I burnout and exhaust my old glands.

With the onset of old age, one benefit might be that since I'll be doing less, I'll also have less paranoia. The Christian religion has done so much to discourage suicide, and as a result, many old folks have been inspired to painfully suffer-away to the bitter agonizing end. God apparently wants it that way.

"I, the Lord of the universe and more, do hereby declare that even though you're crippled, blind, senile, and in horrible mind-bending pain, which will only continue to worsen, you'll go directly to hell, if you swallow those pills, or pull that trigger. And so, you'll burn forever, screaming in pain, and grinding your teeth, for all eternity! Oh, and by the way, I love you."

If you're worried about that suicide trip to hell,

and you're in mind-bending pain, then when the grim reaper begins painfully a-knocking hard on your door, remember to take enough morphine to kill that pain. If the morphine doesn't seem to adequately reduce the agony, just keep taking more, until the suffering is permanently gone. It must eventually work, and if not, maybe throw-in a little phenobarbital to deal with the associated stress, and so you don't want a doctor, who's conservative with the medication, when it's a forgone conclusion, that it's checkout time, and you're stepping through eternity's gate.

Honestly, who cares if you become addicted, if you've only a few weeks or months to live? And, if the morphine makes you want to throw-up, just ask for an anti-emetic, like promethazine. Yes, this book does have a few bits of practical information.

Hospice seems like a great organization, but too often, once they start you on the narcotics, they're not likely to allow you to stick around too long to enjoy them. In some cases they do, but for some patients they don't. Frequently, the terminal patient is unconscious till he or she stops breathing, and so there's not too much drug-induced euphoria, before the end. Why not allow the person to titrate their

dose, and where possible, just take enough to completely kill the pain, yet still enjoy their life, along with the concurrent high? What's wrong with a little chemical induced happiness, before the big sendoff? Why can't people understand this concept?

“Sorry, I can't allow you through the pearly gates, since you failed the urine screen.” So says Saint Peter.

Why not a few weeks or months of euphoria, before the huge dark inevitability? No harm... no foul... I've heard tell, that in ancient China, when the old people were approaching the end, they were given a daily allotment of raw opium to smoke. Little round dark brown balls of sticky opium, that merciful black Buddha. Surprisingly, this end-of-life use of opium seemed to appreciably lengthen their lives, while serendipitously, they had marked periods of lucidity, where they remained more sociable, and at times, productive, even doing light cooking, and cleaning. I've known a few people addicted to narcotics; nevertheless, they seemed to function fine. In fact, when you consider all the crazy stuff they have to do to secure their illegal fix, I'd say they functioned remarkable well. If the world could somehow harness the energy devoted to the

procurement of illegal drugs, there'd be no need for gas, diesel, and coal.

The morning of my homemade explosion, my dear Grandpa, a prominent, if not rather famous Mobile attorney, was getting ready for his day in the courtroom. His specialty was criminal law... his most celebrated performances were high profile murder cases. Grandpa won every single one of them. He accepted no plea bargain, nothing less than the glorious finding of 'not guilty,' regardless of the guilt of his client, and according to Grandpa, the vast majority were culpable.

The family would save the corresponding newspaper clippings of his many courtroom victories. One of my Great Aunts, Grandpa's sister, had nearly filled a big burgundy scrapbook. At the beginning of the book the clippings were a medium brown, and they lightened in color as you turned the pages. In reporting about Grandpa's court cases, the articles employed such descriptors as: brilliant, incomparable, Mobile's Shakespearian Attorney, theatrical, sheer genius, a regular one man show, a rare legal treat, Mobile's own Clarence Darrow, etc. The fact that he'd won every major murder case, may be difficult for most people to believe, but my

Grandpa was just that gifted! Grandpa's idea of God was simply goodness. In that respect, nature is God, but then so is its' predatory creatures.

"God is simple, Joey. Whatever is good is God." Grandpa declared.

It bares repeating, that in the forty years that he practiced law, he never lost a single murder case, no matter how damning the evidence! Most 'successful' criminal attorneys function, using varying amounts of legal knowledge, acting ability, deceitfulness, subterfuge, doubt, confusion, etc. Of course, there's a lot of overlap in those factors. In those few cases, where I was able to watch my Grandpa, he used all those tricks, yet it seemed that it was his acting ability which most significantly affected the jury. Juries often vote for the attorney, who puts on the best show, and Grandpa was the best legal show on earth. Grandpa also mentioned 'framing' as being critical. Framing is done in the opening statement, shaping and structuring the jury's 'frame-of-mind,' to best suit the planned defense.

Courtroom spectators were known to have traveled from all over the United States, to hear my dear Grandpa argue a case. Quotes from every imaginable literary source surged passed his tobacco

stained lips and teeth, delivered with the aplomb and articulacy of a well-seasoned Shakespearian actor, ergo for a short while, my dear Grandpa would transform a dreary gauche southern courtroom into something resembling the *Queen's Theater* on Shaftesbury.

At times, his presentation unquestionably seemed to transcend space and time, as if Grandpa stood in a separate reality, yet still within the courtroom. Grandpa became the master of: the pregnant pause, the emotionally laded expression of tragedy, the profoundly subtle twist of phase, the perfectly timed gleam in the eye, the strategic fading smile, various forms of voice, the dramatic penetrating stare, etc. Sometimes his speech boomed and echoed off the courtroom walls, then it might turn into a deep gravelly whisper. At times, he spread his arms wide, and then he'd slam his fist into the table top. He was a profound rhetorician, a combination of Laurence Olivier and Ned Sherrin. However, Grandpa had quite literally sold his soul to the devil to achieve his success, and I'm serious about Grandpa actually selling his soul. He really did knowingly sell his eternal soul, lock, stock, and barrel, and I don't mean this figuratively; I mean it quite literally.

Consequently, my Faustian Grandpa began to lose his sanity, for with approaching death, being a devout Christian, he suspicioned what lay in store for him.

Though raised in the deep South, Grandpa never developed the characteristic southern drawl, nor did he speak with chopped words. He was indeed a gifted local yokel, born and bred in the redneck territory of southern Alabama, the very Mecca of the uneducated and the bigoted; yet, neither of those regional traps insnared my brilliant Grandpa. Hence, he remained a cultural enigma. During a trial, he constantly uttered wise and aphoristic declarations, along with lengthy corroborative quotes, such that it seemed his mind had taken flight outside the walls of the courtroom, sailing aloft on the dazzling brilliance of past authors, and his own creative dynamism. All the while, his deadly erring clients just sat there blinking and frowning forth their uncertainty. Grandpa's words echoed around the room, vibrated the jury's ear drums, and inspiring their uncertainty, concerning his client's guilt. Oft times, during Grandpa's presentations, it was clear that the guilty defendant did not know what to do with his face. Grandpa would always tell them how to dress and wear their hair, as well as how to speak, if he had

decided to put them on the stand, but in my assessment, their facial expressions, often seemed to be veritable tells. Later in my youth, I always tried to sit in the front rows and off to the side, nearest to the jury, to watch the defendant's expressions.

And, there was no better lawyer at creating underserved, nevertheless, genuine sympathy for a truly loathsome villain, than was my grandly loquacious Grandpa. Frequently, during a spellbinding closing argument, he would sternly gaze from juror to juror, one by one, two-seconds of eye to eye with each juror, hypnotically staring into each pair of eyeballs, while the rest of the courtroom, the judge included, breathlessly awaited each of Grandpa's utterances. These personally directed laser-beam stares, combined with the convincing verbal discourse, conveyed to each individual juror a sense of profound seriousness, and demanded that the only 'real' verdict was 'innocent of all charges.'

Grandpa's glib performances invariably would find a chink in the jury's confidence, concerning the defendant's guilt. No one knew the anatomy of a courtroom quite like Grandpa. With his abundant and highly creative oratorical skills, he'd thrust the cold steel dagger of doubt, through that chink, and

straight into the very soul of each of the dozen southern jurors, and from those twelve gaping wounds would issue forth enough slippery bloody doubt, to allow the vile murderer to slither free of justice, and wriggle out the front doors, and down the granite steps, of the old Mobile courthouse, with a smile irretrievably pasted on their wicked face. Grandpa never defended a woman for murder. Women didn't seem to kill nearly as frequently, as they do now. Still today, ten times more men kill, than do women. Who says the sexes are equal?

As mentioned, all Grandpa's courtroom theatrics were done at the sacrifice of his immortal Christian soul, at least, in his mind. In my mind, he believed that he'd placed his soul directly into the powerful clutches of the eternal Prince of Darkness. Likely, you're wondering how I know this. Call it intuition, for the truly arcane issues, those mysteries of great import, invariably lie just over the horizon. It has always seemed that human logic is limited compared to the subconscious doings of the imagination. The reasonable mind is often chained, by step-by-step, plug-in-chug logic, where the intuitive and creative mind remains free and boundless; composed of neurons which can juggle seemingly unrelated facts,

and in so doing, locate the thread of logical truth. As a child, I once found an Easter egg, it was under a trashcan half filled with trash and water, so it was too heavy to move. The man who had hidden it, had scooped out a piece of ground, just big enough for the egg to comfortably fit inside, then placed the heavy trash can back over it, without cracking the egg. When told that there was still one egg to be found, at two and one half, it took all my strength to push-over the trashcan. The method of my discovery produced a certain amount of consternation. The man who'd hidden the egg had to clean-up the wet sopping trash, but I got the yellow egg.

Often, I've wondered about Grandpa's driving force in the courtroom; was it: money, ego, the belief that each man was innocent until proven guilty, belief in the righteousness of America's legal system, or was it something else? I'll never be completely sure. For that matter, I'm not even sure that Grandpa knew. But I am certain that selling his soul to the devil, is what produced his nervous breakdown, for Grandpa was terrified of eternal hell. Who wouldn't be? Burning forever has got to be a bitch; just try to imagine something worse. On the other hand, third degree burns are actually painless, since the fire

destroys the nerve endings. I know this from first hand experience. Whenever I spot a patch of skin cancer beginning to appear on my aged face, I use the soldering iron to burn it away. At first, it hurts, but once the skin has been burned away, I can then burn deeper, without any pain.

The evil nature of most of my Grandpa's clients, and the fact that he was releasing them back into the very heart of genteel southern society, to continue-on with their raping, pillaging, and murdering, ate holes in his Christian soul, like hungry termites in a piece of dry untreated southern pine wood. We're all a product of early childhood programing. A truly moral man, like my Dad, might have taken such clients on a fun filled fishing trip, a few miles out into the gulf, and come back with a load of red snapper in the cooler, a bunch of empty beer cans, but maybe without the anchor, nor the notorious client.

Cops and prosecutors genuinely admired, yet loathed, my dear Grandpa, the consummate courthouse rhetorician. Occasionally just after the arrest of some vicious bloody murderer, the Sheriff would show-up at Grandpa's home. Usually, the Sheriff would come knocking, right after dinner, since folks back then were careful not to intrude on

another person's dinner hour. During the dinner hour, each diner was expected to participate in the conversation, by hopefully adding something of interest to the discussion. Furthermore, each person was expected to encourage the inclusion of the others in the conversation, and as much as was possible, to show interest and respect for what they might say. Dinner has now gone from a high point of family sharing, to a casual disjointed feedbag of sorts, not so much for love and bonding, as it is for hydration, and filling the lumen of the gut.

Grandpa would warmly greet the Sheriff, shaking his hand as he welcomed him, then they'd stroll through the house to the kitchen, and along the way, the Sheriff would politely greet Grandma, and ask after her health. Once the two men were in the kitchen, Grandpa would pull-out the whiskey bottle from the kitchen pantry, and half fill two squat crystal tumblers, the equivalent of about three shots each. Like Dad and I, the two men drank it neat. After which, they'd step-out into backyard, and for a few silent moments, the two men would just sip. Both men plainly enjoyed the buzz, and drank a while, before they got down to business.

While the Sheriff and Grandpa would verbally

posture in the backyard, I'd sit in the unlit sleeping room with the jalousie windows cracked open, listening to them, and wishing I too had some bourbon. As the Sheriff and Grandpa sauntered around the backyard, the Sheriff would typically describe the notorious evil nature of some recently arrested detestable villain. The Sheriff would iterate the criminal's foul deeds in gruesome gory detail, emphasizing the need to keep the villain locked-up for a long time, or stating that there was a moral obligation to have such a 'mangy dog' executed. How well I recall, that once the Sheriff's description of the villain's crime, involved the chopping-off of certain body parts. At some point during their backyard conversation, the Sheriff would politely ask, if not beg, my Grandpa to not take the case. This would cause me to wonder why the Sheriff, who was so certain of the man's guilt, didn't simply kill the guy, and be done with him, for sometimes it seemed, to my childish way of thinking, that the evidence was beyond convincing. If my Dad had been the Sheriff, he would have saved the taxpayers the cost of a trial.

“Buddy (Grandpa's nickname), we all know about your super-duper skills in the courtroom. No one can out talk you, but Buddy, some things are just

too damn important to be left-up to a God damned impressionable Mobile jury, especially with you and all your fancy-pants words, defending such a sick worthless jackass. Hell Buddy, sometimes most of the half-wit jury members haven't finished the eighth grade. Christ! We all know there ain't no county prosecutor, who can take you on, and this God damned evil som' bitch is just too damn dangerous, to be running loose, again. Sheee-it Buddy, the man is the worst! You sure as hell know that's true, Buddy! After all, you got your wife and your four daughters to think about. One of them could be that criminal's next victim; heaven forbid that ever happen! Hell, that murderous nutcase needs to be dead, needs to fry in 'ole sparky,' then burn in hell, and you know I'm right. {Alabama used the electric chair (ole sparky) back then, and has since switched to lethal injection.} So, I'm asking you, Buddy... as a favor to me and every other law-abiding citizen of this here county, just let this bad seed go. Don't defend him, please. Ya hear, me? I'll make sure you get a coupla high pay'n cases, real soon. You can count on it. The next coupla rich guys, I get locked-up for some big felonies, I'll convince em that they need to call you. Be nice to have someone, who can pay ya what you're worth... wouldn't it, Buddy?

What da ya say?”

“You know Sheriff, though I’m certainly not accusing you of such, I’d like to remind you that I definitely cannot be bribed. However, I do appreciate your concern and fully concur, with what you’ve said. There’s little doubt that my busy schedule might just preclude me from being able to properly represent that questionable fellow. And yes, I’ll be looking forward to business in the future, my very good friend. I believe we have struck an accord, *quia oculo ad oculum*, and see things eye-to-eye. How about a slash more bourbon, Sheriff?”

“You bet ya, Buddy. I could use a drop more. I’m glad to hear you won’t be represent’n him. You com’n to the *Elks Club* tomorrow night, for the big game (the poker game)? You’d better bring plenty of cash with you, cuz I’m feel’n mighty lucky. The prize for tomorrow night’s overall winner, is a real fancy hunting rifle.”

“Look’n forward to taking your money, tomorrow night, Sheriff. Sit tight, let me go fetch the bottle from the pantry.”

Grandpa loved speaking Latin, but not nearly as much as he loved wealthy clients. Whenever the

Sheriff made such a ‘good-ole-boy’ visit, later Grandpa would refer the wrongdoer to another attorney, and for that he’d often garner a nice referral fee. There were a lot of murders in Mobile, as a result, business stayed good. The reason there were so many murders had to do with things like: long hot summers, plenty of poverty, lots of guns, an abundance of bars, and a large number of angry rednecks.

In countless cognitive ways, my loving Grandpa stood outside the realm of day-to-day humanity, an astute saint of a man, who by freeing countless homicidal maniacs, was carrying-out some of the devil’s finest work; hence, his subsequent mental breakdown. Yet there was a lot more to his psychological collapse, than just doing the devil’s handiwork, and the fear of impending eternal damnation.

On the other hand, the reverse could also transpire. Sometimes, if there was a popular good-ole-boy, who’d somehow gotten himself crosswise with the law and was suspected of a felony or two or three, and a grand jury was going to be convened, some judge might request, or appoint, Grandpa, to defend the good-ole-boy. During the grand jury

investigation, the jurors would just sit in a big room, while the damning evidence would be presented by the State. It was Grandpa's job to refute the evidence, and unlike an actual trial, there was no judge at the grand-jury. The jury would listen and decide, if there should later be an actual jury trial, *et judex* (with a judge).

Though I'm sure my Grandpa would not have wanted to sell his soul, in a very empirical way, he did. In his religiously programmed mind, he was genuinely doing wrong. For my Grandpa, to win every single murder trial was like taking candy from a baby, and so he knew, at least in his mind, that he was sinning. At times, I could sense his suffering and guilt, as well as his fear of the everlasting flames. He'd been brought-up in the Baptist church, attending church every Sunday morning and Wednesday night. Once a person is raised in that fashion, there's just no ignoring the fear of hell, regardless of their intellect. The only thing which my Dad feared were his dreams. While heaven seems okay, that burning lake of fire is a humdinger of a threat, and a real selling point for the evangelists.

In the realm of fear, its tough to beat the psycho-trauma of burning forever, especially if it was

drummed into a young impressionable mind, by your parents, teachers, religious leaders, etc. Certainly, everyone has doubted hell's veracity, but no matter, everyone is left to consider the possibility that it's real. If it wasn't so 'socially acceptable,' the preaching of hell fire and brimstone, might be considered as a form of traumatic child abuse. Tell some fat kid that they are fat and it's considered abuse, but it's okay to convince the child that they may one day burn forever. In fact, in the deep south, telling your child about hell is considered to be the right thing to do! Christianity wasn't the first or last religion to come-up with the idea of hell. Honestly folks, which is worse, giving your kid a butt whipping, which is now illegal, or convincing your young child, that they may burn in horrible pain, for all eternity, and there's no certainty it won't happen, even if they scream that they believe? In a very real way, Christianity has destroyed the idea of carefree nothingness, or that someone might be at peace with death. With the advent of the cult Osiris, during the middle kingdom of ancient Egypt, it was believed that a person who led an immoral life would be thrown to Ammit, the devourer of the dead, and would forever burn in a lake of fire. The old testament propagandists weren't exactly original,

with the idea of hell.

“Listen Junior, if you don’t truly believe that Jesus is the son of the big creator, your flesh will cook forever! It’ll be like swimming forever in your mom’s deep-fat-fryer. You’ll never stop screaming, and no one will come to your rescue! Hell means no hope. Think about that, son. So, you’d better hope you believe, before you die, and for all you know, you could die in your sleep, tonight! Believe now, or face burn’n, forever! All you have to do to be saved is believe.” So might the good southern baptist father tell his young impressionable son.

The other half of that holy after-death equation, is the carrot... heaven, which is vaguely described at best. Where the description of hell is crystal clear, but there is no clear description of heaven.

“Listen kid, if you’re good and believe in me, you’ll walk the streets of ‘gold,’ and get to see all your dead relatives, at least the ones, who I haven’t been cast down into hell, like your Uncle Fred. Of course, with your good family, through the past centuries, I’ve only had to let a few burn, forever. And by the way, there’s no third choice... it’s either heaven or hell. You either believe or you don’t! You’re either happy forever, or frying for all eternity.

I know you don't think this sounds too reasonable, but this heaven and hell thing is for real. I run the show, and that's the way I like it. It's my way or the flaming highway, boy. Just light a match, and hold it to your finger, and you'll have only the tiniest inkling of what it's like to be in hell, and burn for all of eternity. But don't you forget, I love you." So might saith the Lord.

The woods are lovely,
Dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Part of the poem entitled, *Stopping by
the Woods on a Snowy Evening*, by Robert
Frost (1922)

Here
in Mobile, the churches still preach about the eternal
fire and stinky brimstone. Not only are you subject to

eternal damnation swimming in inextinguishable flames, but sulfur content would make it smell like rotten eggs... there's not much worse than burning in severe pain, while vomiting because of the malodorous burning brimstone, The toxic smoke produced by this fire is very dangerous. If the Bible is true, then no one who's ever lived has tortured people like God has! If you send just one person to burn from all eternity, in effect you commit far more torture than all the torture ever inflicted by all the humans, who ever lived. Therefore, God may be the biggest terrorist imaginable! I must admit, as a child, the concept of burning forever more than grabbed my attention, but made me angry, for at the time, I never believed it was true, but realized that the threat had been used to coerce lots of people to claim they believed. It depends on how much of the fear-inducing gray matter is stimulated by the concept of hell. The amygdala contributes to non-conscious aspect of fear, the sensing of a threat, if you will. The ego is made aware by portions of the neocortex, being stimulated by those fear perceiving-portions of the amygdala.

Like the threat of hell, the limited biblical descriptions of heaven do absolutely nothing for me.

Why would anyone in their right mind want an eternal city with gold streets, and jeweled gates? Why would anyone care about gold and jewels, if they had eternal life? Heaven and hell, both sound like a strange little fairytale, something invented by sadistic control freaks. Perhaps there is a reason why heaven is so poorly described. Maybe its because heaven is indescribable, or perchance the creators of the idea, just couldn't be too sure, that whatever description they chose, would please everyone, so they purposely left it vague. Since most of the authors of the old testament probably liked the idea of wealth and that meant gold, then the gold streets was probably considered to be a big attraction; same for the jewels. Then they just let your mind fill in the blanks, about paradise. The few things which are included are such things as: mansions, unimagined blessings, palm leaves, fountains of water, the residents wear white linen clothes, a great city surrounded by a wall with 12 gates, and is adorned with 12 different precious stones (jasper, sapphire, chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, saridus, chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprase, jacinth, amethyst), and there is the tree of life, which produces 12 different unnamed fruits; probably the only biblical reference to grafting. The Koran, which was written much later

than the Bible, and mentions gardens, flowing water, as well as positive emotions. I've seen travel brochures for theme parks, with better descriptions, than do holy books. Why not a DVD, actually showing heaven and hell, or at least, more written detail? These early religious authors remind me of the Grimm Brothers, but there too the fairytales have more detail.

Some people want virgins with their religion, some may want to fly like Superman, others may want to see all their dead friends and relatives. Many are just content to avoid the eternal inextinguishable flames. Some academic types may want an intellectual transformation into something, which is beyond human understanding, where all your life's questions get answered. Whatever spins your beanie, folks. Certainly, some of the authors of the books in the Bible knew that the amount of fear engendered by the eternal lake of fire idea would probably work on just about everybody. It probably won't effect, people with an IQ less than 55, or people in a coma, or people suffering with certain types of severe mental illness or brain damage, or people who are able to remain honest with themselves in the face of horrendous threat. The Koran mentions a fiery pit,

but also throws in the idea of humiliation. If you're on fire, it's hard to imagine that the same soul would care about humiliation, as well. Maybe the next big religion to come along will describe hell as a place where you burn, endure humiliation, and you are simultaneously stung by scorpions and bees. No religion wants to be outdone by another, and of course, each is the only true representative of the great creator.

No doubt, many folks in the ancient world, were familiar with the idea of hell after death, for 'bad' people. As mentioned, the lake of fire was one of ancient Egypt's beliefs, long before Christianity, or the books of the old testament came along. Both ancient Christians and Muslims had, at some point in their lives, probably gotten too close to a cooking fire, and felt the menacing heat, if not the actual pain of a burn. Fear of fire is something that is encoded in the brain's circuitry by DNA, and probably a component of fetal dreams, before the mother pushes the fetus out into the cold cruel world, so people and/or animals instinctually avoid flames. A wild animal or lab animal, which has never seen a flame, won't go near fire. So, whoever picked the threat of burning forever, sure picked a humdinger for scaring

people into believing. And all you have to do to avoid those eternal flames is believe! But, if something doesn't make sense to you, how is fear supposed to make you 'honestly' believe? How does fear equate with wisdom... survival maybe, but wisdom? And, does fear equate to believing? Does the promise of paradise make you believe? You may say that you believe, but what if it's only motivated by fear or the desire for happiness? Is that truly belief? How do you believe if you don't? Do you simply lie to yourself, even if the concept doesn't make sense to you? This is the point where the Christian will jump in and say, 'That's why faith is important.' But, shouldn't faith be based on honesty, and not just fear, or the hope for paradise?

The fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom,
and knowledge of the Holy One is understanding.
Proverbs 9:10

And, just because it's in the Bible, it's automatically true. Right? How about that for propaganda? Naked nerve endings firing in upper portion of the dermis create pain, whereas Ruffinian nerve endings in the deeper layers of the skin act as

thermoreceptors, which can respond for a miserably long time, when overheated. Both can certainly get your attention, so there's little as bad as a second degree burn. Nevertheless, those thermoreceptors can only operate for so long. And, once the skin is burned away, as with a third degree burn, there is no pain. As a child, I more or less reasoned that it wasn't too likely one could continue to burn forever, any more than reindeer can fly, and so I came to hate people for even suggesting the cruel 'burning-forever' lie. The lies of heaven and hell, made me dump the church early in life. Where the idea of Santa Claus was a pleasant trick on children, hell was a seriously cruel contrivance against all humanity, especially those on the left side of the bellcurve, or those born with excess fear.

In a way, the hell vs. heaven propaganda thing seems to suggest that people just aren't smart enough, to decipher what's possible and what's not... they've got to be morbidly threatened, as well as happily enticed, to the absolute max... to make them behave in a moral fashion. Imagine there is no such thing as heaven or hell. Then try to imagine what kind of mind would dream them up. Perhaps, a morbid control freak? On the other hand, it may

have been just a bunch of smart old men, sitting around camp fires, scribbling on papyrus, or making marks in soft clay, trying to manage the ruthless masses.

Mom forced me to go to church, every Sunday throughout my entire childhood (At least, until I was nearly twelve.), where the preacher and the members of the congregation all promoted, the weird heaven-hell fallacy. Consequently, they seemed a little insane to me, Mom included. It was as if they, never gave-up believing in Santa Claus. At around age five, when I asked Dad about heaven and hell, he just smiled and walked away, shaking his head.

To me, seriously religious people seem a bit like those people, who can't quit playing *Dungeons and Dragons*, because they actually feel something for the characters, and their imagined actions. In the minds of the enthusiasts, the dreamed-up game takes-on a genuine reality. My point being, that the mind is fully capable of deluding itself.

And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever.

Revelation 20:10

Then the King will turn to those on the left and say, 'Away with you, you cursed ones, into the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his demons.'

Matthew 25:41

Know they not that whoever opposes God and His Messenger (Muhammad), certainly for him will be the Fire of Hell to abide therein. That is the extreme disgrace.

Quran 9:63

As I was turning twelve, the idea of burning forever seemed pretty horrible, but it also seemed outrageous. At that time, I was going through the depression of post alcohol withdrawals. I'd periodically stick the twin barrels of a 12 gauge in my mouth. Mom saw me doing that one day, and called the base Chaplain to come to the house and preach to me. His idea of helping me was to tell me that my purpose in life was to serve the Lord, yet it was the way in which he said this, that really chaffed my ass. Some people never understand that the

manner in which they use their words, betray their real motives. Sometimes, it's the muscles of facial expression.

On one level, the chaplain believed he was telling me the truth, on another, the chaplain seemed to be doing his level best to sell me on something, because he wasn't totally sure about his own belief. He was a bit too heavy handed, and didn't seem to honestly believe in what he was selling... a used car salesman selling a broken-down beater, and there I was beyond desperate, balancing on the razor sharp edge of suicide, periodically sticking the muzzle of my loaded twelve gauge in my mouth, and he was more or less helping himself, by selling me a religiously manufactured God. He'd almost demanded my confirming response. He finally left, unrewarded, if not insulted.

The depression of post alcohol withdrawals defies description. All the spoken and written words are ridiculously inadequate, but one of the characteristics of withdrawals is that you develop an ability to differentiate shit from *Shinola*. The good chaplain's words seemed more like the former. Mom had a conniption, when I finally told the chaplain to leave me alone, and to 'get the fuck out' of my room.

I'd never used the 'F' word in front of my Mom. She later told Dad about what I'd said to the chaplain, and Dad didn't do anything to me. There I was on the verge of killing myself, and my Mom was flipping-out about my using the 'F' word. Dad knew I might soon kill myself and realized that the chaplain was something of a pretender. Perhaps, Dad viewed such religious leaders as a necessity for the world's more nervous people. I was only drowning and the chaplain threw me an anchor. Human beings sometime create ideas and fantasies to shore-up nagging fears, or perhaps to cover for their inability to understand.

My eccentric genius of a Grandpa was a real life Perry Mason; yet unlike the famous TV attorney, he would later admit that almost all of his clients had been guilty. Unlike Perry, Grandpa knew he was defending the guilty: psychopathic rapists, murderers, etc., basically the cruelest segment of Mobile's humanity. Don't you image that bright defense attorneys realize that the majority of their heinous clients are guilty? When it comes to relationships, the relationship between the defendant and the attorney is definitely unique, something of an awkward balance between the truth and

fabrication. Since the truth won't set the guilty free, distraction and fabrication become imperative. Before trial, the defendant and the attorney must discuss the facts, in 'some degree' of detail. During which time, some of the attorneys might make subtle, or even blatant, suggestions to their client, about how the events might have 'actually' transpired, or why said events could have occurred. These suggestions may or may not reflect the truth, but must jive with the evidence, at least the irrefutable evidence, so as to be believable to the jury. When the evidence is substantial and the defendant is an evil character, the attorney must become a creatively skilled butcher of the truth. Perry Mason strictly employed the truth to set his clients free, since they were all innocent. As stated, Grandpa's clients were generally the polar opposite.

“Joey, there's nothing quite like successfully defending an idiot, whose done great harm.” Grandpa would occasionally say this, while hanging his head in shame.

Plainly, he didn't mean that comment to be self-congratulatory. As best I can recall, the TV attorney radiated with the righteous spirit of a man, who had rescued the law-abiding innocent, and in the process

cleverly exposed the guilty, right at the end of the show. Perry Mason relied on logic, intuitive thought, and the work of a great investigator, Paul Drake. The good looking secretary, Della Street, didn't hurt the show's rating. The American public loved the fantasy that all Perry's clients were innocent. With each and every show good would triumph... the innocent person always went free, and the guilty were consistently punished. In this respect, it wasn't anything like real life.

In Grandpa's situation, he had relied on the same things as Perry, yet frankly, my Grandpa was more eloquent than Perry. My Grandpa was superior to Perry in every way, but girth. Nevertheless, he rescued the vilest men in Mobile, burying blind justice, for an exorbitant fee, and evil triumphed over good, with each of Grandpa's cases. For a price, Grandpa made sure that justice suckled the hind tit. Imagine trying to sell that as a TV series in the 1950s. Such a theme for a TV series would probably work, today... a kind of reverse Perry Mason. Something tells me that there are proportionately more evil people in today's world, so the show might be a roaring success. More than likely, 'Blind Justice' has been the title for more than one movie, as well as

TV series.

With these early realizations, I knew better than to place my faith in the American justice system. No matter whom I've spoken with, regardless of the literature I've read, or the movies I've watched, I realized that the reality of the courtroom is that far too often lady justice is not just blind, but deaf, and dumb. Far too frequently, the guilty happily walked, and more often than most people might imagine, the innocent get locked away. The latter injustice is principally owing to the fact that public defenders are usually overworked, and white jurors are often overly suspicious of black defendants.

Though Grandpa knew that he was operating in a completely legal and socially acceptable fashion, I'm certain that he didn't consider his courtroom accomplishments as being morally righteous, for one thing, he never exuded the slightest pride for his litigious victories. Nor did he appear to welcome conversation, concerning his triumphs. No matter what society might espouse about the American legal process, since Grandpa was something of a spot-on Southern Baptist, and realized full well that he was selling his immoral soul, and one day would be going straight for hell. He was clearly doing the devil's

bidding, unleashing cold blooded evil, back into the bosom of society!

As he'd done with many great works of literature, Grandpa had memorized the Bible from beginning to end, and only missed church, if he was under the weather. At night, Grandpa would kneel by his bed, and with bowed head, to solemnly pray to the Lord, before climbing in. This nightly ritual clearly brought him peace of mind. On the other hand, I didn't believe in Santa Claus, God, The Easter Bunny, The Tooth Fairy, and so I was astounded that my brilliant Grandpa performed the nightly ritual, but he'd been raised in the church, mentally programmed, since his time began; consequently, he had no real choice. His mother had taken him with her to church, even as an infant.

He remains the only person I've known, who prayed each night, albeit I'd bet my family doctor does. My mother would make me say prayers before sleep, but I always repeated the same thing, never believing in what I was saying, or that I was communicating with God. I only reflexively recited the words to make Mom happy, ergo my reciting the prayer was like telling a lie. "Now he lays me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my soul to keep. And guard

me till the morning...” Mom would stand in the doorway of my room and watch me, until I’d finished my prayer, then she’d nod her head, and tell me I was a good boy, and to go to sleep, as if I could just voluntarily fall asleep. Telling me, that I was a good boy, was her lie, for at my core I was anything but good, and she knew it. Only once have I prayed to the Lord, and in all honesty the prayer was immediately granted. I must admit the experience was slightly overwhelming. Since I was probably never meant to be a parent, I’d prayed for help to become a better parent.

Each night, Grandpa’s prayer sounded humble and sincere. It would vary in length and content. Never was it some brief memorized little chant, but rather a serious, spontaneous, address to the creator of the universe. Still today, I can remember the silhouette of his bowed head, set against the moonlight, coming through the jalousies; both knees on the floor, elbows on his bed, palms pressed together... fingers partially interlaced. The backs of his thumbs were pressed against his bowed forehead, and his gray hair was spilling around his hands. His eyes were always closed, and his large lower lip would be hanging loosely, as he solemnly murmured

his prayer. It generally began with him thanking the Lord for various people, and things. Then he'd switch, requesting that the Lord protect each member of the family. Sometimes he'd make individual requests for particular family members and friends.

“Please Lord, help Daniel (one of his grandchildren) to fully recover from his ear infection. The boy has suffered so much, Lord. Please, don't let him die!”

The very last portion of his prayer was generally startling, because Grandpa would begin this last segment, by asking the Lord for wisdom and insight, about specifics things involving his job, requesting guidance in making his defense of some murderer, rapist, etc. He'd close the prayer, by asking for forgiveness for defending the man! Inconsistently, the forgiveness was for the very thing he'd just asked the Lord to help him with... a plan to set some malicious criminal free, who'd invariably return to his old undesirable habits, then again later return to jail.

“Lord, I realize that Jim Nash is a vile man, and killed his business partner, but it's my job to provide the best defense possible, so please help me configure a good closing argument, so that the jury will

believe... I'm not sure whether I should put the accountant on the stand, and I need to know if... Do I need to put the defendant on the stand, or should..."

That last section, where he'd asked for God's assistance in strategizing his legal cases, could be extremely time consuming. At times, it was more like Grandpa was actually talking with God, and himself, and perhaps the devil in a three-way conversation. I mentioned the devil, for at times during the prayer Grandpa would refer to his client as being guilty, and operating under the influence of Satan, almost as if the defendant was blameless. During the prayer, there were the occasional silences, as if he was receiving, or waiting for, some type of holy feedback, or maybe Grandpa was thinking of what next to include in his prayer. There was a brief closing. The closing was a memorized couple of sentences.

"Forgive me, Lord. If I've offended you in any way. Just give me a sign, and I'll leave this cursed profession, Amen."

Grandpa's nightly prayers made me think he was a wee bit nuts. Judging from his prayers, I'd say my Grandpa greatly feared the Lord; although he was oddly deluded. His closing to the prayer, was plainly

Grandpa's idea of covering his own holy ass. It was sort of like saying to God, 'I asked you to give me a sign, and since you didn't, then I could only assume that it was okay, to do the devil's work, and free my evil clients.' As mentioned, Grandpa feared for his immortal soul, burning forever in that big lake of fire, for we have all, at one time, been an impressionable child, and as mentioned, even as an infant, his mother had taken him to church, twice a week. Consequently, except for deceiving juries about his foul clients, Grandpa was the archetypical Christian.

He truly loved people, and enjoyed the occasional whiskey, card-playing at the *Elks Club*, and a near constant cigar, which he chewed far more, than he smoked. The yellow stains on his teeth and lips, as well as the faded brown spatters, down the front of his heavily starched white shirts, attested to his absentmindedness, as well as his love of tobacco. He had four daughters and ten grandchildren, and was immeasurably kind to all of them. Moreover, Grandpa was renown for helping the poor, as well as his many friends. He lived to help the world.

Sometimes, I think he should have been a

minister, or since he was fluent in latin, perhaps a catholic priest. Had he followed that calling, no doubt this book could never have been written. On the other hand, Grandpa was on the opposite end of the spectrum from a pedophile, so he probably wouldn't have fit in too well with many of those priests. When such a large percentage of a particular profession are so inlined in their sexual proclivities, there is clearly a quirk in the selection process. To allow pedophiles entrance to such a select group, probably requires that the interviewer to be either extremely naive, or somewhat sympathetic... birds of a feather... Something tells me that such priests are not in the minority of their profession. Yet, there is a real possibility that their neurophysiology predisposes them to those sad actions. Some of the nature of that unfortunate condition is discussed, in a later book.

To the contrary, my dear Grandpa was a child's delight. He treated children as loving treasures, and that is how it should be. He lived to help kids, and would constantly smile, when surrounded by his grandchildren. His mouth was so large that his smile frequently appeared a bit lopsided and slightly goofy; still, the majority of his wonderful smile resided in his large deep-set blue eyes. He reflexively smiled,

whenever a child appeared. When he'd walk-up to a child, he'd give the boy or girl some change, and tell them to go buy some candy. If the child was with their parent, he would make sure to take the time to tell the parents how lucky they were to have the child, and in that way, he indirectly put the onus on the parent, to be a good parent. He lived for a child's smile and laughter, and had no problem making a complete fool out of himself, trying to illicit a return smile. When he did such, my Grandma always felt that Grandpa was acting in a less than dignified manner, and would tell him to stop making a fool of himself. If he handled an adoption, or any case involving a child, he happily did so *pro bono*; regardless, if the client was rich or poor. He'd end the meeting by saying, "This legal work is my gift to your fine child."

Yet without a doubt, in applied effect, my Grandpa was the finest lair I've ever known, bar none in the Alabama Bar. Four years later, around 1957, the aforementioned Perry Mason TV series aired. I was barely nine years old then, and when visiting in Mobile during my annual summer stay, it was easy to see that my Grandpa dearly loved the show and religiously watched it, whenever time permitted. The

only odd thing about his watching said show, was his occasional inappropriate chuckle. I too enjoyed watching the show, especially with Grandpa. At the end of one particular show, Grandpa made an insightful remark.

“If only I could manage to get an innocent client like Perry Mason! But you know Joey, the world is a far darker place, than that show would have you believe. Cheerful endings are only for the TV shows, dime store novels, Saturday matinees, and day dreamers. Before law school, I used to be a dreamer, then I found out that real life is filled with unsavory choices, and real people are generally more complex. Nobody is purely good or bad. There is no black and white. On TV, in the movies and books, you’re either a good guy or a bad guy, but in real life, we’re all both. The amount of good and bad is different for each person, and can change throughout their life, but no one is just good, or evil. You’ve got to be careful about calling someone bad, lest you make them so. God is simply all goodness... nothing more and nothing less.” *He seems so certain!*

Then, Grandpa hung his head and went off to pray and go to sleep. I’d stay-up late, watching TV, with Grandma. She always wore a big loose white

flannel nightgown, with her small feet curled-up in the chair beneath her, and inside the nightgown. We'd each have a glass of cold milk and share a plate of cookies. Grandma invariably ate the last cookie on the plate. Then, she'd turn in, and I'd brush my teeth and climb in my bed, and fake like I was going to sleep. I'd lay still and listen to their breathing, and when I was sure they were fast asleep, I'd tiptoe into the kitchen pantry, and pour myself a couple fingers of *Old Crow*.

One of my life's greatest regrets is that I never really got to know my talented Grandpa. How often have you heard someone utter that tired aphorism? Perhaps that had something to do with the fact that after my homemade bomb, Grandpa kept me at arm's length. Also after the bomb, my moral fiber continued to fray, as you'll soon read about, if you decide to continue with these ten books. Since Grandpa was a criminal attorney, and no doubt proficient at spotting hooligans, he'd read me correctly, early in my life. I was the putrid apple in the barrel, the black sheep in the familial pasture. Nevertheless, Grandpa felt he could discuss his cases with me, on a personal level. As a consequence, I've always enjoyed listening to attorney discuss their

work.

Grandpa's discussions with me, often dealt with the criminal mind, which he usually didn't communicate to the rest of the family. With the family he'd just talk strategy, whereas with me, he'd ask me strange things, like why did I suppose the murderer, cut the victim's face off. Perchance, he was just probing for my reaction. He also discussed his misgivings about defending his clients. Perhaps, that was because sometimes it's easier to confess to a sinner, than a person of normal moral content. Whenever he told me something, which he obviously considered as being profound, he would typically fix me in his deep retina to retina gaze, but Grandpa could not muster the eye-to-eye, whenever he discussed his murderous clients. He still talk about the murders but omitted the eye-to-eye. Then sometimes, he'd segue into family issues, such things as: how he'd failed his daughter Catherine, by not trying harder to prevent her from marrying a rude and arrogant man. After making these rather serious proclamations, he'd stare at me to see if I'd understood. I was just a little kid and so I'd only tell him, simple things such as, "You can't change the past, Grandpa," or "Everyone makes mistakes," or

“Just do the best you can in the future, and don’t worry about it, Grandpa.”

When describing his courtroom victories, he’d often be far too brief, and as mentioned, showed no hubris, never expounding on his brilliant performance. On the contrary, he was more like Napoleon, sadly recounting Waterloo, rather than Austerlitz. Pride was definitely not one of Grandpa’s sins. In fact, when discussing one of his incredible wins, he was quick to point-out his mistakes, or what he might have done better. Even in old age, Grandpa approached the law, as if he were yet a student, and still learning. Conceivably, that’s how all of life should be attended to.

When Grandpa first went to law school, he was barely passed the age of fifteen, and a truly moral Christian. He’d been raised by pious Southern Baptists, and so the neural circuitry comprising his Godly beliefs was hardwired. He went through law school naively believing that most of his future clients would be innocent, and that his life’s work would be the noble pursuit of justice. Consequently, he’d be serving the Lord, not doing the devil’s handiwork. In his youth, Grandpa was a dreamer, who likely thought he’d be following a virtuous

calling, a litigator for the good, similar to the aforementioned Perry Mason. In the real world, he was artfully working on behalf of the eternal prince of darkness, defending the worst of Mobile's psychopaths.

Grandpa graduated from law school early and passed the state bar on his first attempt. He was only seventeen, ergo he had to petition the *Alabama State Bar Association*, and appear before the *Alabama State Supreme Court* to be adjudicated an adult. Once adjudicated, he began practicing courtroom law, and even with no experience, he soundly blistered every attorney he went up against. He had started his career as a county prosecutor, locking away the guilty, but because of his immense ability, he also put away the innocent.

In effect, Grandpa was practicing law, as a brilliant naive Christian boy, in the world of adult monsters, and I'm not referring to just the defendants, for the legal profession, from the cop on the beat, to the judge in the courtroom, has more than its' share of monsters. Moreover, the vast majority of Alabama's good ole boy politicians, covertly pull strings in every Alabama courtroom. No case too insignificant, if it affects politics...

Perhaps, Grandpa's most renowned client had been an enraged black man, Morris Blazer, a nondescript man, who worked in a local bakery. That man made Grandpa the most famous and controversial and hated attorney, in all the South. Morris had murdered the white Mobile sheriff in cold blood. He'd barely done the minimum to conceal his crime. To the utter amazement of the redneck south, Grandpa succeeded in getting murderous Morris set free, but even though Morris was guilty, he deserved the not guilty verdict. In a way, that case represented the pentacle of Grandpa's career. That astonishing feat of litigation, one year into his private practice, at the ripe old age of twenty-four, was nothing short of miraculous. The second great klan movement was three years underway, having begun around 1915, so by 1918 when he won the case, the klan was in its second heyday. The sheriff was a member. WWI was coming to a close, and 'the huns were on the run.' The general populace was breathing a sigh of relief, so perhaps the jury was feeling extra generous. For the trial, Grandpa had been matched-up against, not just some assistant county attorney, but the state attorney; after all, it was the sheriff, who had been gunned-down. Grandpa had taken the case pro bono. My bet is that he took it, because everyone

considered the defense of Morris Blazer to be impossible to win. It was an unimaginable challenge! In the racially charged South, winning such a case was tantamount to climbing Mount Everest, in the advanced stages of emphysema.

Grandpa won the case by overwhelming showmanship, generating sympathy, and creating various amounts of doubt. In the process, he severely damaged the reputation of the dead sheriff, as well as the state attorney. Morris Brazer was not the only enemy the sheriff had made, and so Grandpa had skillfully pointed them all out, and why they were enemies. By the time Grandpa got done with the reasons the sheriff had so many enemies, the sheriff looked more like a criminal.

The two most damning pieces of evidence to Grandpa's defense was the fact that the sheriff had slept with Morris's beautiful young jet black wife, and the fact that several jailers had heard Morris screaming that he was going to kill the 'fuck'n white cracker sheriff.' After the not guilty verdict, Grandpa fully expected to be killed, by an encounter with a piece of high-speed lead, upon exiting the backdoor of the courthouse. While his eyes scanned the rear parking lot for confederate justice, his dominant left

hand clutched his loaded revolver, inside his suit coat pocket, but Grandpa's eventual demise would be far worse than a cowardly bullet.

But for whatever reason, Grandpa had set free a black man, who had actually murdered a white sheriff, a *KKK* member, in the deep South, during the zenith of the second klan's power {In the US, there have been three major *KKK* episodes or movements}. The not guilty verdict was no doubt something of a slap in the klan's face. Grandpa's legal victory was akin to making them go public in support of the *LGBT* (lesbian gay bisexual and transvestite) rights. For months after the trial, Grandpa received telephone death threats, most likely from various *KKK* members. He even got long distant telephone threats, since the telephone company had begun to offer long distance services around 1910, and such calls were extremely costly, involving several transfer operators. When the family would ask Grandpa, if he was afraid, he would say that fear was unAmerican, but he didn't seem too convincing. It made Grandpa seem even more remarkable, since he was doing the right thing, even though it terrified him.

Being a klan member could have had something to do with why the black defendant had shot him.

Still, the klan couldn't have been too pleased to learn of the white sheriff, had been having sex with Morris's black wife. Naturally, that juicy courtroom tidbit failed to get printed in the local newspaper. Morris's beautiful coal black wife had been more than convincing on the stand. All these facts, I'd randomly collected from Grandpa and various people, who'd witnessed the proceedings. I was still thirty years from being born.

The primary reason the murder had been carried-out, began with Morris's wife being arrested for jay walking. It was the first time someone in Mobile had actually been jailed for such a minor offense, but the cop had seen fit to jail her. On the first day of the incarceration, she had cursed one of the jailers, who had called her a "stupid nigger bitch." The jailer had called her that, because she'd refused to clean the toilets in the staff offices. The sheriff got wind of the 'uppity' black woman, and decided to pay her a visit. When he saw how beautiful she was, he'd decided to pay her regular nightly visits, claiming that if she was an 'uncooperative' prisoner. He'd mentioned that if she was more friendly, he wouldn't make her stand trial for orally 'assaulting' the jailer. Lying, he'd told the poor uneducated woman, that for her

transgression of insulting a bono-fide jail official, she could be sent away to a work farm for a year, unless she didn't get in any more trouble at the farm, which could prolong her sentence, indefinitely. Morris and his wife had two young kids, a boy and a girl, and the tall exotic black woman was desperate to get back to them, and so she was forced into being more cooperative.

Everyday Morris visited the jail, begging for his wife's release, but no one cared about a black man's appeal. So, Morris took to standing outside her barred jail cell window, to speak with her, but was later spotted by a bigoted jailer, and ordered stay away, or be arrested. In those days, white people could visit inmates, by standing outside, and talking through the barred windows, but blacks were not afforded the privilege.

Desperately wanting to see his beautiful wife, but not wanting to be arrested, the black man elected to use the cover of darkness to sneak-up to her barred window. Quietly, he stole-up to her jail cell window, but before he could whisper to her, he heard what was unmistakably someone having sex with his good wife. It was dark in the cell, hence at the time, Morris didn't know it was Mobile's sheriff. Plainly,

the loving husband was devastated, and screamed-out a few confused obscenities, which alerted the guards and caused him to be arrested for the ever handy dandy charge of trespassing and disturbing the peace.

For his dreadful late night lawbreaking, he received a sound backroom beating, and so lost one tooth, and gained several broken ribs, as well as a month behind bars, to allow him to cool down. The powerful sheriff had wrongly assumed Morris was no real threat. Once home, his wife was there waiting for him, and Morris pressured her to tell him, who she was having sex with that night in the jail. The wife finally confessed that it was the sheriff, and explained how the sheriff had threatened to have her sent away for a year, to a work camp, and she was afraid for the kids. Morris understood, and so said nothing to his wife. The next day, Morris 'borrowed' a pistol, the the owner of the bakery kept hidden behind a cooling rack.

One evening, the sheriff left the local Elk's club, after an evening of drinking and card playing. Morris waited for him in the dark, hiding between a pair of untrimmed hydrangea bushes, adjacent to the sheriff's car, parked out front. No one had seen

Morris, nor heard the muffled shots, since the rather powerfully built Morris simply stuck the muzzle of the gun in the sheriff's ample belly, and twice pulled the trigger. The murder weapon was never found. The only people who knew Morris did the killing were: Morris, Morris's wife, Grandpa, of course the sheriff, just as he was bleeding-out; oh and maybe, the owner of the bakery. Yes, Morris admitted the truth to Grandpa. As his attorney, Grandpa told Morris never to mention his guilt again. My dear Grandpa had kept that a secret, until right before or after his Alzheimers set-in.

In 1953, when the homemade bomb detonated, I still hadn't heard of the heinous *KKK*. It wouldn't be for more than a decade, that I'd learn why Grandpa had been so nervous about strange sounds, outside the house at night. As mentioned, after that trial, Grandpa took to carrying a pistol, virtually everywhere he went, even in the courtroom. There were no metal detectors then. Sometimes right before bed, he'd stroll around the house and yard, wearing his slippers and bathrobe, with a gun in one hand and a flashlight in the other, investigating some noise, which had probably been a cat, or a opossum, or simply some air trapped in the water pipes.

Grandpa probably feared that the sound had been made by a kluxer, planting a bundle of dynamite under the house, or dousing their wooden home with gasoline. In those days, farm dry good stores and country hardware stores sold dynamite to anyone, no permit was required. You'd just tell the store owner you needed to get rid of some tree stumps.

Grandpa would use his flashlight to look around the yard, inside and behind the big azalea bushes, beneath the off-grade house, as well as under his car and below its hood. Paranoia became Grandpa's companion. That constant limbic experience probably had something to do with his aforementioned nervous breakdown.

According to one of my great Aunts, when the 'not guilty' verdict was announced by an all white jury, Morris jumped up and down and screamed with joy, so did his family and friends, still no smile crossed Grandpa's lips. The white people in the audience became visibly angry, while the black spectators clapped and nodded. Grandpa hung his head, and didn't shake his client's hand. He just hurriedly put his papers back in his brown leather briefcase, did a quick one eighty, and exited from the chaotic courtroom. In lieu of the fact that the sheriff

had plainly abused his power, Grandpa didn't feel too bad about freeing his guilty client.

He convinced the jury that someone else could easily have murdered the sheriff... 'reasonable doubt,' his old standby. But the reason he hung his head, and didn't shake Morris's hand, was that he feared for his life. Grandpa probably carefully searched his car before turning the key in the ignition. Both the dead sheriff and my Grandpa had been fellow Masons, and members of the *Elk's Club*. Back then, every Mobile sheriff had been a Mason. Moreover, the odds are pretty good that many were also *KKK* members. If you ever get the urge to join a group, first ask yourself what good they actually do, and not what they tell you, but what you see with your own eyes.

Grandpa and the sheriff had apparently shared many drinks and secrets, yet Grandpa had still set free the sheriff's murderer. Once free, black Morris and his abused wife wisely fled to Kentucky, but after three years had passed, Morris covertly returned to briefly visit his aging mother. He never made it back to Kentucky, but was found dead, underwater in an algae filled pond, a mile outside of town, near the railroad tracks. The autopsy showed he had not

drowned, but had died from massive internal hemorrhages, having evidently sustained a brutal beating. Morris's death was talked about for decades. Many Mobilians felt that he got what he deserved.

It seems like the first time, I heard Grandpa make a confession about almost all of his clients being guilty, was when he was speaking to one of his daughters, one of my mother's three sisters. Grandpa tried to appear casual and unaffected, while making that major revelation, but his genuflected head and heavily wrinkled brow, indicated it was indeed nothing less than a deeply distressing confession. When confiding this to my Aunt, I sensed that he was putting out a feeler, looking for a kindred spirit, a sympathetic ear, someone with which to share his burdensome guilt. Grandpa desperately wanted redemption... escape from the impending eternal lake of fire. I just sat nearby, playing my role as the unobservant child. My sweet Aunt seemed nonplused, failing to detect Grandpa's real motive, his deeply troubled soul, and that he was in need of some form of absolution. For my Aunt, Grandpa's comment was not a call for help, but simply an affirmation of a successful series of courtroom victories. She totally missed his point. The family's

ceaseless praise made Grandpa's self-imposed guilt all the more insufferable, for most of his clients had: stolen from the helpless, raped women, hospitalized various good people, or killed others. Many of his clients had performed these crimes without the slightest bit of remorse. Morris was one of the few client's, who had a good motive.

At some point, very early in my maternal Grandpa's legal career, I'm sure he became aware that he'd crossed a moral line in the sand, and entered an unholy realm; and that once he'd made that unrighteous shift, there was no undoing it; hence, his nervous breakdown. There was no going back. His wife and first child (my mother) needed to be financially supported, and Grandpa was not trained to do anything else but be a criminal attorney. He had no other skills or trades. If he exists, Satan was no doubt making full use of Grandpa's courtroom eloquence. Grandpa was sort of a two for one special for the dark prince: getting his legions of human demons released back into society, all the while possessing Grandpa's illustrious soul. Perhaps this was like the soldier, who realizes he is fighting in an immoral war, but just continues killing, because it's his only trade; besides, his country's

politicians say it's okay. Nevertheless, the soldier is donating his soul to the dark prince. At times, to justify his unholy killing, the soldier reconfigures his mindset, so that he is no longer fighting for his country's corporate masters, but decides that he's fighting to protect his comrades, and of course, for his pay check, needing to support his stateside family. Where I draw the line is when the killing involves women and kids, just like we've done with those all those bombs and cruise missiles. The US government did that for several reasons, but mostly for the profiteering of big corporations, and just like the terrorists, in the name of their God, the almighty dollar. Likewise, even though Grandpa was doing great wrong, he had a wife and children to support, so he just kept freeing violent criminals, to return to and abuse the community. He probably told himself that since he was following the law, he was doing the right thing. The only problem was Grandpa couldn't completely fool himself. He was just too smart for such nonsense, whereas the general public...

As mentioned, my other Grandpa, my paternal Grandpa in California, had given-up on being an attorney to become a simple roofer, and to run a small house of ill repute. He outlived my maternal

Grandpa, who had retired as a highly successful attorney, but died a miserable death. My roofer and whorehouse-owning Grandpa died without fame, but seemingly content with his life, at least that is what he claimed in his four page autobiography. It had been my Father's job to do the repairs on the whorehouse, and see to the women's various needs: fetching the doctor, general building maintenance, bringing them food, helping to get rid of an unsavory John, listening to the women's sob stories, doing the laundry, reading to them (usually the newspaper), fixing their radios, etc.

Since my maternal Grandpa was so terribly much smarter, and deeply religious, than the other members of his loving family, he was without a true confidant; no one to share his panes of conscience, no way to vent his guilt. Grandpa wasn't Catholic, so there was no confessional to assuage his moral accountability. Grandpa had correctly selected for his profession what he was best at, possibly even the best in the entire world; and yes dear reader, I do fully realize that's a bit of a grandiose claim. But please bare-in-mind, that when I made that immodest statement, I have meant numerous professionals, who have been considered to be the very best in their

fields. Moreover, I've listened to countless numbers of skilled rhetoricians... none of which could hold a candle to my Mother's Dad... all have been amateurish in comparison.

As a child, I was immensely impressed by Grandpa's deeds; even so, I found it interesting that no one seemed to discuss that my Grandpa had single-handedly released many dangerous savages back into soft bosom of genteel southern society. Thus, several of his notorious clients had engaged Grandpa for repeat defenses. In fact, some of these men, who were regularly arrested, probably had only been caught for a small percentage of their evil doings. These were men, who enjoyed the more fierce parts of their limbic brains, and found joy in their victim's lost, misery, or death. Still, our family's attitude, concerning Grandpa's successes, was that he was merely doing his lucrative job, and so his setting free such baleful villains was inconsequential, not to be considered. In fact, his legal performances were viewed as nothing less than stellar. Still, there was always certain people which Grandpa inevitably and seriously offended: the surviving victims, their devastated families, the police, the sheriff, and if the defendant was black, the *KKK*, and then the klan

upped their telephone threats. If Grandma answered the phone, they politely hung-up. The klan was a heartless group, yet they didn't threaten white women. Besides, they may have quite likely have known that Grandma was a sympathetic racist. In fact, that may be why their home didn't get bombed.

“That God damned slick lawyer, Buddy what's his name, got that stupid thief'n nigger off, for robbing John's liquor store, and shooting poor Albert in the ass. That nigger still needs to be strung-up, and maybe that attorney, too.” As a child, I'd go unaccompanied to the YMCA locker room, and had heard many such comments being made about my dear Grandpa. For a long time, they didn't realize I was related.

Because of these early insights into the workings of the legal system, I've never felt the slightest reverence for the law, perhaps because justice doesn't routinely jive with the crime. It's just too fallible. Even when the verdict is correct, the sentencing is frequently more than questionable. Due process may be the best justice available, but still it's largely ineffective, akin to how chemotherapy is sometimes the best treatment for cancer. Nevertheless, if medicine, in general, were as prone to error, as is the

legal system, no one would trust doctors; yet, judges, attorneys, and police are viewed by most whites as exemplary professionals. However, as of late, the public's view is fast changing, especially concerning the police, due to the growing number of unarmed black men, being shot by cops. Perhaps, such crime is why cellphones have cameras.

After Grandpa had his nervous breakdown, he did more *pro bono* legal work for the poor. In fact, since hell was just around the corner, as time passed, more and more of his clients were *pro bono*, and fewer of his cases were for violent crimes. But by then, Grandpa had made his wealth, more money than his family needed. While our family was extremely proud of his prodigious oratory skills, they were even more interested in the distribution of the contents of Grandpa's will.

One of my Aunts owned a small book keeping service, which she ran out of her house. Grandpa completely trusted said daughter with all his money. He trusted her so thoroughly, that he allowed her to make deductions to pay herself, whatever she thought was appropriate for her meager accounting. Worst yet, he had made the loving mistake of giving her complete power of attorney. She proved to be

many miles south of trustworthy.

One afternoon, I was visiting her son, one of my younger cousins. It was raining that day, and there was nothing to do, and so he and I were stuck inside my Aunt's accounting office, which was their living room. At the time, my Aunt was gone to speak with one of her bookkeeping clients in the nearby Baldwin County. Walking through her office, I happened to be looking for a pencil, when I accidentally tripped over an extension cord, stumble, and so bump hard into her desk. The desk shifted slightly away from the wall, and I heard a small sliding scraping sound, coming from behind her desk. It sounded like something skidding down between the wall and the back of her metal surplus desk, and then it struck the floor. Ergo, I got down on my knees and looked under the desk to see what had fallen, and I spied a little green bankbook. There was an old piece of scotch tape still attached to its' cover, indicating that it had been taped to the back of the desk. The tape must have come loose, when I bumped the desk. I reached under the desk, and retrieved the dog-eared bank book.

I turned back the cover and noticed that the owner's name was my Aunts's, then I thumbed

forward to the last summation entry, and was shocked to see that the total account contained approximately a third of a million dollars, much more money than my Aunt, as a part-time bookkeeper, with no college education, could possibly have saved. She only had about a dozen small time business clients, she kept accounts for. The only large client was Grandpa. In today's money, the sum would be worth about five million dollars. You can bet, after Grandpa passed away, the fight began, between his four daughters over his remaining money, with the two most vehement competitors being my Mom and my Aunt, the bookkeeper. As you might expect, the contents of that bankbook became a major point of contention.

After Grandpa died, not only did his daughters go to war between themselves, but even Grandpa's partner in his law-firm, tried to keep Grandpa's share of the firm. My Mom managed to retrieve that money. Her approach was rather simple. She made a friendly appointment to see the new head of the firm, Jack Bullard, who was the partner keeping my Grandpa's share of the firm. Mom took me along for inspiration, at least that's what she said. Mom had made a rough calculation as to the value of

Grandpa's interest in the firm, and firmly presented it to Jack.

"Don't be ridiculous. I don't think that your daddy had anything nearly worth that amount! I think..." Bluffed Jack, the attorney.

Only those few words had passed Jack's lips before Mom cut him off. Since those words were clearly the preamble to a lot of mumbo jumbo, which would only translate into a big 'no,' and require that Mom hire an attorney, to get what was rightfully the family's, Mom got right to the point.

"Get real Jack, that number's pretty much dead on, and I do mean dead on." Mom responded.

"Well..." Jack began again.

"Jack, you've always practiced civil law, but you know who my daddy defended, and several of them still owe him money... if you will. Some of them still come to visit the family at the beach house. They're beholding to our family."

This would be the only time that my Mom actually made a genuine threat. Since my deceased Grandpa had rescued numerous murderers from being executed, it was assumed that at least a few of them owed Grandpa a great deal. Many of them,

were known to have said that they would always be in Grandpa's debt. Mom continued to play on that fact.

“Jack, you know how many killers my daddy represented. Some of those men are most beholding to my family, as you might imagine since my daddy saved them from a trip to ole sparky. So Jack, you either give my family the money, which they're rightfully due, or one of our good ole murderous family friends may pay you an unexpected visit, after I explain to them how you've stolen my daddy's interest in this firm,.. the firm he founded. So what do you say, Jack, how bout you do the right thing and pay us what we're due? And, this will be that last time I ask, Jack.”

Jack nodded, opened the center drawer to his desk, pulled-out a large brown checkbook with some gold lettering, unscrewed his fountain-pen, and promptly paid the debt in full. Like I said, Mom and her sisters took money seriously. So, when I found the aforementioned telltale bankbook, a full scale familial war erupted. It was like opening Pandora's box and finding it contained a ticking nuclear bomb.

As mentioned, the most vocal of the sisters was my Mother, and my aforementioned Aunt, whose

bankbook I'd found. Of the two, my Mother was the least forgiving. None of the Aunt's children, my cousins, seemed to care about those family issues, and neither did I. The battle between my Mom and her sister lasted over thirty years. It finally ended, when the sister died. On her death bed, my Aunt sent her son (my cousin) to see my Mom. He said that his mother (my Aunt) had asked to see my Mom. According to her son, my cousin, who was there when I found the bankbook, she wanted to ask for Mom's forgiveness, but Mom refused, nor did Mom attend the funeral, holding a grudge to the bitter end. I'm sorry to say, but there was little doubt in my mind, that my Mom took great pleasure in the death of her own sister! Not a scintilla of forgiveness crossed her mind.

"If she (Mom's sister) wants forgiveness, she can ask God after she's dead." Mom bitterly stated.

Because of my Grandfather's moral dismay, and the self-serving nature of the majority of the other judges and lawyers, I began to develop an indelible realization, that in a very practical way crime, even murder, didn't matter. Crime was okay, as long as you weren't caught, or if you did get caught, that you weren't found guilty. Grandpa was always quick to

point out the mistakes his clients had made in the commission of their crimes, and he was forever 'forced' to invent various creative means, by which he could convincingly get evidence thrown-out, explained away, or disproved. No one could get good and sound evidence tossed-out quite as efficiently as could my dear Grandpa. Moreover, he was fairly proficient at discovering exculpatory evidence, to aid in his case. Often this was the client, who was out on bail, finding someone, who could attest to being with them at the time of the murder, or planting confounding additional evidence, involving other people. Probably no one is better at persuading people to do things for them, than is a killer. Still, the churches are pretty good too, with the threat of hell and the promise of heaven.

Generally, during the initial interview, the criminal client would have already contrived a plausible, yet disingenuous, story to debunk the murder charges. Still, if it was supportable, Grandpa would help the defendant to build on it, making subtle suggestions, or by asking leading questions. Grandpa would listen to his client, periodically interrupting, and stopping him just short of a confession, then he'd ask the client if perhaps what

really happened was something other than the actual events. Other times, if the client was not creatively inclined, Grandpa would employ his prodigious artistry to fabricate and propose to the client a fictitious series of events, to explain away investigative findings and conclusions. If that failed, the above mentioned measures might be suggested. There was no DNA testing back then, only blood type, and you could generally find someone with that type of blood.

“Perhaps what you mean to say is that the reason you were there was because...”

“When you are bailed out, you might consider finding someone you can trust to assist you. If it turned-out another bloody knife were soon found at...”

Another defense technique was when the clients were black, it wasn't too hard to convince a juror that the cop was a racist, since they nearly all were, and were generally proud of the fact. Grandpa kept a rolodex filled with blacks, who'd been assaulted by the police, and so had moved outside just outside Mobile County. Most of those black folks had been fiercely beaten in one of the back rooms of the police station, and many possessed a burning rage. Grandpa

would subpoena them, pay their taxi or bus fare, and metaphorically parade them past the jury, to discredit the arresting officer. Lastly, Grandpa would provide them for their carfare to return home, and a little something extra. They knew he was a man to be trusted. Still, in those days, all the jurors were white and sometimes they didn't really care if the white cop was a racist, since they were, as well. As a result, Grandpa usually had to have a plethora of tricks up his legal and illegal sleeve.

In 1950s, Alabama blacks only served on juries, when the trial was noncriminal, meaning minor civil or traffic cases. In 1935, there were two landmark Alabama cases (*Powell v. Alabama*, and *Norris v. Alabama*), involving blacks being excluded from jury service, but the practice of excluding blacks from juries didn't disappear in the deep south, until the late 1990s! In some measure, this form of injustice continues, today. On the other hand, if the majority of a jury is black, too frequently the black defendant is freed, regardless of their guilt. Centuries of cruel discrimination have bred significant amounts of reverse discrimination.

The class of defendants my Grandpa most respected were the murderers, who had killed

someone, who needed killing, as was Morris Blazer, who'd killed the sheriff. Such clients, when approached by my Grandpa, would often simply admit their guilt. Grandpa would speak to us of such murderers, with a kind of reverence, saying that those particular killers had the courage of their convictions. That was similar to what my Dad used to say.

“Joey, sometimes there's just no getting around the fact that it was a righteous killing, and although that murderer sure as hell broke the law, the homicide was just. In those cases, the whole pretentious courtroom drama is a huge waste of time. The killer should have been given a medal for executing the tiresome bastard. The system would be better off with just a smart, fair-minded judge, graced with common sense. Putting such a good man in prison is nothing short of a tragedy. There are obviously times, when a cantankerous person deserves to be murdered. Some people will push a good person too far... pure and simple. But I suppose that the law's the law, yet too often that's simply good enough.” Grandpa philosophized.

“What would Perry Mason say, Grandpa?”

“I don't care what Perry Mason would say. He's

not real.”

“I know, because all his clients are innocent.” I responded.

“Like I said, he’s not real.” Grandpa repeated.

“Do they make the TV shows like that, so people won’t think that it’s okay to kill some people?” I asked.

“That’s the long and short of it, Joey.” *Grandpa’s just like Dad. He also thinks it’s okay to kill some people. He’s telling me it’s okay.*

Even so, most of my Grandpa’s clients were evil men, not some kindly person, who’d been pushed to the breaking point. But whether he was defending a moral man, who’d been pushed too far, or an evil man, who killed for cruel and selfish motives, my Grandpa, was it to win. This meant that Grandpa was extremely unfair to the victims, and their family members, who were usually sitting in the courtroom, dutifully listening to each of my Grandpa’s hellacious lies, about a man who’d: severely injured, raped, or murdered their loved one.

Moreover, Grandpa was not above ridiculing the murder victim, turning the innocent dead person into something of a vile creature, who was better off

dead. The surviving family members certainly enjoyed that part of the trial... hearing their dead loved one being sold down the river, to improve the lot of the vile murderer. Such evidence was in fact admissible, if it offered proof that someone, other than the defendant, might have had a motive to have killed the victim. In other words, the dead person was so cantankerous, they probably had plenty of people, who wanted to kill them, and so Grandpa wasn't above unjustly maligning the dead, and casting unjust suspension on others, if it helped his guilty defendant slither free. He could chop away at anyone's character, and make Mother Teresa seem like Lizzie Borden, if it helped to free his client.

Still, all my relatives, including my own parents, worshiped Grandpa's staggering satanic talents, and not one of them expressed the slightest concern about Grandpa's nagging moral dilemma, about selling his eternal soul. In his mind, Grandpa had chained his immortal soul, to the blazing sulfur-laden brimstone at the very bottom of God's eternal lake of fire. Oh sure, some like to say that hell is Satan's doing, but isn't God still the master of the universe? Grandpa also felt true sorrow for the victims, their surviving family and friends. A few times, Grandpa

had felt so bad for the victim his defendant had wronged, that he (Grandpa) had made sure that a small bag of cash was anonymously delivered to the victim, if he or she were still alive.

One young lady, who'd been brutally raped, which included the loss of one eye and a broken cheekbone, had gotten a bag of cash. The guilty defendant had been thirty-five year old foreman, on a telephone line crew. During the trial, Grandpa had transformed the young virgin's reputation into that of a bitchy wanton whore. Grandpa set free the vicious large and powerful monster. Later, disguised by wearing a hat and sunglasses, and dressed in uncouth casual attire, Grandpa parked two blocks away, and casually strolled to the girl's house. She was out on the front porch shelling peas, when Grandpa handed her a little brown paper bag, containing \$5000. In the 1950s, \$5000 was an immense amount of money. He then just turned around, and walked back to his car, where I waited for him in the front seat. It was all the money he'd been paid for the defense.

Too bad the friends and relatives of the victims couldn't have been there for our family's jesting. Grandpa refused to partake in said family humor,

and though he claimed he was not above the law, he indeed knew how to thoroughly manipulate it, for a substantial profit. Yet in point of fact, he was indeed above the law; at least, to my way of thinking.

But to get back to my original story... At age five, I still only had a very vague understanding of that complex man. The morning the bomb exploded, I had only been at my Grandparents' for a couple of days, but already I was more than thoroughly bored. I was desperate to go somewhere; any place was better than being stuck in the house, with my irksome Grandma.

“Grandpa, please! What am I going to do, being stuck in this house all day, with Grandma? You know she doesn't do anything, but sit and read the local section of the newspaper, and the *Reader's Digest*; unless, one of her old lady friends comes by. I'm so bored, Grandpa! Please take me with you. I can't stand it in this house, anymore! Take me to court. I promise I'll be good. You know I can't just sit here, all day!” I pleaded with Grandpa, while battling the morbid monster of monotony, and feeling a muscular knot of tension, forming in my neck.

Grandpa knew full-well that I was facing a mind-numbing sentence, being trapped in the creaky old

house all day, with my tiresome Grandma, for he too did his level best to stay away from his wife. Aside from being stuck in the house with Grandma, part of my frustration was that there were no kids my own age, living in the neighborhood, and my young cousins lived on the far side of Mobile. And though Grandpa was a markedly patient man, he fully understood my exasperation, since plainly he knew Grandma better than I. Although I always wondered, I never worked-up the guts to ask him, why he had married her, but early on, I came to realize that some marriages were not based on shared intellectualism, or common interest.

At best, I could say that Grandma could be genuinely pleasant, as long as the conversation didn't involve black or poor people. Her gentle voice was generally pleasing, but her conversation tended to be boring. Her favorite hobbies were criticizing her husband, pursuing the newspaper's local section for gossip, running down every black person and poor person, that she possibly could, and reciting the jokes in the *Reader's Digest*. Sorry to say, she died never feeling the slightest regret for any of her racial indiscretions. Criticizing Grandpa's absentmindedness, describing local scandals, and

most especially condemning blacks and poor people, remained her life's cynical ambitions, all the way to her last breath. The dystopian portions of society deserved what they got... no sympathy. You could tell she loved dishing-out the criticism, since she'd smile, and chuckle, the entire time she did so. Her life's more positive callings were two: being a descent mother to her four girl babies, and being kind to her ten grandkids. Her life never changed.

How Grandma loved to read to me the jokes in the *Reader's Digest*. You can imagine just how exciting it was for a five year-old child, to listen to their nearly illiterate Grandma, struggling to read joke after joke after joke, and then she'd laugh, staring directly at you, to encourage, if not demand, you laugh. The ritual was creepy to say the least, to have a person pretending that they are laughing at a joke, but they're really laughing so as to demand you laugh. Sometimes after she had stumbled through a botched first reading of the joke, she'd perform a second better reading, and laugh yet again. *How is it that Grandma continues to be surprised by the same joke, twice in a row?* Worse yet, sometimes she'd reread back issues, rereading the same old jokes. The jokes in the *Reader's Digest* were always clean, but

generally just cute. Obliging, I would always try to laugh, since there was no sense in pissing-off someone, who you had to spend the whole day with. This strange habit of her's made me wonder, if she wasn't insane. The *Reader's Digest* jokes made her laugh, but not nearly as much as when she'd heard about something foolish a black person had done, or said. In Grandma's world, it was as if white people never did anything foolish, only the blacks.

At my Grandparent's house, I didn't have a single toy to play with. My only entertainment was talking with the family's black maid, or wandering around the yard, looking for bugs and lizards, or imagining that I was something other than a bored little kid stuck in Mobile, with the elsewhere blues, again. Frequently, I'd like to pretend I was Superman, so I'd run and jump off the front porch, then imagine that I was actually going airborne. At five, I liked to think about designing submarines. There was something so seductive about a relatively silent boat, which traveled underwater, armed with torpedoes. Back then and even today, it astounds me that a ship can travel underwater. I was forever asking my Dad questions about submarines. I read my non-little kid's novel, was two years later at age seven, it was

entitled, *Run Silent, Run Deep*, by Cdr. Ed L. Beach Jr. Lately, I've come-up with a novel design for a sub. It's shaped like a giant wing, much larger and flatter than the B- bomber, with flaps/dive-planes/rudders. It more or less glides forward underwater for miles, while it tilts forward and descends at an extremely small angle. When it's close to the ocean bottom, it simply blows the ballast, rises to the top, and starts the process over again. The forward momentum of such a vessel might be phenomenal. Such a sub would be extremely silent, and energy efficient. Hypothetically, it could be built large enough to serve as an undersea oil tanker. In shallow waters, it would use more conventional forms of power: diesel, atomic, etc. Undersea vessels avoid bad weather, so there might be fewer oil spills.

The annual summertime two-week visit to my Grandparent's house was always my Mom's idea. She'd insist I make the visit, while doing her best to convince me that I was so lucky to be going, as if I was that gullible. The truth was that my Mom needed a break from me. She was a good and adequate Mom, but never really seemed to enjoy being with me. Mom never wanted me to visit Dad's relatives out west, considering the stories Dad had told her about

his childhood at the whorehouse.

Before heading-off to court that day, Grandpa patently wanted to do something to assuage my impending boredom, yet at first, he apparently didn't know what to do. The clock was ticking and soon he'd have to leave for court, and he couldn't just drag along a five year-old. Suddenly, he thrust his right hand atop his extra large head, and grabbed a big clump of grayish brown hair, as one might do, if they intended to pulled it out. Unlike me, Grandpa never lost any of his hair in old age. He combed his hair once in the morning, and then for the rest of the day, it just sort of flopped around, and looked like a pile of scattered pine-needles. The hair grab was one of Grandpa's signature gestures, a sure fire indication that he was racking his keen mind for a viable solution, thoughtfully rummaging through his near cosmic bank of knowledge. After a few seconds, his eyebrows leapt upward, wrinkling his expansive forehead, all signifying that his finely tuned three pounds of gray mush had seized upon a Jim Dandy of an idea, usually designed to inspire the listener.

Grandpa was going to explain something, which he knew any young boy would find fascinating, at least temporarily postponing my acute case of

boredom. In a very tangible way, he was about to open-up an entirely new world for me; more vast than Grandpa could have possibly imagined, a new sphere of self-realization, an awakening of sorts. For me, it was where I first found out that I could operate independently of my familial overseers. In essence, that morning I became my own person, and in a manner of speaking, I found what I thought was my freewill, but perchance it was just the emergence of my ego.

“Look Joey, I can’t take you to court, with me. I’d honestly like to, but I just can’t. You see, the judge wouldn’t approve of an unescorted five year old being in his courtroom, or wandering around inside the courthouse. You understand. Don’t you? *Not really, Grandpa.* Instead, before I head to work, I’m gonna show you something, which I think you’ll find interesting. You can think about what I’m going to tell you, while I’m in court, today.” He accurately proclaimed.

An encouraging smile lifted the outer corners of his wide mouth and his gentle old blue eyes twinkled, behind their respective overly thick eyelids. Then there was a pause of about ten-seconds, without any expression, where he was probably

formulating the presentation he was about to deliver. Grandpa then pressed his lips tight together to form a flat line, then he once again lifted only the corners. That strange pseudo smile made the region above his upper lip and below his nose, give-up its usual vertical wrinkles and seem wider. No doubt those vertical wrinkles were the product of his near constant smoking of cheap *Tampa Nuggets*; his favorite cigar. Using his renown oratory skills, he was about to provide me with an irresistible explanation. In an immensely important way, the speech would be the most important little talk I would ever hear, not because of the information it imparted, but because it awoke something deep inside my five year old mind.

He turned his back to me, then with a forward wave of his hand, motioned me to follow him, as he marched back into the bedroom, where he pulled open the bottom drawer of his dresser. The darkly stained oak dresser stood two feet off the ground on thin little spindly legs, atop two inch wooden wheels. His right hand deftly entered the drawer and smoothly slid under the stack of his white boxers. Each pair of undershorts had been neatly folded by the family's black maid, Bernice. I've always thought

that folding underwear was such a waste of a person's life. *We all have only so much time, so why bother to fold underwear?* At least Bernice got paid to fold them. I wondered why Grandma wanted Grandpa's underwear to be folded. Years later, I'd go to military school, where they demanded that we cadets fold our underwear.

With the dexterous aplomb of a master magician, Grandpa skillfully extracted a shiny bluish black .38 revolver, from beneath his stack of underwear. The pistol was a genuine six-shooter, and was fully loaded. I could see the shiny copper bullets in the cylinder holes of the weapon, just like I'd seen in cowboy and police shows on TV, and from photos in my Dad's military books. Only this pistol was the real thing! Grandpa referred to the pistol as a 'police special.' Concurrently, I noticed that amongst Grandpa's blue, brown, and black neatly rolled socks, laid a large blue and red hard-paper box, half-opened and nearly filled with the shiny copper bullets with their brass cartridge casings; obviously, the ammunition for the pistol.

Grandpa was indeed right, for in that instant, he had fully secured my undivided attention, and the boredom monster had fled from my cranium.

Moreover, that knot of tension in my neck had fully relaxed. Up until that instant, I'd only seen photos of guns in books and magazines, or in black and white, war, cowboy, detective, and gangster movies.

Grandpa's weapon was the first genuine firearm, I'd actually laid eyes upon! *Wow! It's the real McCoy.*

Instinctively, I knew better than to ask to touch the weapon, though I clearly wanted to hold it, and I didn't want to interrupt whatever it was that

Grandpa was about to say. As he hefted the deadly black weapon, he struck a lawyerly pose with the barrel of the gun aimed straight-up at the ceiling, and began an eloquent lecture. *This is cool as shit!*

Cursing was reflective with me, since all my parent's friends, my friends, and all their parents cursed, so it always mystified me that neither of my parents cursed.

“You see Joey, when you practice criminal law, and you're forced to deal with wanton criminals, you must have one of these in the house, and one in your office. In addition, there are certain people, who have expressed extreme animosity toward me for my defending those people with darker skin color. In truth, I'm more afraid of them, than I am the criminals. Many of the folks, who hate the Negros are

the cops. At times, I carry a pistol in my pocket, and even in the courtroom. Murder also evokes unpredictable emotions in the murder victim's family. I never want to have to shoot someone, but it's better than getting shot myself."

Through the years, Grandpa would mention other trial lawyers, who'd been killed for helping defend blacks. In those days, courtrooms didn't have metal detectors, nor was it illegal to carry a concealed weapon. No permit was required, as it is now in many states. Largely due to white sentiment, many of the white racist killers had gotten off with light sentences, or had not been convicted, even when the evidence was overwhelming. Years later, I too carried a gun into a courtroom. I was dating a woman, who was going through a nasty divorce, and the contesting husband was literally crazy, and known for being violent. He had a serious relationship with cocaine. Only thirty years old and he had several past convictions for aggravated battery, and weapons charges, so I carried the pistol into the courtroom, inside a briefcase. I sat in the back of the courtroom, with my hand in the briefcase, holding the gun's handle.

"I've only got a few minutes to tell you about

this gun, so listen-up Joey.” Grandpa responded; while I gaped in awe at the weapon.

“Please tell me, Grandpa!”

Asking a gifted attorney to explain something, which they find noteworthy, is like commanding a ravenous tiger to eat raw filet mignon. Because of my titanic problem with tedium, Grandpa was feeling obligated to launch into an enlightening discourse. Gripping the police special with his left hand and further elevating it, he then directed his oral opus with the index finger of his right hand. Since rhetoric was his stock and trade, I was graced with a thorough explanation of how to load, sight, and fire the weapon, as well as its basic external parts, and their operation. The presentation was punctuated with some gory anatomical imagery, which Grandpa no doubt had seen in the black and white police photos of murder victims. He knew I was not a sensitive boy, so he liberally described the graphic details.

“...and the back half of the store owner’s head was completely blown-off, leaving a big bloody piece of pink brain, hanging-out and laying-down on the side of his neck and shirt collar. Blood was splattered on the walls, and so, it was pretty obvious that...”

While Grandpa chronicled the grisly photographs, it once again occurred to me, that as a freakishly skilled attorney, he had set dangerous characters free to continue their mayhem amongst the more innocent genteel folks of Mobile society. That must have also occurred to Grandpa, though he didn't hesitate in his oration.

After he'd replaced the weapon, beneath his neatly folded white boxers, he next extracted a shiny cartridge from the blue and red hard paper ammo box. The cartridge provoked an addendum to his firearm presentation. Grandpa described in glorious detail the means by which the weapon made the cartridge fire. How the fulminated mercury inside the hollow little button shaped silver primer on the flat bottom end of each shell casing, would explode, when struck by the gun's firing-pin. In turn, the exploding fulminated mercury, would then set-off the black gun powder inside the brass shell casing. The exploding gunpowder, then propelled the copper-coated, copper-jacketed, lead bullet out of the brass cartridge, down the gun barrel, and toward the intended target, whatever or whomever that might be.

Grandpa's words sailed-on, describing how the

original gunpowder was made from a carefully measured mixture of 75% salt peter (potassium nitrate), 10% sulfur, and 15% softwood charcoal. I somewhat understood the idea of percentages, since Dad had explained them, when teaching me poker. I'm sure that Grandpa had presented those ballistic facts, to juries, while defending his murderous clients. In truth, Grandpa was wrong about the gun powder being that mixture, for by then (1953) it was actually a compound called, cordite, made of nitrocellulose, nitroglycerine, and petroleum jelly had replaced the salt peter, sulfur, and charcoal blend.

“Joey, the Chinese invented the concoction of gunpowder around the tenth century, but at first, they only used it to make flashy fireworks. When the old guys discovered it, they were actually trying to make medical mixtures designed to lengthen a person's life. After they blended the three components, they heated a little of it, and found that the mixture exploded, and bingo, they discovered gunpowder. Later, gunpowder was employed in the ancient guns, bombs, and cannons. Those early weapons all used fuses. *I've never heard of guns with fuses, but I guess they're sort of like cannons.* And Joey,

even those old fuses were nothing more than rolled-up or twisted-up paper or cloth, containing a wee bit of gunpowder sprinkled inside, and maybe some fine thread wound around the outside to hold it all together. But the trick to making gunpowder explode is to pack it, in a confined space! If the gunpowder is too loose and not packed, it just burns and smokes a lot, as it does loosely sprinkled inside a fuse. The gunpowder has been changed through the years. It was even used in those two atomic bombs, we dropped on Japan. The gunpowder (cordite) inside the atomic bombs was used to set-off the big atomic part of the explosion. It's gunpowder which is inside this brass cartridge." He said this holding-up the single shiny brass cartridge, end-to-end, between his thumb and index finger of his left hand.

My fascination grew, as he continued telling the historical narrative. Listening to Grandpa and thinking about the bombs, which I'd seen in movies, I felt the thrill of understanding, and began to ask a few pertinent questions. My Dad had frequently made me memorize useful facts, but he'd never provided me with such a functionally comprehensive explanation; something I could actually put to use. Also, it was the fact that Grandpa was telling me

something with tremendous destructive potential, which also fascinated me.

“So the gunpowder can be set-off, by simply lighting a fuse with a match, and the fuse is nothing more than loose gunpowder twisted-up in paper or cloth, with thread wrapped around the outside? If you pulled out that copper coated lead bullet from that brass cartridge, there’s black gun powder inside that brass shell; gun powder like what’s used in a bomb; and, to make the gunpowder explode you pack it tightly, right?” I queried, while pointing at the box of brass cartridges. In old black and white TV cartoons, I’d frequently seen black bowling ball-looking bombs, complete with sparking fuses. Black and white cartoon characters, in the early 1950s, were often throwing such bombs at each other.

“That’s right, Joey. This brass shell casing is filled with explosive black gun powder; pretty much the same stuff as was used in the old pirate cannons, and in early hand-thrown bombs. Like I said, gun powder was made out of salt peter, sulphur, and charcoal, about a 75-10-15 mixture, 75 percent salt peter, 10 percent sulphur, and 15 percent charcoal, but anything fairly close to that ratio will work. It doesn’t have to be perfect. Hope you enjoyed this

little lecture. Now, I've got to hurry off to court, Joey."

With animated alacrity, Grandpa checked his watch, put the cartridge back in the box, and closed the dresser drawer. Then patted me on top of my head, leaned back and smiled, as he realized that he had fully succeeded in momentarily suspending my boredom.

"Now Joey, promise me that you'll never touch that gun. Guns are very dangerous, so don't touch it! I've gotta run, because I still need to talk with my client, before we go into the courtroom. Remember don't touch the gun! Now, promise me, Joey!"

"I promise I won't touch the gun, Grandpa." I honestly stated.

His request rolled off his tongue accompanied by his most grievous solemn frown, as he rotated his face back and forth, causing his freshly shaven aged jowls to shake. His *Old Spice* aftershave was pleasant, yet slightly overpowering. Putting on a somber expression, I tried to match his seriousness as I sincerely swore my promise, while likewise shaking my head back and forth, but without the shave, the aftershave, nor the loose skin, at least not back then.

Now, I shave every day, have plenty of loose facial skin, and often use the same cheap *Old Spice*. *Old Spice*, even though it has an old sailing ship as its logo, really isn't really that old, having been developed around 1934. Although, the ships used as the logos are much older, one the ship being the *Grand Turk-Salem* from around 1786, and the other ship is *Recovery-Salem*, built circa 1794. The scent of *Old Spice* is extremely unique, and sometimes activates my brain circuits, which form the very essence of my memories of Grandpa... memories begetting memories.

In a very real sense, Grandpa's lecture about the pistol, the cartridge, the early fused weapons, and the gunpowder was my first real academic lecture... the first time someone had spoken to me, as if I were capable of comprehending a complex set of inter-related issues. My Dad's teachings had been designed to strictly have me do basic math and memorize facts: names of countries on a map, names of various animals, flags of countries, the names and silhouettes of aircraft, identifying and facts about snakes, counting, adding, and subtracting numbers, percentages, odds, the names of the continents, colors and what other color you might by mixing

them, the names of the oceans and the various large seas, rivers, the names of national capitals, months of the year, key dates in history, Morris code, etc. But, Grandpa's lecture had involved a functionality, how things were made and operated. He'd also stirred-in some entertaining violence and gore, as well as some historical facts, ergo the brief presentation had been a more total brain experience. In effective, his spellbinding lecture called into play various parts of my brain, both logical and emotional, which resulted in a creative piece of gray goop coming to life, somewhere between my ears. His multifaceted meticulous lecture had awoken an awareness of myself as a creative individual.

My Mom generally talked quite a bit, but always addressed me as a child, and had no desire to teach me much of anything, except for stuff in the Bible, which just seemed like a mixture of good advice and silly fairytales, as well as how to tie my shoes, how to make my bed, how to run the vacuum, to the scrub the sink, tub, and toilet, and how to cook an omelet. But, neither of my parents had ever provided me with such an informative and descriptive presentation, as had Grandpa. Maybe, he should have been a teacher. His talk inspired me and I felt the

need to explore that information, to test its' veracity.

Until that day, I'd always done the right thing, but as it turned-out, it was finally time to strike-out on my own, and whether what I did was right or not, wasn't of any genuine consequence, then. The desire to create, to experiment, was plainly too important to be ignored. But at that moment, I hadn't a clue about how to make use of Grandpa's amazing instruction, but since I had been given my first glimpse into the functional and practical understanding of something, I felt the need to somehow use it, but initially, I didn't know how.

Despite my near irresistible curiosity, I made good on my promise not to touch the pistol. Nevertheless, Grandpa had said nothing about the big blue and red box of .38 cartridges, and so in my mind, they were fair-game, and not part of my promise. The .38 cartridges clearly were not mentioned in our holy verbal contract, and so they continued to occupy my thoughts. Grandpa's speech was far more inspirational than Grandma's jokes from the *Reader's Digest*, or the recent gossip in the paper's local section. Grandpa had no idea what he'd started, yet that evening he would.

Other than mentioning that guns were

dangerous, Grandpa had said absolutely nothing about gun safety. Back then, people were not as afraid of guns, as they seem to be today. Lately, it seems that fewer young people shoot.

Correspondingly, back then, it didn't seem that there were as many people with severe mental aberrations. Possibly, this was because there wasn't nearly as much drug abuse. There was far less heroin, cocaine, and absolutely no crack cocaine, and very little homemade crystal meth. Methamphetamine had existed for many years, before I was born, but compared to today, few people indulged. Most of the meth had been used by the Nazi war machine in WWII: pilots and tank crews. Even the Japanese kamikaze pilots had used it. A few times in my life, I've used oral meth, and I've got to say, my ability to concentrate and compute was markedly enhanced.

<http://www.drugfreeworld.org/drugfacts/crystalmeth/history-of-methamphetamine.html>

There's more than an even chance that the majority of mass shootings are now drug-related (crimes to get money to buy them, crimes to steal the drugs, selling the drugs, aggressive behavior due to

the the use of drugs, etc.), or who had their brains adversely affected in the womb by the tainted blood of their drug-addicted mothers. Such mothers just can't deal with the misery without the drug and try to assuage their guilt, by deludedly telling themselves that the drug might somehow argument the child's development. Meth, and other amphetamines, can be used to induce a state, which is clinically indistinguishable from acute clinical paranoid schizophrenia. In fact, now more schizophrenia is caused by drugs, than by the good ole fashioned ways of stress, and/or genetics. The psychotic effect is even more powerful, if combined with LSD. Consequently, if a person is borderline schizophrenic, just the smallest amount of meth and/or LSD can send them over the edge. Possibly, some of the people, who commit mass shootings, are manipulated that way. What I'm saying is that aside for crime/drug-related violence, there have been these other weird mass shootings, which may be being orchestrated to affect people's attitudes toward guns. Perhaps, By abusing disturbed people to commit these heinous crimes, the dire results can be used to encourage legislation to get guns out of circulation. It also increases public paranoia about violence and terrorism, which causes the gun

manufactures to sell more guns. When you think about it, both groups benefit, with those insane mass shootings. The gun manufacturers sell more guns and the anti-gun lobby get more money to support their cause. This then causes the *NRA (National Rifle Association)* to garner more support. Having said this, it becomes more obvious why certain people might want to see such bloody violence happen. So it's important to keep the American public believing that terrorism is real, and though some of it is real, actual political/religious-based terrorism may not be nearly as pervasive as we're lead to believe. Make no mistake the military industries depend on your fear of terrorism to generate business like massively expensive: weapons (cruise missiles, bombs, missiles, artillery, etc.), ships (aircraft carriers, cruisers,, transports, mine layers, submarines, destroyers, fast attack boats, river boats, etc.), planes (drones, long-range high speed pilotless bombers, fighters, bombers, AWACs, refuels, reconnaissance aircraft, gunships, transports, etc.), tanks, communications, gear medical supplies, satellites, clothing, food, boots, etc. Defense takes the biggest bite out of the budget.

If those corporate lobbyists control the

government, and corporate America wants to make more money, and raises the price of all our goods (food, gas, diesel, clothing, etc.), this would probably launch us into another depression, and that might make people consider a revolution, and what would it be like, if the ultra rich lost got caught-up in a revolution and lost control of their money? Heaven forbid! If the corporate lobbyists and the corporations do raise their prices to the point that a revolution ensues, homeland security has first got to make sure that the guns are under better control, before the riots begin. So, all those strangely unexplainable crazy mass shootings by various unbalanced people may be purposely orchestrated to provide the politicians with the requisite excuse, to successfully get the anti-gun legislation drafted and passed.

The funny thing is that no matter how many people are killed by the lunatics, very few Americans will tolerate their guns taken away, not even most of the Democrats, and people on the extreme left of the political spectrum. Frankly, all that money which goes into the *NRA* lobbying is largely unnecessary. Almost everyone I know, be they Democrat or Republican, owns at least one gun.

Oh sure, left wing publications, radio broadcast, and podcast, seem to be anti-gun, but even the people that I know, who listen to, and largely agree with most of the politics, don't believe in that one aspect of the show's propaganda, and don't want their guns to be taken away. Although a few do support a ban on assault weapons, even so, that's only a few of those left-wingers. I'd support a ban on assault weapons, if I trusted the government, but as things are I definitely don't. You can never tell when some egomaniac gets elected to the presidency that he or she might attempt to turn our government into an oligarchy. If Trump gets elected he'll be pro-gun, but hell on other things such as racism. If Hillary gets in, she'll be anti-gun but continue to cripple the economic underprivileged, with welfare, etc.

Some people's answer to the psychopaths is to ban guns. Should we lose our right to bear arms? If so, there are a couple of disturbing concerns. One is that there is the very real possibility that criminals will still have guns, while the honest citizens will be defenseless. The average response time for most police is ten minutes, before they arrive at a home invasion! The world can change a significant amount in ten minutes, if you're unarmed, and the bogeyman

kicks in your door, in the middle of the night, with a sawed-off shotgun. It only takes second for him to reach your bedroom.

If you're a husband, just imagine a well-armed dangerous criminal, or maybe two or three of them, kicking in your front door, and your daughter and/or your wife are there. Who knows what's on those criminals' minds? Remember that you can only stand there, because they have weapons and you have none. You may or may not have had time to call the police, but regardless, the criminals have more or less ten minutes. Possibly the intruders only want to just steal and leave, but perchance they're in the mood for a quick rape or two, and then, a swift killing of all the witnesses. On the other hand, maybe the guy knows you, and just broke-in your home to kill you, because you didn't give them a raise, or you'd because you'd had an argument with him at work that day, and so after he'd gone out to a bar and had gotten drunk, and remembered the gun under his car seat, then he recalled where you live. Murders aren't always logical.

Even if the cop's response time was half that long, say five minutes, you're still in an awfully bad situation without a gun! Frequently, the home

invader is well into the home, before the family awakens and there is no time to phone the police, but a gun on the bedside table can be grabbed in a second or two and is an extremely effective deterrent. To understand this logic, all you have to do is to put yourself in the criminal's shoes. Which home would you rather invade... the one where there are no guns, or the one where you know there's a good chance you'll get your ass shot-off? Don't you think criminals would love the idea of there being no guns? If you were a criminal, I can guarantee you, that you'd be praying that the homeowner was unarmed. Now imagine that you've just broken into someone's home, and you hear the homeowner chamber a round into their twelve gauge pump-shotgun. What are you going to do? Keep walking down the hall toward the home owner, or would you be thinking about getting the hell back out of that house? The obvious answer is you're going to leave!

The second worrisome thought, about there being no guns, is that with the guns gone, power-hungry CEOs, who are in full control of our/their politicians, and in effect in control of the military and the police, can then more easily control the populace. Perhaps this scenario has something to do

with all the crazy inexplicable mass shootings. How often have you, the public, been able to hear the killer explain his motive of the killings? These tragedies could help to get the guns banned.

However, three stumbling blocks to getting weapons ban: the *NRA*, the fact that most cops support the right to bare arms, and then there's the second amendment to the constitution!

In some countries, the public's loss of their firearms hasn't proven to be too bad yet, but in other countries, said loss of arms has been nothing short of disastrous. The standard of living in England has been steadily dropping and guns are illegal. If the economy got bad enough in England there'd be no danger if the citizens started to revolt. Perchance, soon the British labor party may take control. That is if the election machines aren't being jimmied. Because of the loss of guns, the same is true for China, South Korea, Australia, and several of the countries of Europe. The correlation between gun control and a drop in the economy is more than enough to make me nervous.

Without the public owning guns, the ultra rich and the government don't fear revolution, so the government can safely tax the hell out of the poor,

and the corporations raise their prices through the roof, as well the MIC can drain the federal budget, making over priced war materials: carriers, cruises, destroyers, frigates, jet fighters, bombers, bombs, ICBMs, cruise missiles, billions of rounds of ammo, small arms, missile carries, helicopters, mortars, other types of missiles, mines, radar equipment, communications gear, satellite surveillance, satellite communication, satellite weapons, ABMs, tanks, trucks, jeeps, troop carriers, booths, uniforms, canteens, backpacks, helmets, artillery, and the list goes on, and on, and on, and... Consequently, the citizens are drained of their funds, until they begin to scream about the poor economy, because all the money is then owned by a very few. Those in control literally want all the money. This is not rocket science, and it's not a conspiracy theory; it's plain logic, based on the way things have been going in the past and the present, and on how the self-absorbed psychopathic mind works.

For psychopathic CEOs and politicians to get more control, the guns should be eliminated, and with the public's acceptance. That way, when the economy crashes, the citizens are left relatively helpless, and by their own choosing. The unarmed

masses can be kept under control by the military and/or the police. The military and the police won't support an uprising of the people, because they (the military and police) will still be getting paid well. The police and the military are the insurance policy of psychopathic government officials, and greedy corporate CEOs, and their board officers.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/
List_of_European_countries_by_average_wage](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_European_countries_by_average_wage)

When I was a child, people didn't go around killing groups of innocents for insane motives. Of course, there were the 1920s and 30s, when the gangsters used fully automatic tommy-guns, at the *Saint Valentine's Day Massacre*, and during a few of the famous bank robberies. But those were killings with good old fashion motives, like revenge and greed. The gangsters were psychopaths, but by no means were they delusional. Now we have mass shootings in schools, movie theaters, churches, military installations, etc., all for apparent insane reasons. Made by people, who always get caught, since they're insane, and operating without any real serious escape plan. They are nothing like the serial

killers, who kill one at a time over an extended period. Back in the 20s and 30s, gangsters were often revered as heroes. Strangely, people tended not to look at those shootings with the horror, with which they do today. Since the banks had stolen the country's wealth, people often worshipped the criminals. No one worships, those strange present-day mass shooters. These people, who kill without a sane motive, seem unreal, as if they're not functioning on their own recognizance, and I don't mean that they are unreal, just because they're insane.

In the 1920s and 1930s, people tended not to trust the government, but since the government had allowed big business and the banks to abscond with the money of most of the upper class, and all of the wealth of the middle and lower classes. The banks bankrupted the entire nation, launching the United States into the great depression. This caused Grandpa to begin to accept goods and real estate as payment from his clients. Since gangsters appeared to be the only people, who made a serious effort to throw-off the yoke of poverty, and rail back against the evil banksters ('Banksters' is a term I first heard Thom Hartman use, an extremely bright man, who

probably should run for office, still I don't like his perspective on gun control.), so understandably many people admired the criminals, much as some of today's gangsters and drug dealers are admired, by many of America's uneducated and financially downtrodden.

As mentioned, in my boyhood days, there were no metal detectors in the schools, police stations, court houses, or airports. No one had heard of anything, remotely resembling the strange and horrible church shooting in South Carolina, the *Columbine High School* shooting, the movie theater shooting in Aurora Colorado, the *Sandy Hook Elementary School* shooting, the two *Fort Hood* shooting, the bombing at the *Boston Marathon*, or the *Las Vegas* shooting, etc. Most of these strange miserable acts of human slaughter appear to be senseless, and generated by people suffering mental aberrations. Have you noticed how those particular criminals have no voice in the American media?

To say the least, those killers were highly disturbed, and perhaps brain washed by someone, or some organization. My bet is that someone may have put them up to committing those heinous crimes, by exploiting their mental illnesses. Throughout my life,

I have had the pleasure of knowing dozens of schizophrenics, most of which are good and descent people. But because of my experiences with them, I've come to realize that schizophrenics can easily be manipulated, once their meds begin to fail and their delusions begin to ramp-up. It's even easier if you slipped them a small doses of speed or hallucinogens. The manipulator would first have get to know them, and develop a convincing friendship, without overdoing it. Over time, the manipulator might say things, which subtlety confirm the schizophrenic's delusions, as if they (the manipulator) also somewhat believes the delusions, or at least some aspects of them. The manipulator could gradually introduce additional variables into the schizophrenic's paranoid delusions. That way, he or she could steer the mentally ill person toward the intended target, the mass shooting. For example, a common schizophrenic delusion is that evil space aliens are telepathically communicating with them (the schizophrenic), often terrifying them. Of course, the voices of the space aliens are nothing more than the schizophrenic's auditory hallucinations. Their over active locus coeruleus stimulating their medial geniculate bodies, which then in turn stimulate their subconscious memories and fears in their

hippocampi, and amygdalae, which are then used to stimulate cells in their left and right temporal cortexes, thus they hear those fear-inducing alien voices. If a person wanted to use a schizophrenic to commit a mass shooting it would be relatively easy.

Eventually, the schizophrenic would tell their manipulator about some of the their delusional ideations and experiences, and there will be times, when the poor schizophrenic firmly believes that the alien voices are 'real.' The manipulator could say, that he or she has also heard similar voices, but it's important that while they show fear, they don't go too overboard in their confirmation, yet like the schizophrenic, the manipulator should express some trepidation about the voices, that way the schizophrenic begins to commiserate with the manipulator. They've found a kindred spirit. The manipulator could mention to the schizophrenic that the voices seem to be stronger, whenever he or she (the manipulator) is near the proposed target for the mass shooting: a school, a movie theater, a business, a church, a restaurant, a government building... take your pick. Of course, the public outcry, and rage would be greatest for an attack on a school.

At times, when the schizophrenic seems well

balanced, the manipulator could take the schizophrenic out into the woods to teach them how to shoot. Maybe, they could practice with an AR-15, with a large capacity clip, and with a semiautomatic handgun; a fifteen round large caliber pistol of some dependable type. For even greater effect, the schizophrenic might be given a bomb. After the schizophrenic has attained a degree of proficiency with the weapons, then perchance another day, when the schizophrenic is apparently less stable, the manipulator could suggest that he or she thinks that the people at that target building are in fact the evil aliens in disguise, and that they've come to destroy everyone on earth, and it is the schizophrenic's mission to save earth!

On the day of the shooting, the manipulator could give the schizophrenic a drink containing 25 milligrams of meth, laced with a touch of LSD. It would take about forty-five minutes for the LSD to really kick-in the hallucinations. If the schizophrenic seemed psychologically fragile enough, the manipulator wouldn't need the meth or the LSD, just a strong dose of caffeine might be enough to put the poor schizophrenic over the edge. During that time, the manipulator might drive the schizophrenic to the

target building, with the weapons in the trunk. Parking in a nearby alley, where there are no cameras. The manipulator might ask the poor schizophrenic, to confirm that he can hear the voices, now that they're close to the target. Once confirmed, and the schizophrenic knows that the people in said building are about to destroy the entire earth, the manipulator gives the schizophrenic the loaded AR-15, and the handgun, and maybe even the bomb, having made sure the weapons' safeties are off. Something tells me, that this sick scenario has already played-out.

How might I have come-up with the above scenario? That above sad psychological manipulation is certainly not just my idea, nor is it a good idea. It's not too different from what Charles Manson did with his followers, using principally LSD. Through the years, we've heard plenty from crazy Charley. Why don't we hear more from the unhinged present day mass killers? Charlie's followers have talked at length about how Charlie used drugs to influence them. Could it be that once on camera, the present-day killers might give-away the fact that they too had been manipulated, to commit their horrible acts of violence? But instead of crazy Charlie being the

manipulator, it was someone in the government? As already mentioned, there are various medical reports showing that amphetamine-induced psychosis is clinically indistinguishable from acute paranoid schizophrenia. Why doesn't America get to hear what these insane killers think? Could it be that there's a tad of truth to their delusions?

For that matter, if Osama bin Laden was truly insanely evil, and wrong in his assumptions about America, the Great Satan, why didn't we put him on public trial, rather than special ops putting a bullet in his head? Why not a trial, as was done with Germany's war criminals? The nazi criminals were all allowed to speak on their behalf, during the trial, and right before their execution, so why not bin Laden? Hitler killed many times the numbers of people, which Osama did. Each Nazi was allowed to make a statement, right before they were hung. Most of them said something patriotic about their fatherland, Germany. The killing of bin Laden reminds me of the assassination of Lee Harvey Oswald. Is it too much to assume that the US government wanted to hush him up; after all, America has killed millions of Arabs, many of which were completely innocent? All those bombs and cruise missiles, didn't differentiate

between soldiers, and women, kids, and old folks.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kWR2I5Q9d9U>

The twin towers was indeed a killing of innocents, but I don't think it was done, as I described above, by manipulating a schizophrenic. You've got to wonder exactly how those Saudi Arabians were persuaded to carry-out that mass slaughter. There's got to be nothing quite like killing lots of innocent people, and be willing to give-up your life in the process. Less than three thousand died, not six and a half million jews. It doesn't matter if it's the Saudis killing the innocents in those twin towers and the pentagon, or the innocents in Baghdad, when we sent in the cruise missiles and lobbed in the two thousand pounders. Why is it that the public is never allowed to hear directly from terrorists, not from any of the mass shooters in the US, nor from Osama? Nor, do we get to hear from the families, who have lost loved ones because of our cruise missile hits (over 1600), drone strikes (actual numbers not reported), and smart bomb attacks (over 100,000 strikes). Why not? American media

personnel are supposed to present both sides of a story. Why hasn't some reporter interviewed those unfortunate folks, created a corresponding documentary, and aired it on American TV/radio/publications? Some mom loses her child to a tornado, in Oklahoma, and the crying mom is splashed all over the news, and it's only one dead kid. But, thousands of moms lose thousands of children in military strikes in Iraq, and we don't hear so much as a peep. Well, that's the media for you, or is it the *CIA* controlling your media?

Why didn't the *SEALS* throw-in a few stun grenades, handcuff the evil bin Laden, zip-tie his ankles, gag and blindfold him, carry him to the helicopter, and bring him back alive? He could have been executed, after the trial. I genuinely would have liked to hear exactly how he orchestrated 911, the twin towers and the pentagon; that is, if he really arranged those things. Perhaps, the *SEALS* did bring bin Laden back alive, and those photos of Osama's dead body were photoshopped. Maybe, bin Laden wasn't allowed to address the American public, because some people feel that the American people are too easily influenced? But, wasn't it you, the American taxpayer, who paid for that costly *SEAL*

operation, so why not a public trial?

http://www.huffingtonpost.com/2013/05/21/osama-bin-laden-photos_n_3312970.html

I for one, would like to have heard what bin Laden, and some of these other killers, might have had to say. I don't care if they're crazy, I'd still like to hear what they had to say. Through the years, we've heard tons of stuff from Charles Manson, and Lord knows he's been playing with a deck of jokers. There are books filled with his strange quotes. So, why not bin Laden, why not these mass shooters?

<https://www.amazon.com/Manson-His-Own-Words-Confessions/dp/0802130240>

But one thing for sure, not all mass or serial killers are insane. Certainly, bin Laden wasn't. We're lead to believe, that since the killers actions are so egregious, they don't merit a public ear; yet I for one, would like to have heard what bin Laden had to say, be it just or unjust, sane or insane. In a way, I feel that the American people were entitled to hear his

comments. After all, the taxpayers paid for the massive search to find bin Laden. I'd like to hear him tell his side of the story, why he did what he supposedly did! Wouldn't you have been interested in listening to his side of the story? What's happened to freedom of the press? Or perhaps, someone is afraid of what Osama might have say. Hollywood makes countless movies designed to focus on the mind of the macabre killer, but when the real thing comes around, we are not allowed to hear what they have to say, and surprisingly no ones bothers to object! Why not? Are the American people just too dumb to be so informed, or could it be that there is a nugget of truth in what these folks might have to say?

Quite likely, the world's most horrendous bloody psychopathic killers are the corporate leaders of America's military industrial complex, especially, now that America is the world's policeman. We now do more killing than anyone. It used to be that nazi Germany, Russia, and China were the biggest killers, but in the last three decades, we have assumed that role. And then there's those industries, which are now unmercifully polluting the big blue marble. The glaciers are fast disappearing and half of the Great

barrier Reef is dead due to elevated water temps. Moreover, all but one year since 1999, have been record hot years, since temperatures have been recorded. Moreover, the CEOs of those companies comprising big Pharma, purposely fail to cure disease, and just keeps pedaling that snake-oil called, longterm treatments. There are now so many black (secret intelligence agency) accounts over seas, that they are worth more than the collective worth of the entire United States. Just look at the numbers of dead created by war, military conflicts, pollution, non-curative medicine, and poverty. Aren't you sick of all the nebulous unjust reasons why those things should be allowed to continue. Look at the reams of propaganda, which are designed to justify: war, pollution/global warming, bad medicine, various types of discrimination, and poverty.

Sometimes the reasons for war go beyond simple power and greed. Instead, the killing and maiming is for the sheer enjoyment of a particular group of psychopathic neurons, possessed by far too many citizens. Just look at the conservative Americans who love it. When the American military attacks some weaker country or peoples, regardless of the reason, those folks go orgasmic. When I'm confronted by

such people, I employ a type of reverse psychology, and say things like the following.

“Why should we have to pretend that the reason we bombed the crap out of Bagdad was because of weapons of mass destruction? Why hide our real motives? Should we be ashamed? Fuck no! Why shouldn’t we admit that we wanted their oil and their massive treasury? Why hide it? And why don’t we just kill the rest of those stupid Iraqis? Kill em all! That way we don’t have to worry about them, ever again!”

This absurd response either is agreed with, or the listener looks at me like I’ve lost my mind. The latter being the more sane people. I’m nearly positive that if all the people listed below were still alive, they could give you a significant amount of rhetoric on why they absolutely had to kill so many people, but there is a real possibility they simply enjoyed killing; it’s probably inherent in their gray matter... natural born killers.

1. Mengistu Haile Mariam (Ethiopia)...
approximately .4 million to 1.5 million dead
1. Yakubu Gowon (Nigeria)... approximately 1.1 million dead

1. Kim II Sung (North Korea)... approximately 1.6 million dead
1. Pol Pot (Cambodia)... approximately 1.7 million dead
1. George W. Bush (United States)... approximately 1 million dead Iraqis, and about 0.3 million dead Afghans.
1. Ismail Enver Pasha (Ottoman Empire)... approximately 2.5 million dead
1. Hideki Tojo (Japan)... approximately 5 million dead
1. Leopold II (Belgium)... approximately 2 to 15 million dead
1. Adolph Hitler (Germany)... approximately 17 million dead
1. Jozef Stalin (Soviet Union)... approximately 23 million dead
1. Mao Zedong (China)... approximately 49 to 78 million dead {Mao is the all time winner}
1. Genghis Khan (Mongol Empire)... about 40 million dead, but it's impossible to know for sure how many people died, during the Mongol conquests.

Just try to image that you were one of those wonderful men and had killed all those people for fame, greed, power, or simply for that warm fuzzy feeling, but definitely not for goodness sake. Hard to imagine such? Even in our little old Vietnam war, more than three million Vietnamese perished; of course, that was spread-out over several presidents, and more than fifty-thousand Americans were killed, and for what? Dominoes? The only realistic reason, which makes any sense, is that the Vietnam war allowed the military industrial complex (roughly 300 giant corporations) to make an absolute fortune!

Bush's less than honest machinations got us into Iraq, so those 300 military industries could make yet another fortune, while the oil companies got oodles of free oil, we got the Iraqi military off the Saudi's back, and our intelligence agencies absconded with the gigantic Iraqi treasury. After all, the Saudis are George's personal friends. But in that war, about a half to one million Iraqis were killed, and only five thousand of our guys. Now that's a ratio for you, one of our's dead for every two hundred dead enemy! Cruise missiles, drone strikes, and fighter and bomber strikes are indeed devastating. Aren't they? Why is it that it's seemingly impossible to find any data on

what percentage of those killed by the cruise missiles and bombs, were woman, children, and old men? In most countries about half the adults are women and one third of a country's population is kids, and roughly seventeen percent of a country is made-up of men over aged fifty. If Bagdad was like that, then we certainly killed a lot of innocents.

How many times must a man look up

Before he can see the sky?

Yes, 'N' how many ears must one man have

Before he can hear people cry?

Yes, 'N' how many deaths will it take till he
knows

That too many people have died?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind

The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Blowin' in the Wind

by Bob Dylan/Robert Zimmerman

Most politicians and their demanding corporate masters are like great whites cruising just off the

beach, but while sharks have a big dorsal fin that will supply the swimmer with some manner of warning, corporate CEOs and politicians often operate without warning, and unlike sharks, they're never satiated. Do you believe that the stuff that *WorldCom* or *Enron* pulled is a rarity? Don't you think that those Trump bankruptcies destroyed people's lives? Do you think Donald honestly cared? Corporate greed is the only religion practiced by the CEOs of the planet, and corporate greed spills plenty of blood. Millions of gallons for bloody profit, and not just in wars.

Years ago, I watched the Brando movie *Apocalypse Now*. When I saw that helpless hog-tied lamb, hanging below that corporate-built Huey helicopter, I couldn't decide whether the animal represented the thousands of American GIs killed, the three million Vietnamese that were slaughtered, or just all the death and misery in general, which accompanies such massive corporate greed. When it comes to the military industrial complex, they view all of us as potential lambs to be slaughtered on the altar of avarice. Not referring to the soldiers, war likely represents all that is worst about humanity, especially when all that killing, maiming, and suffering is just for money, but blamed on some

nebulous lies. In all honesty, there's no war that's been conducted by the US, in the last seventy years, which is remotely justifiable; especially the 'war' on drugs.

The end of WWII should have meant peace for America, if not the whole world, but Korea had been part of the Japanese empire throughout the first half of the 20th century, so when we overthrew Japan, Korea was suddenly free, and while most of the Koreans wanted a unified state, both the United States and the Soviet Union had other ideas. The Russians wanted to expand their influence into Korea. The division of Korea into North and South began in 1945, and erupted into actual war/conflict in 1950, which lasted to 1953. Korea has tremendous mineral resources, but the weather and harsh terrain make them tough to extract. The United States encouraged the establishment of democracy, and definitely didn't want the Russians to take over Korea. Those things would lead to the Korean War, the first conflict of the Cold War, and the first real proxy war fought between the United States and a Soviet communist-supported North Korea. That war seems semi-legitimate, unlike all those which followed. On the other hand, the Koreans are so

tough, they might have kicked the Soviet army by themselves, all the way back to Moscow.

The war in Vietnam had no valid reason, other than to make money for the military industrial complex (MIC). Had it been a real all out war, we would have bombed Hanoi, and knocked out the Haiphong harbor, instead of dropping bombs in the jungle at night, on nothing but dirt and plants. The war in Iraq was started on nothing but lies, the weapons of mass destruction, but the real reasons were to steal (oil and Iraqi treasury), and again, for the MIC to get rich. Again, please keep in mind that it was men from Saudi Arabia, who nailed the twin towers and supposedly the pentagon, not Iraqis. The war in Afghanistan has no legitimate reason either, but having destroyed the Taliban's control, we inherited the opium trade, as well as ten gold mines, and various other valuable mineral mines, and once again, the ever greedy MIC got extremely rich. How many tons of bombs and artillery did we dump on those largely uninhabited and cold mountains. The US military budget is larger than the next seven largest budgetary allocations combined.

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/>

[List_of_countries_by_military_expenditures](#)

The cause of war is simple. It's when the politicians can't resist the MIC's substantial influence, and the public's ignorance has gotten to the point, that they'll believe nearly anything, or at least the propaganda the media cranks out to justify the need to go blow the crap out of a whole lot of foreigners, most of which are innocent. War seems to be the only way many of the military support industries can survive, even though, war is: blindness, deafness, loss of brain functions, loss of body parts, various forms of disfigurement, insanity, loss of love, loss of sex, colostomy bags, artificial arms and legs, lots and lots of nightmares, and of course, it is most certainly death, big heaping train loads of rancid stinking death; paid for by America's taxpayers. The MIC, its' lobbyists, and their many bribed politicians are all deadly liars, wrapping themselves in the flag of patriotism, while allowing our soldiers to be killed in unjust, if not downright criminal, wars.

War is when old men lie, so brave men can die.

The Truest Lie by W. M. Alore

Since America's wars are generally started to create corporate profits, why is it that so many non-corporate Americans seem to literally worship war? And often, these are the people, who do not profit from the war. In fact, it is their tax dollars, if not their blood, or the blood of their friends and/or family, which is spilled, during the war. These worshipers of war are rarely combat vets. These are the same people, who often call Arabs, 'rag heads,' or the Vietnamese, 'gooks,' or refer to other races by various demeaning names. These are people, who frequently love to hate, even if it's just done vicariously! If those folks are incapable of unselfish love, at least hate will allow them to feel alive, if you can call hate living.

Massacring lots of Arabs (Iraqis, Afghans, etc.) and Asians (Vietnamese), and those don't include the roughly seventy other countries, in which we constantly carryout special ops missions, drone strikes, and the occasional air strike. These conflicts are accomplished with a comparative small percentage of dead GIs, and have managed to keep the American war industries rolling in huge profits... trillions of dollars, and remember that a million

millions is one trillion. In addition, novels get written and movies get made. When we ran out of military targets in Vietnam, as mentioned, pilots were dropping bombs in the jungle at night on non-existent targets, just blowing-up lots of flora, and fauna; just using-up the bombs, so more would be made and sold. The costly and profitable bombs were dropped on arbitrary sets of coordinates (longitudes and latitudes), at O dark thirty, so that the pilots couldn't see that they were just blowing-up earthworms. They were using up those expensive bombs, burning up millions of gallons of costly jet fuel, and wearing-out those costly aircraft, as well as the costly maintenance of the USN aircraft carriers the planes came from; all so that the bomb-making industries, the oil companies, and the aircraft and ship building companies, could turn huge profits. And those things are the only tip of the cold emerald green corporate iceberg.

More often than not, after pickling-off a load of bombs, the USAF aircrews nearly always reported that there were no secondary burns, but there were especially big profits being generated by those late night Thud (F-105 Thunderchief) strikes and those B-52 carpet bombing attacks. One B-52 bomb load

was roughly a half a million pounds of bombs! B-52s frequently carpet bombed dirt trails in the jungle, the phony reason was that we were blocking supply routes. Every so often, they'd accidentally hit a village. We sure wouldn't want to bomb the: factories, harbors, cities, military installations, runways, etc., for if we'd actually won the war, the MIC would have lost all those massive profits, gleamed from dropping those wasted bombs, wearing out those expensive aircraft parts, and burning-up millions of gallons of JP-4 fuel.

Many of the financial backers of the controversial cluster bombs are some of the biggest names in world finance: Bank of Americas, J.B. Morganthal, Wells Fargo, as well as large mutual funds, i.e., Banguard Group, B. Rowe Brice, etc. Why are cluster bombs controversial? Because they are area denial weapons. When the bombs are dropped many of the bomblets fail to detonate, almost as if they were made not to immediately explode, and so they later they act like land mines, with the bomblets remaining as potential active killers for many months, and even years, after they've been dropped. Consequently, the bomblets kill innocent people Lots of the victims are children, who might decide to later

walk through the targeted land, long after the war has been over. Just go online and checkout the big weapons manufactures in the United States. The only way they survive is to sell lots of weapons, ergo they survive with war, and all the bloody things it entails.

<http://www.businessinsider.com/top-25-us-defense-companies-2012-2>

And just you never mind about the poor pilots and navigators, who often got their courageous asses shot-off by SAMS (Surface to Air Missiles) and AA (Antiaircraft gun fire), when nighttime bombing all that vacant verdant jungle real-estate. Dropping bombs in the dark on the jungle floor... how much more ridiculous can we get, folks? The American taxpayers would be better off, if the US Treasury just gave the money to the military industrial complex, and we'd avoid all the corresponding crimson drama? Literally, just give them the stupid money, and let's stop killing lots of foreign folks for profit; if need be, just stock pile the weapons, and give the folks in the military paid vacations. The boards and CEOs get their money and the people, who normally work for those companies and run the military can

just stay home and collect a check. Nowadays, instead of jungle, we're dropping bombs on the deserts and barren mountains of the middle east, again in the black of night. Remember the book, *Flight Of The Intruder*? The story is partly fiction about an American A-6 crew (pilot and navigator), who decided to bomb Hanoi. That book was actually written by a real A-6 combat pilot, who flew in Vietnam, and is just one of many pilots, who did aforementioned the nighttime jungle bombing.

This war's become very confusing. Nobody... nobody wants to **fight** in it. Nobody seems to want to win it. Maybe it never should have happened, but people do die in it.

by Lt. Jake 'Cool Hand' Grafton, in *Flight Of The Intruder*

Is this the best The United States can do? Why can't the American people see the military-corporate picture and put their foot down, and stop the killing for profit? It seems that Americans are the only people, who don't realize what's happening. Probably that's why the educational budget is kept so low...

keep Americans ignorant and they're far easier to fool and control. And make sure that the *IRS* has all the power it needs to collect the federal income tax to pay the MIC and the military. All this despicable abuse of power makes me recall President Dwight D. Eisenhower's speech about the military industrial complex; delivered back in 1961. If there's anyone who knew about war, it was him. Watch the video on u-tube... web-address below.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8y06NSBBRtY)

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“...In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist... We must never let the weight of this combination endanger our liberties or democratic processes...”

Dwight D. Eisenhower

Perhaps, Eisenhower might have terminated his revealing speech, by saying that the military industrial complex (the MIC) can only survive with

war, or at least, the imminent threat of war (a cold war), and therefore must kill or potentially kill tremendous numbers of people to survive and thrive. Is that to be America's historical legacy? Who would understand the business of war better than Eisenhower? Eisenhower's speech eloquently hit the nail on the head, but obviously lacked the power to really get the message-out to the average Joe. The speech was so well written that probably ninety five percent of the citizens just didn't get the drift. It was clearly not spoken in the common man's vernacular, and might as well been spoken in code, and so it sailed right over most people's heads.

In that respect, the speech was probably a flop, but speeches in those days were often meant to impress and to reflect the speaker's educational qualities, rather than to clearly clue-in the average guy. The point to the speech, as I saw it, was that the MIC feeds off of death and misery, and drains the national coffers. Possibly this minor concept will one day be taught in our elementary schools, that it's okay to kill, as long as it is for huge corporate profits, which ultimately end-up in the pockets of America's ultra rich. My Grandpa more or less saw things that way, but in reverse, helping the killers to go free, but

both Grandpa and the MIC both got rich off of promoting bloody violence and death.

Now, the semi-covert *JSOP* (*Joint Special Operations Program*) is continually hunting ‘terrorists’ in about seventy or eighty countries, killing ‘bad’ guys, but in the process stirring-up profitable conflict by killing lots of folks, who just happened to be caught-up in the situation. Next time you call some company and you get one of those Philippine operators on the phone, just ask them if they’ve ever heard of the United States military’s *JSOP*. How the hell has the United States come to acquire, so many enemies, in so many countries. What on earth could we have done to piss off so many people? We’re in seventy or eighty countries at all times... we’ve traveled around the earth slaughtering hundreds of thousands, if not millions of folks. But honestly dear reader, what is more important, the lives of millions, or the trillions of dollars which the military industrial complex gets to make as a result of those operations? So, it’s obvious that we need to kill, kill, kill, and keep on killing; that is, as long as there’s still someone left to kill. {Granted that’s a rather crude way of expressing the idea, but what could be more crude than slaughtering so very many people

for profit? Again, some are indeed evil bastards, but many, if not most, are just simple folks, who happen to be present, when the shooting starts or the missile hits home, but covertly killing these innocents is valuable, since it inspires people to plot against the US, and thereby grant the MIC more business.}

We've demolished huge areas of the middle east, and killed untold numbers of innocents. These *JSOP* missions are being carried-out by people, who knowingly or unknowingly, support the military industrial complex. Most of these missions are not being disclosed to the American citizens, who pay for them. Perhaps, they're not being disclosed to the American people, because they are profoundly immoral, and not because revealing them represents a security issue. Of course, security is often the lie the government uses to hide their dishonorable deeds. The soldiers of *JSOP* are probably good and brave men, sometimes believing what their senior military officers, intel officers, churches, media, etc., are telling them. On the other hand, they likely could enjoy killing more than your average person. To carry-out multiple death-dealing missions, you'd almost have to enjoy killing.

Some of those foreigners, which *JSOP* kills, are

actually dangerous evil guys, but many are simply innocent associates, or folks in the area, at the time. I suppose we'll never have an accurate count of such guiltless folks. It's all so clandestine, but it's paid for by you, the generally ignorant taxpayer! Normally in life, if you pay for something you own it; it's yours, and you receive full disclosure. As a result, to some degree, the American people own the murder of these aforementioned innocents. But in these military-mediated killings, you are not entitled to know about all those people. Even if it's your family members, who are doing the killing, and occasionally the dying in the process. It seems as the government now does whatever things they want, and you're just the stupid taxpayer, and don't deserve to know anything about why the killing is being conducted. It's just your job to keep on paying for these killings; be they just or unjust. You don't deserve to know!

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=imigcuyIfNc)

[v=imigcuyIfNc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=imigcuyIfNc)

That way, the governmental puppets can continue to use America's good and brave soldiers to drum-up lots of business for the insatiable MIC, while

simultaneously allowing people, with that sick little piece of psychopathic brain tissue, to feel the neurological twinge of sadistic satisfaction, the thrill of the kill, even though they may have orchestrated the events from afar. This is not to say, that all the people manipulating the good men of *JSOP* are psychopaths, but you can bet there's more than a few, right on up the food chain, or should I say the chain of command, as well as into the upper echelons of government, and certainly not to exclude the white house. And then, there are those people, who've worn more than one hat: intelligence, political, and corporate. These people move between those positions. One day, when you don't have anything pressing in your schedule, just drop by the pentagon, when a big operation is in progress, and witness that the strategic briefings (number of planes, troops, air refuel points, escape routes, ammunitions, timing, egress and ingress routes, etc.) being conducted, not by military personnel, but by corporate employees from the MIC. The entire operation is conducted so as to make the most money for the involved corporations. One day they're talking with people in the intel community, the next they are giving military briefings, and the next day they are back at their war materials manufacturing

corporation, leading a discussion on product production. Such people generally operate with an air, that they are the only true Americans. I've meant such folks. There's hardly any Gregory Pecks or Jimmy Stewarts left in that realm of intelligence, big business, war, and government. Probably the worst of the participating psychopaths are the corporate CEOs, who ultimately are responsible for orchestrating all this killing. The question always in their minds is just how much money can be bled from the economy, before the citizens begin to bitch too much.

Perhaps, we are no longer fighting for freedom, democracy, and the good of all, but America is just fighting for money and/or for the fun of killing. This doesn't seem to be too different from the pirates of old... Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum. If I could venture an unscientific guess, I'd say that thirty percent of the people we kill deserve what they get, fifty percent are completely innocent, and twenty percent, are giving support to a known terrorist, but many of this latter group are afraid not to do so.

Why don't we teach America's young students (elementary, middle school, and high school) about the true nature of war; that the reasons for all the

associated death, injury, and destruction have little to do with right and wrong, or liberty and justice, or their type of government, but are more involved with things such as power and greed? Let the kids see videos of people in clinics with traumatic brain injury. Let kids see videos of all the rotting bodies in downtown Baghdad, after all that bombing, including the dead women and kids. Lecture the kids about how disease spreads after such death and destruction. You know how schools will often have guest speakers? Let's bring into the schools the people, who are most involved with the war. People involved with the carrying out of the war. Bring in the people, who've been maimed or disabled by war, and I don't mean only the people on our side, but also bring in the supposed enemy, and let them give their side of the story, too. Why not hear all sides of the story? Let the children hear from the men and women suffering with: post traumatic stress disorder, missing limbs, blindness, disfigurement, brain damage, etc. Many of those vets still support the war, because they still believe the war was being fought for the righteous reasons. The children should be allowed to cross-examine them about those righteous reasons. Let's bring into our schools some of the foreign children, who've been blinded, maimed, crippled, or have been

horribly burned, or who are orphaned, because of cruise missiles, artillery, bullets, or bombs. Why not? If we can bomb and kill like that, why can't we at least admit it to our kids? Aren't we proud of what we've done? Aren't you proud of what you supported with your tax dollars?

Let's allow the students to talk to those unfortunate children of war about their war-induced handicaps, and what they think about the necessity of the war. If you think that such an education is barbaric, then just think about the fact that in a few short years, those same young American students may be in a war, and perhaps without much of a clue, as to what they're actually fighting for, or what to expect, except for what some hare-brained maniac drill instructor has screamed at them, and some politicians has been lying about over the airways. Perhaps one of the most popular songs which sums-up about war was the Universal Soldier by a Canadian woman, Buffy Sainte-Marie; she wrote it in the basement of The Purple Onion coffee house in Toronto. It seems like the song is about the individual responsibility for war and how powers-that-be rope young men in.

The Universal Soldier

by Buffy Sainte-Marie

He's five-foot-two and he's six-feet-four
He fights with missiles and with spears
He's all of thirty-one and he's only seventeen
He's been a soldier for a thousand years
He's a catholic, a Hindu, an Atheist, a Jane
A Buddhist and a Baptist and Jew
And he knows he shouldn't kill
And he knows he always will kill
You'll for me my friend and me for you
And he's fighting for Canada, he's fighting for France
He's fighting for the USA
And he's fighting for the Russians and he's fighting
for Japan
And he thinks we'll put an end to war this way
And he's fighting for democracy, he's fighting for the
reds
He says it's for the peace of all
He's the one who must decide who's to live and who's
to die
And he never sees the writing on the wall
But without him how would Hitler have condemned
him at Dachau
Without him Caesar would've stood alone

He's the one who gives his body as the weapon of the war

And without him, all this killing can't go on

He's the universal soldier and he really is to blame

His orders come from far away no more

They come from him and you and me

And brothers, can't you see

This is not the way we put an end to war

Such unique and informative school lessons might make students more politically savvy, and make them better citizens, more discerning voters. We might be able to get rid of the politicians, who support war for profit. These people just might be like murderers living and working in our political system, in support of the all powerful MIC.

Lord knows, that if there is anything that we need to educate people about, it is the true nature of war, and why it's being fought, why we need to be risking the lives of Americans and killing lots of foreign peoples! Let's bring into the classrooms, the families of our dead enemies. And, let's allow the kids to gaze upon the true dogs of war, by bringing in the leaders of the MIC: the CEOs of: United Unlimited Technologies, L-333 Communications,

Finmeccanica, Northrop Grumman, Raytheon, General Dynamics, BAEF Systems, Boeing-Boeing, Lockheed Martin, and about two hundred and ninety other companies. The kids could ask them how much money their company profited, because of a given war, and how that amount matched-up with the number of those killed... dollars per dead body... cool stuff like that. They could ask them, how much money they pay their lobbyists, or if they believe in the reasons we've been fighting these recent wars, and what those reasons are. The kids might also ask those CEOs of those massive companies, if they couldn't somehow begin to retool their factories to produce things and ideas, which might save the earth from global-warming, enhance medicine, reduce the cost of power, and improve America's educational system.

There are two ways to be fooled. One is to believe what isn't true; the other is to refuse to accept what is true.

Soren Kierkegaard

Perhaps the educational system should configure

the schools' curricula, so that such realistic classes are mandatory, lest the children become victims of unjust wars, when they grow-up, becoming soldiers to kill or be killed; especially, since socio-economically-speaking, war tends to slaughter from the bottom-up. The poorer parts of society generally die first, and the most. The children of our wealthy illustrious politicians are usually the last to go. George Bush Junior never had to go to war, probably since his Dad knew full well about the nature of war. George Bush senior, had been shot down. He was forced to parachute out of his plane, and then while under canopy, watched his plane crash into the Pacific. I've heard tell that he paddled like hell, so he didn't wash-up on the nearby Japanese-held island, because the Japanese were rumored to eat their captives, and according to the book entitled, *Flyboys*, that was no mere rumor. The book was a cliffhanger about the airpower in WWII.

Yes, let's get the school children to talk with all the people involved in war, with carefully prepared questions. It should be that if you're in any way involved with war, the business of massive amounts of death and injury, you should be completely open to public scrutiny, since it's the public who foots the

bill.

“Mr. Infantryman, how do you feel about being blind, now? Was it worth it? What were the reasons, you were fighting for?”

“Mr. CEO, how much money did your company make from selling those twelve hundred cruise missiles? How do you feel about all the women and children those missiles killed and injured, as collateral damage? Does that ever bother you?”

“Mrs. Smith, do you still miss your son, Eric? Why do you think that war was being fought?”

“General Westmoreland (If he were still alive.), we lost the war, and the dominoes didn’t begin to fall, so why did we fight that war in Vietnam? Can you tell us, what good came from those 54,000 dead GIs, and those 3,000,000 dead Vietnamese?”

“Senator, when we destroyed Baghdad, with all those cruise missiles and ‘precision’ guided bombs, how many of the dead were under the age of eighteen?”

“Ms. bombing victim, what happened to your face? How do you eat, without a real jaw?”

“Mr. Economist, how much money did the wars

in Iraq and Afghanistan cost the American taxpayer? And, what happened to the trillions of dollars, which were in the Iraqi treasury? Did those soldiers get in trouble, who got stealing the money, from those huge wooden pallets covered in stacks of cash?”

“Dear President Bush Junior, why did the oil companies get all that free oil, when it was the taxpayers, who paid for the war, and why are our GIs running the equipment which fills Exxxon’s tankers with oil?”

“Mr. Leod Raymondes (Who was then, the CEO of Exxxon.), why did Exxxon raise America’s gasoline prices, when your corporation was getting immense amounts of free oil out of Iraq?”

“Dr. such-and-such (from the war-stricken country) please tell us what was it like, doing surgery on so many infants, suffering with war-induced injuries?”

“Enemy combatant, please tell us what was it like being water boarded, and why did you fight against the United States?”

“Mrs. Ahmed, please tell use what it’s like raising your blind and deaf child.”

Granted, such school visits may be unlikely, but

nonetheless, they could still be accomplished by selecting questions, which have been carefully prepared by committees made-up of bright and curious school children. Perhaps, the interviews could be carried-out by professional reporters and commentators, and documentary camera crews, could record the questions and the responses of the aforementioned types of people. Perhaps, some of these interviews could be conducted, using Skype. It would probably be most effective if the person answering the question was not predisposed to the nature of the question. The students could witness spontaneous unrehearsed answers. The entire documentary series could then be put online, and shown in all the schools; possibly it could be a series for *Netflix* or *YouTube*. Considering the import and consequences of war, students need to be better educated about the corporate and political causations of war. Every major country on earth now has its particular group of industries, which manufacture the necessities/materials/weapons/supplies of war, and they also have their own set of politicians to better ensure that war is inevitable, so that massive profits are garnered by the involved mega industries.

George Bush Junior should also be given the

opportunity to be interviewed by a federal grand jury, without foreknowledge of the questions. This could be filmed and shown in schools. And if he claims that waterboarding isn't such a bad thing, perhaps he should volunteer to be a guinea pig, so the grand jury could see how truly innocuous the procedure is, or someone on the grand jury could volunteer. The waterboarding test could be administered by one of the innocent people, who'd been detained for a few years in Guantanamo, because of course, you'd want someone capable of properly administering the test, someone who had first-hand knowledge of the experience.

This is not to say that many of the prisoners at Guantanamo aren't/weren't horrible people, for no doubt some are/were. But, the American people will probably never know those percentages. Why not? Aren't we proud of places like Guantanamo? And then, there's the 'ghost prisoners,' who haven't been held at Diego Garcia. Another covert place is the Temara Interrogation Centre in a forest, 14 kilometers (9 mi) outside of Rabat, Morocco. The Mihail Kogalniceanu Airport used as a transfer point for CIA prisoners, has three buildings, which might be used to 'detain' prisoners. There's also the

mysterious Detention Site Green, which could be located just outside of Bangkok, in the Udon Thani, province. We may have held and interrogated prisoners at the Djibouti's Camp Lemonnier, close to Somalia and Yemen, by the Gulf of Aden. Less than ten miles from the Lithuanian capital of Vilnius, there's a former riding school in the village of Antaviliai. Perhaps, it's now a jail and interrogation location. The *CIA* may also employ floating prisons, involving dozens of ships, like the *USS Ashland*, the *USS Bataan*, the *USS Peleliu*, etc. That infamous American Taliban, John Walker, may have been kept on one of those secret ships. High value detainees may be being held at Stare Kiejkuty, a restricted military area in northeastern Poland, that was once used as a nazi SS outpost, during WWII. Isn't that appropriate? If you really want to visit an ultra gloomy *CIA* detention spot, check-out the Salt Pit, also known as 'Cobalt.' It used to be a former brick factory, located north of Kabul, in Afghanistan. In Bosnia, near Tuzla is the *CIA*'s Camp Eagle. Bosnia may have struck a monetary agreement with the *CIA*, for allowing such prison/interrogation centers in their poor country.

There is no telling how many of these

government sponsored places exist; certainly more than I know about. The above sites could just be the tip of the world's coldest iceberg. These places are reminiscent of *The Gulag Archipelago*, Solzhenitsyn wrote about. Has America become a bit like its cold war adversary, The Soviet Union? The American students need to be made aware of such covert places. Maybe the *CIA* could brief students on the nature of these prisons. Maybe students could go on field trips to these horrible places. Why not? Aren't we proud of our doings? Perhaps some of the former detainees could be interviewed with the necessary translators. In all honesty, there may be some horrible men, who are kept there, and that has helped to keep America safe, but by the same token, some percentage may have been completely innocent, and if so, what does that say about American justice? Correspondingly, America now locks-up a greater percentage of its citizens, than any other country on earth, just as it locks-up a lot of foreigners (terrorists), via the *CIA*.

And what about those thousands of 'private' overseas operators, 'private' civilian soldiers, who actually may be working for the government intel groups, or for the corporations of the MIC? These are

companies, who furnish private soldiers, to carry-out overseas missions, which just happen to be in-line with those of the *NSA*, as well as certain corporations, within the MIC. Is it possible that these companies are subsidiaries of the *NSA/CIA*? Such companies might be similar to how *Air America* was once owned by the *CIA*. Whose's to say that these 'civilian' companies aren't indirectly owned and operated by *NSA/CIA*.

Those civilian employees are almost all former military, who have had extensive training and combat experience, paid for by you, the taxpayer. But here's the rub... When these 'private' corporate-soldiers are wounded, they end-up going to a government hospital: VA, Navy, Army, or Air Force hospitals! Can I go there, if I get sick? Hell no! These hospitals are paid for by you, the taxpayer. How on earth does that work, if they're civilians, who got injured, while working for a supposed civilian company? How is it that those civilians get free medical treatments in the VA and military hospitals, when they're working for a civilian company? Again, you the taxpayer are paying for their medical care. Sure, you might say that since they were former military, they are entitled to that medical care, but

then if they are in combat roles as civilians, their probability of getting injured goes up logarithmically, and yet your tax dollars will foot the bill.

This begs the question, 'Are these companies really private?' Perhaps, at least some of these 'private' companies are dummy corps, owned and operated by the intelligence community... dummy corporations, which directly or indirectly are providing business for the MIC. At the very least, the fact that the taxpayers are paying the medical bills for the private job-related combat injuries is a major cost savings for those 'civilian' companies. You, the taxpayer, are supporting private businesses. What do you, the taxpayer, get out of that deal... increased numbers of angry terrorists? No doubt, some of this killing clearly inspires certain foreign peoples to want to seek revenge; after all, almost everyone has a family and/or friends, and when someone kills them, especially if those killed are innocent, people get pissed.

Let's face it, even if we gave the corporate heads all our money, every single penny, so that we, the citizenry of the United States, were completely broke, you still wouldn't have satisfied their greedy pieces

of psychopathic gray matter. They'd still want more, and still want to kill and maim, since money probably isn't the primary motivating factor. For an actual psychopathic killer, no amount of money or love can satiate their darker desires. Only the kill can do that, and the more death the merrier! Different people get their greatest high from different things: sex, money, power, love, hating, anger, learning, discovery, games, sports, etc., but for the murderous psychopath it's killing and/or inflicting misery. For such deadly psychopaths, love, sex, and money will always play second fiddle, to their death-dealing piece of gray matter. That group of neurons, which can only squirt their neurotransmitter, when someone's just been: stabbed, shot, bled-out, burned, mutilated, etc. Grandpa filled me in on that fact, when I was only a very young kid. Sad to say, it made sense to me, and wasn't too surprising, and his description of such people and their deeds, didn't seem to abnormal to me. In fact, I figured a lot of people were like that, and that they simply pretended that they wouldn't enjoy killing.

The psychopaths, who help to perpetuate these unnecessary wars, are no doubt natural born killers. Baring the world's worst plagues, the greatest

amount of death and injury probably occur during wars. You can also bet that they're worried that some change in government policy may one day, force them to be hauled into the light of a courtroom, and no longer be hidden from the public scrutiny, a bit like Nuremberg. You can bet that people who promote killing for profit live in fear of such exposure. It would seem reasonable that if someone had lost a love one in an unnecessary war, that they may consider seeking revenge, against those political, corporate, and governmental psychopaths, who profited from said unwarranted killing. A corporate head, who promotes war for financial gain, should stand trial for mass murder, and so should their minions, the hawkish politicians and related lobbyists.

It seems these self-indulgent folks will push just hard enough to exact their max profits, without incurring their just desserts... execution and/or life imprisonment. If the corporations push too hard, and the public begins to question the war's legitimacy, then people might start to focus on them and their insane corporate greed, rather than on the war, or the politicians promoting it. The MIC balances on the razor's edge. Kill and steal just enough of America's

youth and wealth, that America's citizens don't go ape-shit on them. Just imagine what the United States might be like, if most of the money which went towards supporting war, was instead spent on healthcare, protecting the environment, and improving America's educational system. America and the world might have a shot at a bright and respectable future.

Conceivably, if children in the elementary schools, middle schools, and high schools were periodically given a modified form of the *PCL-R* (*Psychopathy Checklist-Revised*), designed to assess whether someone is psychopathic, and/or the *MMPI* (*The Minnesota Multi-phasic Personality Inventory*), often considered the most dependable comprehensive psych test going, we might be able to identify those inherently dangerous folks, early on, and get them help, and long before they commit some heinous act, when they've grown-up and perhaps become a: politician, lobbyist, CEO, intelligence leader, military leader, parent, administrator, etc.

You might say this is a form of prophylactic psychiatric care, and not just for them, but for the nation. Aren't we all about preventative medicine? Aren't we tired of unjust wars, and all the associated

death, and suffering, which goes along with it? Aren't you tired of global warming and pollution? And how about those countless overpriced non-curative medicines, which the corporate heads of big Pharma pedal to the unsuspecting sick public? There are also reports that one of the favorite careers of a psychopath is that of surgeon. Think about that minor disturbing fact, the next time you, or one of your loved ones, require surgery. Rate of psychopathology amongst CEOs and surgeons is several times above the norm.

While such psychological testing may not uncover all the psychotic monsters growing-up in our schools, doesn't it make sense to try to find at least some percentage of these dangerous kids, before they commit grisly acts, especially if they have a high IQ? If a simple psych test is too much 'big brother' for you, then we'll just keep seeing those bizarre mass public shootings, not to mention the ever popular illegitimate wars and conflicts, both overt and covert, the death of the planet, as well as a big Pharma, failing to produce any viable cures.

Just how difficult would it be to psych-test our kids? Now days, most psychological tests are computer administered, and computer evaluated! In

the United States, there's hardly any schoolchild, who doesn't use a computer. Moreover, to reduce the 'big brother' factor, it would be a simple matter to have the computer flag only the results of those children, who appear to be in danger of psychopathology, or suicide. All other tests results, should probably get round-filed. Don't we give the young students tons of tests, both standardized and non-standardized, anyway? If a child's test results show marked psychopathic or suicidal tendencies, then furtively the school could make sure that the child is provided appropriate counseling/help. Is there anything wrong with that, or is it better to allow the psychopaths to grow-up undiscovered and untreated, and then later do whatever harm they desire? If these tests are too much of a 'big brother' type of thing, just look at all the spying the *CIA* does on everyone; now, that's truly 'big brother.' Just look at what Daniel Ellsberg and Edward Snowden revealed to the world!

Certain parents and individuals might not want to see their child undergo the above-mentioned psychiatric testing. It could be because they realize their little angel is inherently destined to be an evil bastard, who'll risk exposure with said testing, and

without said testing their kid is better insured of success in the business world. Perhaps, the parent has passed-on their psychopathic trait to their offspring, and therefore knows all too well that the kid is a psychopath. Twin studies of psychopathology have shown, that while environment can play a role in the development of psychopathology, there exists powerful genetic causation for this disorder. A controversial gene has been linked with psychopathology, the MAOA (monoamine oxidase A) gene, sometimes called the 'warrior gene.' It's involved in the breaking down of certain brain neurotransmitters.

Theoretically, with annual or even biannual administrations of the *PCL-R* and the *MMPI*, we might likely identify a fair percentage of the potentially dangerous psychopathic children, and get them help, years before it's too late. Psychopathic personalities often like nothing better than power and greed, unless it's to sometimes to injure, and murder. They also often crave attention, and enjoy expounding on their accomplishments, which can be useful in counseling. Of course specialized councilors would be needed, for often the intelligent psychopath is able to fool the average psychologist. (Unlike what

Hollywood might have you believe, most psychopaths are not smart.) Psychopaths come from all levels of society: a homeless man, a common blue collar laborer, a corporate CEO, a surgeon, an uneducated slow-witted person, a military officer, an intelligence director, or a high ranking government official, and obviously even a president. Perhaps, Teddy Roosevelt was the most psychopathic of our presidents, Kennedy may be a second. If so psychopathic traits appeal to the public. No one kills more innocent folk than certain CEOs and political leaders. They are the true alphas of psychopathology, and for them, there's nothing quite like killing within the letter of the law! My Grandpa also functioned within the letter of the law, setting killers free to kill again, and to do other sorted evil things. Remember 24601 in *Les Misérables*, and B613 in *Scandal*?

A couple of decades ago, I knew a talented older psychiatrist, a Dr. Jake Goldman, who for a few years was the personal shrink of the notorious Idi Amin Dada. There was a movie made about Dada's medical doctor, and that was not Jake. Jake was strictly Dada's shriek. As you may recall, Dada was the sadistic leader and third president of the African country of Uganda. He was the big black guy, who

wore the most ridiculously gaudy military uniforms ever seen on earth, and that probably related to the fact that he made it to the fourth grade in school. No doubt he thought the overdone uniform made him something more than he was. Psychopaths do enjoy attention.

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Dr. Jake Goldman's favorite drug of abuse was pharmaceutical grade meth; those capsules were called black beauties, in the 1960s and 1970s. The good doctor loved to greet each morning with two black beauties, fifty milligrams of pure methamphetamine. These were also called black mollies (a molly is now the street name for a tab of ecstasy), coursing through his Tiberian blood. Jake told me sundry stories about the frightening Mr. Dada. From what the good doctor said, Idi Admin made the Marque De Sade, look like Gandhi. After all, who mutilates their wife and then keeps her head in the refrigerator for months, as an erotic souvenir?

So much for patient confidentiality, huh? As a young psychiatrist, Jake had worked with Hathaway and McKinley, the two psychologists, who developed the original *MMPI*. But, Jake became a meth addict, years later in Uganda, counseling Dada. The doctor said that only by using meth, he was able to deal with deadly dictator.

“Treating Dada was like trying to pluck a thorn from an insanely hungry lion’s paw, but in Dada’s case, the thorn just refused to come free, Joey. He refused psych-meds. I was constantly in fear for my life, but I initially went to treat him, because the money was too good to ignore. I think it’s the Jew in me, and in my professional psychiatric opinion, many of us Jews are overly preoccupied with the green stuff; it’s irresistible. Most Jews won’t admit that, even though they know it’s true. Fear for my life, later drove me to plan my escape. You see, Dada refused to allow me leave. Once every so often, a fellow Jew flew in a load of weapons for Dada’s evil ragtag army. He had good relations with a certain Israeli arms dealer. Dada always paid him in jewels and gold, and I was finally able to pay that arms dealer to smuggle me out. I had to leave everything behind, except for my passport and a small suitcase with gold

coins, and another with English pounds. In those days, the customs folk didn't search your baggage. Dada had stolen a large stash of British pounds, from some military installation when he kicked the British out of the country. Because he was able to do that, he gave himself the title of CBE (Conqueror of the British Empire). The arms dealer and I first landed in Nairobi, then we were off to Israel. Everyone, who worked for Dada, feared him and was held captive by threat of death. If you tried to leave and got caught, you'd be put to death, or worse, much worse. Dada couldn't stand rejection, and loved to torture people." Jake reminisced.

In Uganda, the then young psychiatrist operated in a near constant state of fear, but since Dada possessed practically all the wealth of the poor nation, Jake made mad money, treating the deadly psychopath, which generally meant listening to the leader brag about himself. Jake felt the leader wasn't actually interested in psychiatric treatment, but rather he simply enjoyed Jake's professional attention, and having conversations with a learned individual, and luck for Jake, he was a highly skilled conversationalist. Dada also enjoyed shocking and terrifying poor Jake; hence the need for meth. Like

many, if not most, psychopaths, Jake felt Dada was proud of the fact he was a psychopath. If you read some autobiography, written by an admitted sociopath or psychopath, where they are willing to admit their pathology, the purpose of their books usually seems to be little more than deranged self-glorification.

In that way, Jake reminded me of my dear maternal Grandpa; both were professionals, articulate, brilliant, and both assisted psychopaths for money. Grandpa drank *Old Crow*, and Jake did methamphetamine. Jake had to go to rehab several times, but Grandpa just kept on drinking, until Alzheimer's claimed him. Jake, as do many of psychiatric professionals, believed in the ability of standardized psychiatric tests to uncover the psychopathic mind, even in advance of criminal actions!

According to Jake, the African leader watched homemade films of his men maiming, torturing, and killing women, while raping them. Jake said Dada watched these films for the same reason more normal people might watch the more normal forms of pornography. Jake alleged that Idi Admin did more than just watch these macabre movies; he actually

starred in them. At this point in the writing of this text, I've purposely omitted certain gory details, which may even have made the Marquis de Sade nauseous.

Sex is as important as eating or drinking and we ought to allow the one appetite to be satisfied with as little restraint or false modesty as the other.

Marquis de Sade

I doubt the Marquis de Sade would have condoned Dada's sexual proclivities. Both Dada and the Marquis had been abandoned by their fathers. Perhaps, if Dada could have had the benefit of early childhood counseling, he might not have been so terribly weird and perniciously savage, and Jake wouldn't have had to become a meth head, which had markedly aged him. Still, in Dada's extreme case, early childhood counseling may not have worked; nevertheless, he could have identified, and at least, somewhat helped. You may wonder why I would tell you about such a loathsome man, as Dada. The reason is to impress upon you that psychopaths are real and can be radically dangerous, and that the human race desperately needs to do something to

reduce their growing prevalence, and the massive amounts of damage they are now inflicting on the earth and its people.

And, if that butterfly hadn't carelessly flapped its wings so hard in the gardens of that resort in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, Katrina might have missed New Orleans completely, and George the 43rd, might not have had to pretend that he really cared about those black folks. I'll bet the secret service had to restrain George, just to keep him from skydiving out of Air Force One, right into the New Orleans Super Bowl, to give all those homeless black folks a big warm Texas hug. We all know George felt profound sympathy for those devastated black people of New Orleans. President Bush was so sympathetic, and so generous! Wasn't he? And, you can bet that poor George felt bad about giving those penniless banks almost a trillion of your tax dollars.

In addition, George felt terrible for having to kill a half million to a million of those Iraqis, many of which were innocent women, kids, and old men. But they deserved it; after all, Iraq had all those stockpiles of weapons of mass destruction, and was tempting people with all those billions of barrels of free oil, not to mention (again) that massive treasury.

For months, George junior ran around like a chicken with his head chopped-off, doing his best to try to come-up with those weapons of mass destruction, in a deliberate effort to create a valid reason to start that war. Of course, as we all know, the fact that he couldn't find a good reason to attack, didn't stop him. He knew the America was vastly undereducated and many Americans enjoy the idea of attacking a foreign group, which aren't white folks.

Unlike the warmhearted President George W. Bush, psychopaths have little to no conscience, and very little, if any, empathy. George couldn't be a psychopath cuz he painted that Africa hut. But every now and then, psychopaths will do something kind, but that's simply to 'prove' to others that they're not totally depraved, when in fact they are. There's no doubt in my mind that I used to have a bit of the psychopath in me, and I've known more than a few of these people. I never let them know that I could read them. When I was a child I would go to see those old black and white movies with my parents, where I typically rooted for the bad guys. The evil guys seemed to be more honest about admitting to themselves, who they truly were.

For me, the protagonist, the 'good guy,' appeared

to be disingenuous. *Guys aren't that nice!*

Furthermore, the fact that the audience seemed to universally cheer for the good guy, was more than slightly weird to my way of thinking. Nearing the end of the show, I found myself hoping that, just once the bad guy would win. At first, I suspicioned that secretly many in the audience thought as I did; but then over time, I came to realize that few people actually did, and I was the rarity. As the years passed, it was clear to me that the evil parts of my brain had matured early in life. Now, when watching a movie about a psychopath, or some police program, where they track-down a serial killer, I become depressed, since those shows make me realize how close I'd come to being something malicious, and void of goodness. Thankfully, I had wonderful parents. Even so, I feel like I barely made it around to the corner and out of the shadow.

My Dad once told me that there had been a little known law passed in California, making it illegal for anyone, who'd been arrested for domestic violence, to own a firearm. They didn't have to be found guilty, just arrested. On the surface, such a law appeared reasonable. Still the law, having already passed the vote, suddenly had to be secretly

repealed, due to the large number of state, county, and city police officers, which the state statistician had come to realize, would no longer be allowed to carry their weapon. Perchance, the strategic childhood administration of the *PCL-R* and/or *MMPI* might have gotten those law-enforcement people help, while they were young, and before they began dating. Besides their spouses, think of the innocent folks those cops might have come into contact with, while doing their job. Rodney King may have encountered some of those police.

<https://video.search.yahoo.com/search/video?fr=yfp-t&p=video+of+rodney+king+beating#id=1&vid=61addf2c03f057c29222a75310f65f>

During Grandpa's informative gunpowder lecture, Grandma had been in the kitchen, without the slightest clue about the nature of his masterpiece of a presentation. She was most likely telling her black maid, Bernice, what in the house needed cleaning, and what she wanted prepared for lunch and dinner, that day. As I told Grandpa goodbye, and he drove away to consult with his client, Grandma had gone into the living room, propped her short legs

up on a leather covered footstool, perused the morning paper, and impatiently waited for Bernice to bring her morning coffee, laced with four sugars, chicory, and heavy cream. Bernice always remained tolerant, and filled with servility, as if her very life depended on those qualities. When Bernice brought the coffee into the living room, without a word, Grandma's tiny horizontal twilling right index finger would gesture for Bernice to place the cup and saucer on the end-table, never taking it from Bernice's hands, for fear their fingers might touch.

My dear Grandma displayed something of a marked circadian personality; happiest in the mornings, when she sipped her coffee, but as evening approached, she became crabby. In the morning and afternoon, she had Bernice to boss around, but come evening, when Grandpa returned, and Bernie had gone home, Grandma became simply a wife. Bernice unfailingly prepared Grandpa's dinner before she left, and the dirty dinner dishes spent the night in the sink, waiting for Bernice to return the next morning. Bernice only used the backdoor, when arriving and departing from work. She used the front door just when serving food and drink to people on the front porch, or when she'd swept the porch.

At some level, Grandma loved the idea of being the wife of a prominent attorney, though never did she actually say so, and never congratulated him for winning a case. But, I could tell that she was flattered by the respect accorded her for being Grandpa's wife. Grandma was short of stature, a mere four foot ten inches, and in those days, she was only twenty or thirty pounds overweight, so there was still a flicker of beauty, though not for long.

Behaviorally, Grandma possessed a mysterious dichotomous, if not pathologically split, personality. Except for her husband, she was truly loving to her all white family, yet she was enormously bigoted, a true hate-filled southern racist. Although, she wasn't overtly harmful to blacks, she possessed an irritating passive-aggressive manner. Always criticizing blacks, and giving the black maid and black gardener more work than they could comfortably handle in the allotted time, with never a please or a thank-you, nor a word of genteel conversation. In Grandma's eyes their work was never quite satisfactory. Yet, she never confronted them in an overtly hostile manner. The only person she'd confront in an orally hostile manner was her vastly superior husband, Grandpa. For me, that was a certified enigma, for how was it

that Grandma could love almost all her family and questionable friends, yet hate others, like Grandpa, her maid, and her gardener, who had done nothing, but try to help her? Frankly, Grandma wouldn't have survived, without her black maid and gardener! If she had survived, without them, she'd have been something far more unpleasant, than she already was. Both Grandpa and the black race had thoroughly spoiled Grandma. Nevertheless, when a black person wasn't within earshot, Grandma referred to them using the 'N' word, and took great pleasure in belittling them. This racist behavior was probably due to her upbringing and lack of education.

After the firearm lecture, and Grandpa had driven-away, I headed into the kitchen to chat with black Bernice, who was a never ending source of scintillating personal stories, generally about her wide-ranging family, neighbors, and friends. They certainly were nothing like my more mundane white Mobile relatives. Bernice's acquaintances and family lead exciting colorful lives, and she knew I loved listening. These were stories which she'd never have shared with my Grandparents. Bernice was willing to share her life with me; the good as well as the not so good... stories rich with: love, hate, drinking, sex

(never with graphic descriptions, due to my young age), gambling (which I already understood), shootings, stabbings, jail, prejudice, tragedy, humor, fishing, success, failure, etc. Yet these stories were not like gossip and judgement, *per se*, as much as they were eventful, exciting, and awash with emotions. Her stories were never designed to belittle, but for fun and excitement, a distraction from the boredom of life.

For example, Bernice had an older favorite uncle named Bernard. He lived in a house with four other young adult black men, just outside of town, in an area called the, ‘tan-yard.’ As she would later explain, uncle Bernard’s five bedroom house was Mobile’s first black homosexual whorehouse. To date, it’s still the only one I’ve ever heard of. Bernard was a male, at least according to his chromosomes, yet he was referred to as the ‘madame,’ and according to Bernice, he possessed a feminine spirit. She explained this by demonstrating how he walked, by strolling around the kitchen swaying her hips and spinning her hand around her wrists. That piece of acting caught my attention.

“That man do have a lot of sugar in his drawers.” Bernice explained.

Supposedly, Bernard handled all the business, and though somewhat feminine, was well known for his boxing and street fighting ability. At the time, Bernice's efforts to explain the nature of Bernard was confusing to me. Bernice had previously mentioned that Bernard liked men, but as a five year old, I just assumed that she meant Bernard was a friendly person, who liked people, e.g., men and women, but mostly men. At five, I didn't understand the sexual aspect of what she was explaining. Bernice treated me more like an adult, than like a five year old child. Bernice seemed to wrongly assume that I was cognitively ahead of my years; nevertheless, I wasn't sure what she was talking about.

"Well, Joey what I'm tell'n you is dat Uncle Bernard is sort a funny. You know what I mean. He don't like being with womens."

I still didn't understand, so I simply frowned. To me the word, 'funny' only meant humorous.

"Well, Bernice what's funny about him. Does he read a lot of jokes like Grandma does in the *Readers Digest*?" I asked.

"I don't mean funny funny. I means he likes mens, you know."

“Most people like other men Bernice. I like my Dad, and I like Grandpa, and I like Mr. Harris the gardener. I like most men, too.”

“It ain’t like dat kind ah liken, boy.”

At this point, Bernice had my full curiosity, because I realized that I was completely missing the point, and I was missing something rather important. I knew this because Bernice began to seem awkward.

“Like what then, Bernice. What do you mean?” I pushed the issue.

“Oh, Lordy Lordy, child! Just you never mind. You is too young.” She said this with a wave out her hand, as she turned away toward the sink, intending to do the dishes.

“What’s the big deal, I don’t get it! Who cares if your Uncle likes men. I’ll just ask Grandma about it, if you’re not going to tell me.”

Somehow, I knew this comment would provoke, Bernice, because of how secretly she had been speaking. My statement clearly panicked Bernice, but I was frustrated by being rejected, because I knew I was missing something big, and so I stated this a little more loudly, than I normally spoke, trying to push Bernice into giving me a better explanation.

Then, I saw Bernice's eyes go wide, and true fear swept across her beautiful face.

“Please child, just be quiet, or you be get'n me in trouble with yo Grandma! Yo be get'n me fired. Fired! Understand? I Ain'y play'n! Yo Grandma will tell me to leave here and never come back, child! And, I'll play hell find'n a new job. You understand dat? You won't see me no mo, child. So please keeps your voice down, and I'll tells you what you wants to know.” With a desperate frown, and in hush tones, Bernice stated this.

Momentarily, she leaned backwards, so she could gaze out from the kitchen door, down through the long dining room, and into the living room where Grandma sat contentedly perusing the morning newspaper, for the latest gossip. Bernice realized that she'd opened a big can of worms, by telling me about Bernard, and I wasn't going to let her put the lid back on the can. Dark skinned Bernice was the only bright spot in my day, so I sure didn't want to get her fired, for without Bernice, I probably would have refused to visit my Grandparents.

“Please Joey, jus yo keeps yo voice down low, now, and I'll tells yo whats yo wants to know. But, if'n you tells yo Grandma or Grandpa what I's bout to

tells ya, I's be lose'n my job. So, jus sit there and listen, boy! And keeps this our little secret. Please, keep yo mouth shut, bout this! Gee-ru-see-lay-em (The weird pronunciation of the city, Jerusalem, was about as close to cursing as Bernice ever got. It seemed like it was a Holy way of cursing, without actually doing so. Like many southern blacks, back then, Bernice was a Holy Roller.), child hush-up and listen, now. And, don't be tell'n none ah this to no one! Ya, hear me?"

It was obvious Bernice was scared. Needless to say, at that point I was very much interested in Bernice's mysterious comments, concerning her Uncle Bernard. Whatever, it was that she had elected not to adequately explain, had come to terrorized her.

"Okay... please just tell me what you're talking about." I asked in a low conspiratorial voice.

"Well... you know how yo Daddy loves yo Momma, and yo Grandpa loves your Grandma?"

"Yeah... I know, Bernice. So?"

"Well, see boy there's some men dat loves other men the same kinda way, and they don't be like'n womens, like most other mens do."

Since at age five, my Mom had already given me the basics on the birds and the bees, this idea of men being with men was something of a shocker. Such a thing had never occurred to me. In a very skillful manner, Bernice had explained male homosexuality in two sentences. After which, Bernice was watching every facial nuance, to see what effect her words had on me.

“You mean they sleep together, and all that?” I asked.

“Ah-huh.” She briefly uttered, still studying my face.

“No, shit?” I responded.

“And no shinola, neither, boy. And you be remembering, you can’t be say’n nut’n bout dis to yo Grandma or Grandpa, neither. Or I be loss’n my job, here. And don’t be say’n the ‘shit’ word, neither.” She quickly smiled the last sentence of her response, for Bernice loved it when I cursed.

“How do they have sex, Bernice?”

“I can’t say cuz, I never seen it happen. What do you think bout all that, Joey?” Bernice skillfully dodged the question.

There was a popular phrase being used in those days. If a guy didn't know or understand something, people might say. "He doesn't know shit from shinola." Shinola was a popular type of brown shoe polish. So, Bernice's rejoinder was her making a joke about my using the 'shit' word.

[https://www.google.com/search?q=shinola
+ shoe + polish
+ photo&sxsrf=ALeKk03Vj4z4bPubKIRuA0IQsnQvQvgWyz
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I'd later learn that she loved her Uncle Bernard, since he took care of their extended family with some of the profits made from the gay whorehouse. Bernice's question, right on top of the startling revelation about gay men, really started me thinking. *What do I think about that?* I began to approach the question in a logical fashion. After a few seconds, I responded.

"Well, Bernice I think that's a really good thing, especially if there's a whole lot of men like your

uncle Bernard.”

My comment clearly shocked Bernice, and caused her to frown and to look concerned about my sexuality. Then, her eyes opened widely and she gently leaned in closer for my reply, perchance thinking that I might have the same inclination as did her uncle Bernard.

“What you mean by dat being a good thing?” She gently pressed.

“Well, Bernice the more men that are like that, the more women there will be for me, when I grow-up. Right? And I already know I like women, cuz I like looking at them in the underwear section of the *Sears and Roebuck* catalogue, and I don’t like looking at the men, that way.” I responded.

Immediately Bernice’s eyes widened, smiled, then she broke-out in an uncontrollable laughter, but not before she clamped the palm of her right hand firmly over her own mouth to muffle her sounds, and she then immediately darted out the back door to the garage, so that Grandma couldn’t hear her laughing. Sitting alone in the kitchen, I could barely hear Bernice’s muffled laughter outside in the garage. I didn’t understand her laughter, and thought she’d

gone a bit crazy. *God, Bernice loves to laugh!*

At age five, I hadn't yet achieved an orgasm, but I had attained arousal, but didn't completely understand it, yet never felt the need to ask anyone, since an erection inherently seemed natural. My first attempt at sharing intimate information with Bernice, and for my earnest effort, I was laughed at, but it wasn't a belittling laugh, just a beautiful happy laugh. That was the only happiness I would see from Bernice that summer, owing to a grievous injury her husband would soon sustain.

During all my conversations with Bernice, oddly enough, she never once mentioned anything about the *KKK*, which in those days, was extremely active in Mobile. No doubt, she feared them, for in the 1950s the klan tortured and killed lots of southern blacks. It would be many years, before I'd learn of the klan. The klan hung a young black man, as recently as 1981, in Mobile. Rumor has it that if Donald Trump gets elected, the ranks of the klan might again begin to swell. I have to admit, he does seem as if he might be a racist.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Michael_Donald

What seems every bit as disturbing as the *KKK*, is the current number of unarmed black men, which have been shot by the police. More than one hundred unarmed black men were killed by the police in 2015! Only ten of those cases resulted in the officer being criminally charged, and only two of those ten (Matthew Ajibade and Eric Harris) resulted in convictions, but only one received actual jail time. He received one year, but was allowed to serve the time on the weekends. So, out of the hundred shootings there was only a smidgen of justice. What does that say about US justice? To say the least, these stats might make one think that we need to improve police training, and screening!

<http://mappingpoliceviolence.org/unarmed/>

Grandma only read what was in the highly sanitized, i.e., *Reader's Digest*, and the local section of the city newspaper. She never mentioned the klan, but she was most likely an ardent klan supporter, if not an actual member, since I still don't anything about her life before she married Grandpa. Aside from voicing her dislike for blacks and my Grandpa,

she shared little else about her own thoughts and feelings. I'd been going for my summerly Grandparent visits, since I turned three, but this was the first year I'd come to visit, without either of my parents being with me.

Come the end of that summer, I'd be starting kindergarten. A former military combat pilot, who was a friend of my parents, had driven me to Mobile and dropped me off at my Grandparent's house, then he continued on to the nearby city of Pensacola, to teach in flight school. Not long after I arrived at my Grandparents' house, I found out that Bernice's husband, Jim, had been injured. Trying to reposition a log at the sawmill, he fell on the moving blade. The blade had cut deeply into his thigh and he was treated at one of Mobile's black clinics, which was nothing more than a converted house. An infection set-in, persisted, and soon necessitated amputation, one foot below the hip. After his grievous injury, Bernice would shake her head back and forth, especially when she talked about how badly the infection smelled.

At the mill, Jim had been a loader, helping to place (load) the logs in the saw's feed trough. One log had refused to slide in the trough, and Jim had

climbed-up onto the trough to try to free-up the log, while the blade was still spinning, and ended-up slipping onto its merciless high speed steel teeth. After the injury, the benevolent mill owner, Albert Dundee of Scotch-Irish ancestry (or so he often claimed) had fired Jim, without benefits or severance's pay. Sadly back then, there was no workman's compensation in Alabama, and the odds that a white employer would financially assist a disabled black employee were slim enough to be invisible, even if you were nearsighted. In one last act of supreme goodwill, the mill owner had refused to give Jim his last paycheck, which Jim's labor had already earned. Dundee opened his beady blue eyes as wide as he could, shook his reddish face back and forth, while the palms of his hands rested on his hips. It was a gesture of annoyance.

Grandpa had gone to speak with the mill owner, and had taken me along. Silently, I stood next to my Grandpa and listened to the mill owner utter a few heartless words, justifying his withholding of Jim's final pay.

"That stupid nigger's leg done bent my saw blade, sir. I didn't make him fall on my saw blade. He slipped and bent my blade! Shut me down for three

whole days! Didn't make a cent, then! Get'n the blade flattened-out and made true again, done cost me plenty, so I ain't give'n the mangy nigger nothing! Sue me Mr. Attorney and see what you get. Blood out of a turnip, and all that..." The mill owner exclaimed to my Grandpa, and then turned on his heels and stormed off.

Since Jim's leg had bent the saw blade, and it had cost to have the blade properly heated and straightened, there would be no last paycheck for Jim. How inconsiderate of black Jim to have bent that saw blade with his leg! I was astounded to learn that my little Grandma actually thought that the mill owner's rational, for withholding Jim's last check, was justified. While Grandpa agreed that Dundee's refusal to pay Jim was totally immoral, he felt that in court, Jim's falling onto the blade was not the mill owner's fault, and so was not worth pursuing legally; besides, no court would side with a black man in the early 1950s.

When I asked Grandma about Jim's miserable situation, she shocked me. She smiled her Mona Lisa smile, and with a brief haughty little chuckle, and deriding flip of her left hand, she matter-of-factly spoke.

“Oh goodness me, Joey. Don’t worry yourself about a nigger. What good is a one legged nigger, anyway? I’m just glad he’s not my concern. Bernice is his wife, and it’s her job to nurse him, not mine. Jim’s leg isn’t your concern neither, Joey. Don’t go worrying about nothing. Ya hear?”

My mind replayed Grandma’s cruel comment several times to make sure that I’d understood her. Thunderstruck, I watched her face for further explanation... something which would negate what I’d just heard her say; something to indicate that she was joking, or didn’t actually believe what she’d just said. But Grandma just kept looking at me, with her imbecilic little smile firmly plastered on her simple face. The smile seemed to be inviting me to join her in being aloof, as if to say, ‘black people are so far below us, that they don’t warrant the slightest amount of compassion. They’re only good for a laugh.’ That’s when I realized that my Grandma was broken, and slightly insane. And so, that’s how I came to appreciate the true depth of my Grandma’s bigotry. Not only did Bernice have to deal with her husband’s handicap, but she had to work for my Grandmother! At least, Grandma had uttered those cruel words outside the auditory range of precious

Bernice. While there resides a marked amount of evil in my limbic brain, there's a more pure unholy distillate, coursing through my little Grandma's veins.

The next day my Great Aunt, Grandpa's older sister, dropped by the house to visit Grandma. The three of us sat on the cushy blue cushions of the white-painted wicker furniture on the front porch, above and behind the massive azalea bushes. The only fond memories I have of Great Aunt Kate is when she'd take me to the *Dewey Drugstore*, where we'd have ice cream phosphate sodas. It was a great treat; the phosphate soda was tart and tangy, but the ice cream was cold and sweet. Together the drink was a superb experience. My Aunt said that the drink helped her to sleep, and was good for her old digestive system.

"That there tasty *Dewey* ice cream phosphate soda, makes me relax and regular." My Great Aunt often proclaimed.

Grandma had asked Bernice to prepare us some iced mint julep. Since the drink was nearly pure whiskey, I was happily surprised, to have been included in the 'porch party,' as Grandma called such afternoon drinking. Bernice would pick a couple of

handfuls of mint leaves from the backyard, wash them in a colander, then form them into a pile on the wooden cutting board, then with a large sharp kitchen knife, she'd violently chop the green leaves into oozing pieces. That green mess was scraped into a large measuring glass, and she'd pour in the equivalent of about ten or twelve shots of *aromatic* brown whiskey. She let the concoction soak of about twenty minutes, in the refrigerator, then she poured it, through a wire strainer to remove almost all the pieces, and into the large glass pitcher filled with ice and several tablespoons of sugar, and filled it with water. She then stirred the concoction, and added a few whole mint leaves. Bernice brought this delightful preparation on a two handled teak wood tray to the table on the porch, along with three drinking glasses full of ice. Setting the tray down on the table, she poured the three glasses, executed a nodding bow, and departed, without making eye contact.

"I hopes y'all enjoy dis, here. Excuse me, ma'am." Bernice said as she turned and left.

I was the only one to thank Bernice. And for that, Bernice gave me a half-second nod and a barely noticeable smile; whereas, Grandma and Aunt Kate

just kept their chins elevated, and slightly frowned at me for thanking Bernice. Grandpa had gotten home early that day, and was somewhere in the house. But he didn't come out on the porch, thereby avoiding his evil sister. While I preferred his company to anyone else's in the family, I didn't want to miss-out on the mint julep. For me, the sugar, mint, and water ruined the drink, but I still got the all-important buzz.

Sitting on the front porch, the three of us were all enjoying the refreshing mint julep, when Grandma repeated the same nasty comment concerning Jim's unfortunate accident, the "...What good is a one legged nigger...." My Great Aunt Kate, who was a peerless bigot, plainly enjoyed the comment. However, this time Grandpa happened to be standing just inside the front door, whence he'd overheard Grandma's wicked remark about poor Jim's grievous injury. Grandpa detested racism, and for that matter all forms of cruelty, and yet he defended the cruelest of the cruelest. He momentarily stepped out onto the porch, his face showing signs of outrage. After he'd turned beet red, I figured he was about to start screaming, but then he paused, as if gathering his thoughts, and his words calmly flowed,

as if he was reprimanding a child.

“Lillie (my Grandma), please don’t speak like that! For God’s sake, be sensible! Jim is a fine, fine, nigger man {Believe it or not, some people, who loved all races, still referred to blacks, using the ‘N’ word.} Good Lord Lillie, the poor man lost his leg! What in blazes is wrong with you? You should be praying for Jim, instead of saying things like that. Honestly! If Jim were a dog you’d offer more sympathy, but he is a child of God, just like the rest of us! Don’t you have a compassionate heart, Lillie? Aren’t you worried about your eternal soul?”

Both Grandma and Great Aunt Kate just sat dumbfounded, and except for their repeated blinking, they looked like seated mannequins. *Without yelling, he’s shamed them into silence! Good job, Grandpa!* Grandpa then walked away gently shaking his head. Most likely he went off to strategize about how best to rescue another scandalous murderer or rapist from Mobile’s justice system. Not only was Grandpa anachronistic, but he certainly was in the wrong region of the country. He was configured from the days of Aristotle, but lived in the bosom of ignorance.

Neither Grandma nor Great Aunt Kate had the

wherewithal to argue with Grandpa. Great Aunt Kate was Grandpa's uneducated, skinny, and mean older sister, with a rather hairy upper lip, with an abundance of vertical wrinkles, due to her relationship with *Lucky Strike*. After Grandpa had departed, his stinging words caused her eyes to flash with anger. Great Aunt Kate sympathized with my racist Grandma. It was clear that Grandpa's comments about Jim being a child of God, and asking Grandma if she had a heart, were hard to trump, so I was more than curious as to how the two of them would respond. Grandma remained briefly silent. When it was apparent that Grandpa was out of hearing range, Aunt Kate straightened her back, looked down her well powdered nose, and causally commented.

“Buddy sure can be full of himself. He's never fully understood the simple fact that the niggers are an inferior race. If you read, Ephesians 6:5 (In the Bible), it says that bondservants or slaves, should obey their earthly masters. *So much for the Bible being a good book.* Just look at what a mess Africa is in. Niggers leading niggers is like the blind leading the blind. They may not be monkeys, but neither are they human. They're something in between, and not

mentally fit to the task of leading, Lillie. Look at who made all the great discoveries in history! It sure as hell wasn't the niggers. And, you're right, that nigger man Jim, that lost his stupid leg is certainly not your responsibility. It's his own stupid fault he lost his leg. Falling on that sawmill blade... Yeah, Buddy's real smart all right, but he's never operated in the real world. He's always been...pie-in-the-sky Buddy. And I do wish he'd stop doing free legal work for those ignorant Darkies. It not only makes the firm look bad, but our family, as well. I guess every family needs its nigger lover. We sure got one in Buddy. Lincoln made a mistake freeing those niggers! Just because the yankee blue-bellies won the war, don't make them right. We were out numbered, and didn't have the industries to make war, but we stood for the right thing. You just watch the niggers will be the downfall of America."

Great Aunt Kate's words, spoken in opposition to Grandpa's reprimand, made it clear that she hated blacks, but her overly defensive manner and her not actually confronting Grandpa, made it clear that some part of Great Aunt Kate knew that she was wrong. She was obviously too angry, and scowling as might a child, who'd been caught in a lie. Moreover,

she had waited to make sure her brother, my Grandpa, couldn't hear her biblical retort. Mincing words with Grandpa could lead to confronting one's rhetorical inadequacies. Grandma just sat there nodding, her agreement, with Great Aunt Kate, still worried that Grandpa might be listening. When the two of them both turned to stare at me for my position on the racial issue, I just put the glass of mint julep to my lips and chugged-down the tasty, but overly sweet, alcoholic beverage. As I brought down the empty glass, returning it to the coffee table, I was already standing-up and heading back into the house. There was no point in voicing my puerile opinion, to the stanch aged racists. *They're too old to change and too angry.* Neither of the two women possessed an egalitarian bone in their bigoted bodies. They were permanently set in their hateful ways. Bernice had lovingly prepared the drinks for us, and it was the first time I drank an alcoholic beverage with my Grandparents present.

Bear in mind, that the above racially biased comments were made approximately 88 years, after the civil war. Unquestionably, President Lincoln freed the slaves, but was far from successful in halting racism. In fact, by freeing the black people,

most white southerners hated blacks more than ever, for as long as they were slaves, the bigots were in charge and therefore partly placated. The freed black men stood as blatant symbols of confederate failure, and of their hate filled bigotry! After that afternoon on the front porch, it would be twelve years, before black people would be allowed to vote. Lincoln is still hated by many white southerners, more than one hundred and fifty years after the civil war. Countless Southerners today, refer to the war, as the War of Northern Aggression. During that war there were roughly four years of intense fighting, which killed approximately 700,000 soldiers, more than all the Americans killed in WWI, WWII, Korea, Vietnam, Afghanistan, and Iraqi combined. Much of the south's infrastructure was destroyed, by fire, and field cannon. The Union army had more and better field artillery, due to their superior manufacturing capabilities. Nearly, four million slaves were set free. But in a practical sense, equality is still yet to come. The reason for this lack of equality is almost evenly owing to both whites and blacks, with each knowing it's the other race's fault. White racism looms large in the minds of blacks, and often becomes, in many of their minds, as an excuse for their own failures; whereas, most whites haven't a clue just how bad

racism is in the United States, especially its' legal system.

These days in Mobile, numerous old white men obsess over the civil war, and to me, they come-off as hate filled losers. These angry male geriatrics often talk about the war, as if it had only ended the previous week. Their discussions usually have three primary motives. The first, that the south was justified in seceding from the United States. Second, that the poor south fought under distinct disadvantages. Thirdly, that the rebel soldiers were more valiant. While there is a large measure of truth in those assertions, what those men generally overlook is that if the south was under such a tremendous disadvantage, weren't they short sighted to start an un-winnable war? The average southern male is more hate filled, than those in the western states. Another thing their civil war discourses tend to overlook is the absolute barbarity of slavery! That's like being able to overlook the hungry great white shark, which has somehow gotten into the swimming pool with you. Such old southern white men may possess a tad too much psychopathic gray matter.

These days, if you drive around Mobile, you can't

help but frequently spot rebel flags displayed on: flagpoles, bumper stickers, decals on car windows, motorcycles, hats, bandanas, jackets, t-shirts, belt buckles, etc. Sometimes, I'll see a flag being flown, which is two flags sown together to look like one. The American flag is on one side and the confederate flag on the other; talk about an oxymoron. There are several differences between the confederate and the United States constitutions, but the one which makes a dastardly difference is slavery, ergo the rebel flag is a declared approval of slavery. Whenever I spot such traitorous displays, I make a concerted effort to look at the people, who display them, and nine times out of ten, I can smell their intense need to hate, simmering two inches behind their eyeballs.

If you think about it, the confederates were clearly traitors. Of course, they will claim that the north was financially destroying them, yet it was the south which was determined not to enter the industrial age, and cling to their southern culture, i.e., slavery, plantations, etc. Even the Germans and the Japanese, who lost WWII have come to realize that they were following unreasonable occult-like governments, during WWII, but the racist of the south still haven't managed to come to that

realization. Why? What is it about the government of the confederacy that they find to be so attractive, for unless you were a plantation owner, life wasn't so good?

Jews now live in Germany without fear. Round eyes can live comfortably in Japan. But if you are black, you'd best remain a bit wary, if you live in certain parts of southern Alabama, for many racists are still in full agreement with the vice president of the old confederacy. What my Great Aunt had said about black people was not too different, than what the vice president of the confederacy once said.

“...That the negroes with us, under masters who care for, provide for and protect them, are better off, and enjoy more of the blessings of good government than their race does in any other part of the world, statistics abundantly prove. As a race, the African is inferior to the white man. Subordination to the white man is his normal condition. He is not his equal by nature, and cannot be made so by human laws or human institutions. Our system, therefore, so far as regards this inferior race, rests upon this great immutable law of nature. It is founded not upon wrong or injustice, but upon the eternal fitness of

things...”

Speech at Virginia Secession Convention by
Alexander H. Stephens

The question of which race is the most intelligent remains a big deal for a lot of older white males in the southern US. This is more than reminiscent of Hitler's Aryan ideal. I'm certainly not intelligent enough to make such a determination, nor do I feel the need to do so, but just for arguments sake, let's suppose that one race was indeed cognitively sharper than the other. If I had to pick an intellectually superior group of nucleotides, I'd probably pick the Ashkenazi jews. There are only ten million in the world, but just look at how many have won Fields Medals, Nobel prizes, and have been world chess champions. Between whites and blacks, if whites happened to be the inferior group, would that automatically entitle blacks to enslave and abuse them, to trade them little cattle, to destroy their families, to work them however best suited them, and even to use them for medical experimentation? I know plenty of brilliant blacks and whites, as well as plenty of both races, who are cognitively slow. Why do some people have so much trouble being kind? It only seems reasonable, that if a person is mentally slow, as indeed some of us are, wouldn't such people be deserving of more help, compassion, and special consideration? If you think you are superior, then

you should use your superior intelligence to help improve the lot of all peoples, regardless of what color they are, and regardless of their failings. In all honesty, not much truly matters about a person, not their: race, bank account, possessions, intelligence, athleticism, looks, education, etc. The only thing which carries true weight is a person's goodness and integrity! Nonetheless, Stephens' view is still held by many in the southern states. In my way of thinking, the truly inferior people on earth are those like Stephens. This is not rocket science, folks. I think the key phrase in the following Bible quote is '... gentleness of wisdom.'

"Who among you is wise and understanding? Let him show by his good behavior his deeds in the gentleness of wisdom."

James 3:13

As mentioned, there was no workman's compensation in those days for an Alabamian, and so once Jim had his leg amputated, the financial survival of the family fell on Bernice's narrow boney shoulders, visibly straining her lovely chiseled mahogany face. The pleasant subservient little woman still attempted to appear jolly, but much of her spark had dimmed. She'd slowed, moving at half her normal speed, which of course, Grandma

complained about. Yet even through all her strife, Bernice continued to confide in me. It was clear we enjoyed each other's company, due to the complete openness of our communications, and so I became Bernice's shoulder to bleed on. I just listened.

"The Lord knows Master Joey, dat there ain't much joy in my house these days! Ever since Jim done lost dat leg, he's done taken to de bottle. He ain't no good man when he be drunk. He ain't no mean or rude kinda drunk, just good for nut'n, and always feel'n sorry for his self. He gets a lot of pain in the leg even though it's gone. Got pain in the knee that ain't even there." Bernice complained.

"At least, he's not violent, Bernice. He's not hitting you like some drunk men. Is he? Maybe you could get Grandpa to talk to him; he's pretty good at persuading people."

"He's already been talk'n to Jim, but it ain't been help'n none. And no, Jim ain't hit'n on me. Just always bitch'n and sour a rotten lemon. Yo granddaddy done been slip'n me a little xtree cash. Don't be tell'n yo Grandma about that, neither. Ms. Lillie show don't like me be get'n no xtree money. Yo Grandma thinks she's be'n fair, but you know, she do have her funny ways. She's a good woman

underneath all dat crusty stuff.” Bernice spoke the last comment as the tactful lie, fearing she’d overstepped her bounds.

Since Jim had lost his leg, I noticed that Bernice’s skin seemed to have notably darkened around her eyes. She also possessed more of an ashy dry surface to her skin, at least on the parts of her arms and legs, especially her forearms and shins. She’d also begun to walk with a slight stoop, and her eyes were never quite as lively, again. Her arms used to hang straight, hands open, but after Jim’s injury, her elbows were usually bent and her hands frequently clutched each other. Sometimes, it took considerable prodding to break Bernice out of her melancholy. Thinking back, my well-intended juvenile urgings may have been more like an unwelcome irritant. As a five year old child, it seemed to me that Bernice had deliberately decided to begin the process of dying. *She’s starting to let herself get old.* Bernice’s decline had started with a slip at the saw mill, and Grandma’s lack of kindness accelerated it. Grandma never noticed, or just didn’t care about, the changes in her maid.

“Yo grand-daddy be let’n me and Jim move in one ah dem rental shotgun houses, he gots down by

de railroad tracks. We's already been move'n stuff. We be pretty close to get'n kicked out by our landlord, where we's at, now. I just don't make nuff money, so we's be way behind on de rent. Things likely won't be right, ever again, but thanks to yo grand-daddy, Jim and I will won't be stand'n outside in the next hurricane."

In addition, to his usual criminal law practice, every now and then, my Grandpa would take on a case in another field of law: family, estate, corporate, insurance, etc. After Jim had lost his leg, without any indemnity or encouragement from his colleagues at the firm, Grandpa single-handedly drafted the first bill for workman's compensation in the fine state of Alabama. No one ever said that Bernice's crippled husband, had been Grandpa's inspiration for that enormous legal undertaking, but I'd say it's a pretty safe assumption. After drafting the bill, Grandpa drove to Montgomery, the state capital, and formally presented and defended his bill, before the State House.

Largely due to Grandpa's superior oratory skills, there was little debate, and the bill was quickly voted on, and passed. Neither the drafted bill, nor Grandpa's presentation had made mention of race, so

by default blacks were automatically included. The State government had passed the bill, without considering that fact. When they got wind of that fact, certain racially biased groups, which back then included most of the white people of the state, they felt that my Grandpa had purposely slipped one over on the white legislators; as a result, for all his exhausting humanitarian efforts, drafting and presenting the lengthy bill, Grandpa only received an increase in his customary death threats.

Though I understood that the South was a haven of bigotry and racial hatred, it would be many years before I'd actually hear of the *KKK*; even though, I'd been among many such people. After the workman's compensation bill passed, my Great Aunt Kate, Grandpa's mean older skinny widowed sister, then ramped-up her criticisms, calling Grandpa the "king of the nigger lovers," and of course Grandma agreed, saying that Grandpa had "lost his ever-loving his mind." Grandpa was the kind of man, who knew why he did things, and public approval wasn't one of the critical factors which figured into it. Perchance, that one legislative deed may have helped assuage some of Grandpa's guilt for all the psychopaths, he'd released back into genteel southern society. He was

always fearing that eternal fiery bath.

No doubt the klan and the state's other countless bigots were angered that government controlled funds could then be used to assist blacks, who'd been injured on the job. What was the world coming to? Still for many years, various narrow-minded angry white government clerks, intolerant minor county and state officials, and other bigoted governmental minions managed to make it almost impossible for any black person to actually take advantage of those workman's compensation benefits. Often, this was as simple as a clerk saying that their office was out of the necessary forms, or if the black person did secure and fill-out a workman's comp form, some clerk just waited till the black person had left the building, then threw it in the trash; so generally, after a few failed try's, most blacks would give-up trying. Many blacks didn't even try, after hearing the unsuccessful stories of other blacks. Needless to say, Jim never received a penny of workman's compensation, despite Grandpa's drafting the bill and presenting it in Montgomery.

As time passed, a few persistent injured blacks managed to persevere, and succeeded in obtaining workman's compensation checks. After a couple of

decades, more and more blacks succeeded, especially as blacks secured jobs in the state offices; first, as cleaners and janitors, later as clerks and secretaries, and then finally as actual officials, and politicians. But, Alabama workman's compensation was all started with my absentminded Grandpa; on the other hand, maybe it began the moment Jim fell onto the spinning saw blade. Or maybe, it began when the log got stuck in the guide trough, or the moment the tree was cut-down, or the day that particular seed sprouted. Later, Grandpa wisely drafted an amendment to the bill, that included the: firemen, police officers, and school teachers. This statutory addendum was quickly passed, since back then, almost all the firemen, police officers, and teachers were white; very few, if any, were black. Perhaps indirectly, that amendment to the workman's compensation bill served to get some of the racial hatred off of my Grandpa's back, because it helped almost only whites.

After Grandpa made me promise not to touch the revolver, again hidden beneath his stack of boxer shorts, he departed for work. Avoiding the living room and Grandma, I went to sit at the big white wooden kitchen table, while Bernice was busy

washing and chopping the collard greens in preparation for lunch. If I'd entered Grandma's inner sanctum, I would have had to sit and listen, while she read and commented on various boring tidbits from the local section of the paper; then afterwards, she would have insisted that I listen to her reading joke after joke, even rereading certain jokes from the *Reader's Digest*. She kept a large stack of back issues, next to her chair. Grandma was a regular *Library of Congress* for the *Readers Digest*. For some, redundancy remains a novelty, whereas for others it's a source of marked frustration. In this respect Grandma and I were polar opposites.

When Bernice opened and stepped into the kitchen's large walk-in pantry, to retrieve necessities for preparing the noon meal, I glanced through the open storeroom door. In addition to all the cleaning supplies, can goods, bags of sugar, flour, rice, etc., I also spied two large bottles of *Old Crow* whiskey, which made me feel the urge for a sip, but Bernice was far too vigilant for me to attempt that. Besides, even if she hadn't seen me, she'd have picked-up on the smell on my breath, so I forced to postpone my drinking till later that night, after my Grandparents were asleep. Still looking in the pantry, I also spied a

big role of heavy-duty aluminum foil, along with a large box of ‘strike-anywhere’ wooden matches. The matches started me thinking about Grandpa’s recent gunpowder lecture.

While staying there, I usually managed to restrict my *Old Crow* intake to two or three shots a day, and generally right before I turned-in for sleep. The day before, this had caused me to realize that most likely someone would notice the corresponding change to the level of whiskey in the bottle. My intoxicating deductions from Grandpa’s liquor stores, needed to be replaced, for if the theft of the liquor came to my Grandma’s attention, she would most likely would blame it on Bernice, and happily demanded that she be fired. Ergo, I made a trip to a small cinderblock liquor store, about five blocks south of their house, where I bought a fifth, for less than three dollars.

At the hole-in-the-wall liquor store, I’d simply grabbed the bottle of *Old Crow* off the shelf, put it up on the wooden counter top next to the cash-register, and lied to the clerk, saying I was buying it for my Dad. The store owner, who didn’t know me from Adam, nonchalantly nodded and sold me the bottle, while a half dozen men stood around, sipping from paper cups. The owner, a retired city

councilman, was handing-out token samples of the expensive stuff, trying to drum-up business for his top shelf liquor. Once you've tasted top-shelf, it's hard to go back to the cheap stuff. I was handed the bottle in a brown paper sac, and was given a paper cup, containing a shot of the expensive whiskey.

"There ya go, sonny. That's the good stuff, there. Think you can handle it!" The councilman laughingly asked, watching and waiting to see me choke on the booze, which since I was a veteran drinker, never happened.

Before leaving the store, I spied a huge dark cockroach waddling across the floor. It wasn't one of the flying type, but one of the larger darker heavier ones, which look like their covered in dark brown armor-plate. The men looked surprised that I'd grabbed the bug, so I simply lied and told them I had a bug collection. I carried it back to my Grandparent's home in my hand, to covertly let it go underneath Grandma's chair, since bugs definitely terrified her. Every now and then, I'd let some strange big bug loose in her home, just for entertainment's sake. This was probably my earliest attempt at passive aggression, but passive aggression is something I very rarely dealt in, much preferring

the more overt types.

“Oh my God, Joeeyyyy! Come get this big bug out of my living-room! Ah!!!!!! Then, throw that thing outside and go wash your hands, or you’ll get sick, real sick! Bugs are covered in germs.” She scream this, while streaking and backing-up, as if the little bug was a grizzly bear.

These days, if a five-year-old were to walk into a liquor store and try to buy a fifth of booze, post-haste the police would be called, an investigation would ensue, followed one or more arrests, an expensive trial would soon follow, unless the defendants are poor. It would probably culminate in a stiff prison sentence for someone, marking the beginning of the downfall of their entire life. But, no one questioned a kid’s motives in the early 1950s, and no one honestly cared about a kid drinking. It was considered good fun to get a kid drunk, and watch him or her go cross eyed, stagger around, and maybe puke-up.

Once back at my Grandparent’s house, I hid the *Old Crow* under the large heavy backyard playhouse, which sat-up on twelve half buried cider blocks. The grass and weeds beneath it was the favorite habitat of an ultra skinny two foot long black snake. Every so often, I’d see the creature exiting from under, or

returning beneath it. The sturdy built outdoor children's structure was far nicer than any mere shed or playhouse. It was a professionally constructed miniature one-room home, built by a truly talented carpenter, who'd loved brown whiskey. He'd gotten drunk, lost his temper, and had broken his father-in-law's cheekbone with a hammer. Grandpa had gotten the carpenter released on his own recognizance, but before the case could come to trial, the creative woodworker had decided to go to a bar to celebrate his release. Again, thanks to the booze, he'd gotten in a fight with one of his friends. The bar owner called the cops, ergo the carpenter ended-up punching one of the arriving cops. To everyone's amazement, Grandpa had gotten the redheaded carpenter off with only four weeks in the county lock-up, which by the time the trial convened amounted to time served. Needless to say, my legally skilled Grandpa was severely hated by most of the police; especially for his successful defense of various blacks.

Hence, the materials and building labor for the backyard playhouse took the place of the (pro bono) \$500 legal fee. The pro bono work was tax deductible, back then. The playhouse, which took the carpenter three weeks to build, actually cost nothing,

but five hours of Grandpa's time. Grandpa knew how to duck and dodge when it came to taxes. On the other hand, when it came to taxes, my patriotic Dad purposely overpaid, and patiently waited for the government to recalculate and reimburse him. To the credit of the *IRS*, they always did. Today, the greatest tax frauds are American's large cap corporations. They pay proportionally little to nothing, when compared to the taxes paid by your average Joe. Like many Americans, I'm for a universal flat tax with no fancy deductions, only the most basic subtractions, but since our government is run by large corporations, that isn't likely to happen, anytime soon.

The floor of the playhouse was about six feet by ten feet, with a seven foot ceiling; large enough to comfortably accommodate two or three adults. Originally, it had been built for my Mom and her three younger sisters, when they were little girls, in the 1930s. Grandma had the gardener paint it pink, with white gingerbread trim, but that backyard girlie structure was so heavy, and well built that it survived six major hurricanes, and remained unscathed. Plainly, the alcoholic carpenter took pride in his work. Thinking back, the playhouse probably

weighed over a ton, and something big and ornate like that would now cost several thousand dollars to build.

Bernice was gathering things to prepare the day's lunch, while I was still mulling-over Grandpa's stirring gunpowder lecture, and watching her rummaging around in the kitchen pantry, when suddenly I was struck with an unexpected idea! As mentioned, it was the 'strike-anywhere' wooden matches, which had initially set my wheels to spinning. The complete idea had simply materialized, without the need for sequestered thought, or diligent planning, just a finished blue print of an idea, comprehensive in every detail. It was to be my very first solid epiphany, yet soon to be unexpectedly followed by several others. Prior to that morning, it was as if I'd been born, and had lived all my life, completely blind, but looking into the kitchen pantry, I'd suddenly acquired my sight.

The discovery was as if some other part of my mind merely handed a sparkling moment of clarity to my five-year-old ego. The notion was a new type of high. Prior to that moment, alcohol had been my only high. That new creative objective was beyond exciting, and so, my young mind laid claim to it. The

excitement, it engendered, created a benchmark, which I'd pursue for the rest of my life, in various other ways, but only rarely would I achieve it. My meager endeavors in science would often unexpectedly appear like that, but not for another twenty-eight years, when I returned to school at the ripe old age of thirty-three.

When the idea hit home, Bernice was still gathering things from the pantry and Grandma was contently sipping her chicory laden coffee in the living room, while perusing the local section of the newspaper for gossip. Grandma dearly loved the notion that her coffee contained chicory. The mere idea that the herb was in her coffee somehow made her feel immensely special. Somewhere, she'd heard that the descendants of the rich French aristocracy, living in New Orleans, drank their coffee with chicory. She obsessed over the notion that she was drinking what royalty drank. Whenever a visitor came to my Grandparent's house, Grandma insisted that they have a cup of the coffee, with chicory, whereby she would pointedly inform the visitor that the French aristocracy of New Orleans had once drank the very same brew.

Unlike Grandpa, Grandma and my mother lived

for appearances. The odds were that Grandma couldn't have found France on a world map, and I'm not kidding. Chicory was grown by the ancient Egyptians as a medicine, used: as an appetite stimulant, to help pass gallstones, to reduce gastroenteritis, to dry-up sinus problems, as well as to heal cuts, and bruises. Chicory as also been used as a coffee substitute, and as a vegetable crop. What Grandma also loved about her coffee was that it was dutifully served in a delicate bone white gold-trimmed china cup, with matching saucer, by her extremely subservient black maid, Bernice. When later, I found out that chicory was first used as a cheap foraging plant for cattle feed, I mentioned that to Grandma, ergo she didn't talk to me the rest of that day.

"They feed chicory to cows, Grandma. I guess you and cows must like the stuff!"

"Where'd you hear that?" She angrily responded.

"It was in one of the back issues of the *Reader's Digest*, down at Grandpa's office, Grandma." I lied, having actually heard it on TV.

Bernice left the kitchen to obediently carry Grandma her second cup of aromatic coffee with

chicory in the aforementioned delicate little white china cup on its matching white saucer, and I used that opportunity to duck into the kitchen pantry. First, I put two large wooden strike-anywhere matches in the back pocket of my shorts (the second match was for backup), then I quietly tore-off a two foot section of heavy-duty aluminum foil, perfectly repositioned the box of matches, and the box of aluminum foil on their respective shelves.

Foil in hand, I walked to the only bathroom in the house, and hid the big piece of heavy-duty foil flat on the linoleum floor, beneath the nappy white cotton rubber-backed bathmat, which perfectly matched the toilet lid cover. I remember thinking how odd it was that a cover was put on the toilet's lid. *Why does a toilet lid need protection or decoration?* I'm only slightly ashamed to say that I have very little sense of style. Like many people, I have a tenancy to devalue those things, for which I have little appreciation or ability. Folks who can't sing, tend to find singing a frivolous pursuit... nice to listen to, but usually a foolish career choice.

Like a floating island, disconnected from the ocean floor, the ego senses only the dross washing

upon its shore, without actually perceiving the planet, beneath it; and so, the ego assumes the dross has great import.

What's Important by R.M.W. Alorey

The aforementioned extra large children's pink and white playhouse had a small carved wooden plaque, nailed over its entrance, which read, *Fort Crockett*. There actually was a Fort Crockett in Galveston Island, overlooking the Gulf of Mexico. Back then, Davy Crockett was a popular American legend, and so two years later, in 1955, the first movie would be made about the famous early American woodsman and pioneer. After that movie, every southern kid, who'd seen it, wanted to wear a coon-skin cap, and be just like Davy. Cheap imitation hats flooded the drugstores, and flew off the shelves. My brilliant Grandpa once told me that while Crockett was known as a soldier, statesman, and woodsman, he was first a renowned story teller, possessing a near photographic memory, for countless true and fictitious stories.

Where my father had made me memorize various things, my Grandpa liked to educate me by recounting historical events, or by explaining how

something actually functioned, most especially if it involved the law. While he enjoyed telling me about Davy Crockett, at the same time, he was clearly sadden by what the famous pioneer had helped to inflict upon the local Indians. Grandpa's presentation about Crockett left me feeling that the man was a bit of a murderer, as well as a hero. My dear Grandpa was always providing me with examples, to show me that everyone was a mixture of both good and evil, saint and sinner, virgin and whore, etc. Grandpa even figured that Jesus may have been like that, and that was why so much of Jesus's life was an unknown. Grandpa used to love to tell me that when Jesus died hardly anyone knew he ever existed.

Only time can turn a mortal into a God.

The Making of Gods by A. M. Worley

In 1813, following a massacre of the soldiers at Fort Mims, just west of Mobile, by Creek Indians, many of the Mobile citizens had lost their loved ones. The battle occurred in August of that year, during the Creek War, when the Creek Indians, belonging to the 'Red Sticks' faction under the command of Red Eagle,

had stormed the fort and defeated the militia garrison. They were called, 'Red Sticks' because they painted their war clubs red. Having heard of the Fort Mims massacre, Crockett enlisted in the militia, and participated in a revenge massacre of the Indians, but with many Indian women and children being slaughtered, in the process. This act of revenge happened at Tallussahatchee in northern Alabama. For some folks, revenge is indeed justice; for others, it's more like a disease, or a mental disorder. For me, the jury is still out, and varies with each circumstance. The 1955 Davey Crockett movie left-out the killing of the women and children, just like the media today didn't show us the thousands of women and children those bombs and cruise missiles slaughtered in Iraq. Many folks enjoy their emotions and ignorance.

“Joey, that fort is only about thirty or forty miles north of here. Maybe we can go up there, one day. I lived here all my life and never have been there.” Grandpa once told me, yet we never went, and I still haven't.

Apparently, the killing was an act of publicly desired retribution, and so, Crockett instantly became Mobile's hero, irrespective of the fact that many

women and children were slaughtered. The conflict had begun over the minor fact that the Creeks had become upset the settlers were taking their best land. Imagine that! Spanish governor, González Manrique, had given the Creeks 45 barrels of corn and flour, and a wagon filled with blankets, ribbons, scissors, and razors. The governor also threw-in a few steers, a thousand pounds of gunpowder, and an equivalent supply of lead musket balls. One corresponding rumor had it that a man, who owned a local whiskey distillery had arrived the day after the delivery of the gift, and ostensibly departed with much of the supplies, and all the steers. However, according to most of the people, living in that area at that time, unlike other Indian tribes, the Creeks, didn't drink, nor did they believe in taking scalps, but Crockett's group did believe, in both drinking and the taking of scalps, and those things weren't in the 1955 movie.

The Creeks kept the weapons and the gunpowder, and used them to stop further white encroachment. But, the American government used the massacre at Fort Mims as a reason to send in the army and take all the Creek Indian's land, throughout the entire state of Alabama, and east over into what is now Pensacola, Florida. Since the Creeks also

occupied nearly the entire state of Georgia, the army later took that, as well. Its similar to how we got into the Vietnam war, with the Tonkin Gulf thing, and how more recently we used the twin towers to kill so many Iraqis, and steal their crude oil, as well as, their giant national treasury, composed of ungodly numbers of gold bars, and countless billions of dollars worth of foreign currencies. Thank goodness America is willing to do such things, for it's what has made us such a great nation. Right?

After my Mom and her sisters had grown-up, and had long left the house on 17th, the pink playhouse became Grandpa's exercise room and tool-shed. Inside the playhouse, Grandpa had affixed a boxer's speed-bag to a wall, where using his fists, he'd often vent his many frustrations. Afterwards, he'd emerge from the playhouse drenched in sweat. When he was in the playhouse, working-out on the speed-bag, the rapid reverberations of the bag sounded like machine-gun fire. Although Grandpa was not made to be an athlete, he worked-out religiously. In that respect, I'm like my Grandpa... not an athlete, but even in my old age, I workout, regularly.

On the plywood floor of the playhouse, up-against one wall was his semi-rusty black metal

toolbox. That day of my epiphany, after I'd hidden the piece of heavy-duty aluminum foil under the bathmat, I went outside and extracted two pair of loosely hinged steel pliers, from said metal toolbox. Since my father had been an excellent handyman, always repairing things around the house, I was well acquainted with the use of pliers. Rapidly returning to the bathroom of the house, I temporarily hid the pliers, out of sight, far up under the giant white claw-footed bathtub. My plan was fast taking shape, excitement was building like a tsunami, and I was like Andy Irons (surfing champ), with a seven foot, pin tailed (surfboard), with real stiff rails.

Opening Grandpa's bureau drawer, and being careful not to touch the sanctimonious blue-black revolver, I instead removed the blue and red hard paper box of the shiny brass .38 caliber cartridges. Before returning to the bathroom, for good measure, I grabbed the can of Grandpa's lighter fluid off his bedside table.

Once back in the bathroom, I locked both of the bathroom doors, using the old fashioned skeleton key, which I then put in my pocket. Lastly, I hooked the small fisheye latches, for added security. I then rolled-up small pieces of toilet paper, and plugged

the keyholes to better assure the privacy of my classified mission. There was little doubt that my ever nosey Grandma might soon try to peek through the keyholes.

I sat down on the cool linoleum floor, gathered my equipment, and began to work. Everyone in my family, except for my Dad and Grandpa, was extremely prying, and sweet Bernice was like a bloodhound, so I carried-out my undertaking as silently as possible. Bernice and Grandma, though vastly different in most respects, were both the kind of woman, who felt entitled to know everyone's business. Governments can be like that, as well, just ask Edward Snowden.

Sitting straight-up, with my back propped-up against the side of the cool white porcelain bathtub, I spaced my legs far apart to create a work area on the cool dark green linoleum tile floor; I then proceeded with my first real plan. Armed with the two pair of *Utica* dropped forged pliers, I laboriously extracted the lead bullets from approximately fifteen to twenty of the large .38 caliber cartridges. With each cartridge, I'd carefully clamp one pair of the pliers tight onto the copper-coated lead bullet, and the other on middle of the cartridge's shiny brass casing,

taking care not to bump or squeeze the dangerous silvery primer, which Grandpa had said could be ignited by being struck by the gun's firing pin.

Using both hands, I'd carefully twisted the two pair of pliers back and forth in opposite directions, until the soft lead bullet came free of the hard brass shell casing. Being only a five year old, this bullet removal required considerable significant effort, and after fifteen or twenty of them, the laborious task had sapped every drop of my meager strength and nerve; especially, since I wasn't absolutely certain that the cartridge wasn't going to explode, during the bullet-removal process. It was the first time, that I remember feeling real fear, and struggling to overcome it. Because of that fear, with each cartridge, I kept the bullet pointed off to my left, and not aimed at me. Once I got the copper jacketed bullet free from the brass shell casing, the fear ended and there was a corresponding feeling of accomplishment, and something of a high. In that respect, I realized that I relished the fear. Perhaps stimulation of those neurons, which form the very essence of fear, also create said high.

With the extraction of each bullet, I'd carefully pour-out the grainy black gunpowder (cordite) onto

the center of the large square sheet of heavy-duty aluminum foil. Though I'd never seen gunpowder, it looked exactly as I'd imagined it to be. This strange little realization made me feel like I was doing the right thing. After emptying the powder out of the fifteen to twenty cartridges, I had amassed a goodly sized pile of black powder, probably enough to charge a small cannon. It had taken about an hour, and my hands and forearms ached from the job. Being carefully riveted to the chore, I hadn't spilled a single grain of black powder. During this process, Grandma had knocked on the locked, latched, and toilet-paper-plugged bathroom doors three times, ostensibly to ask if I was okay. However, I surmised her real concern was her pressing need to void her small bladder. That dark rich chicory laced coffee was no doubt a powerful diuretic. Each time she knocked, I responded with the same answer, and with appropriate dramatic strain in my voice.

"I'm fine Grandma; just a little constipated... probably too much macaroni and cheese for dinner last night, but I'll be out soon." I would say this, as if I was actually straining for all I was worth; as mentioned, I was a natural born liar.

"Oh my God! I hope you're okay. Don't strain too

hard. You might hurt yourself.” Grandma responded. *Wonder how could I hurt myself?*

“I just need a few more minutes! Sorry to be hog’n the bathroom like this, Grandma.” I responded.

Twice I heard Grandma go out the back door, and that started me to thinking. *If she was going to the car, she would have told me, and I would have heard the car door open and close, so where is Grandma?* Then it dawned on me, since she’d been sipping Bernice’s caffeine-rich blend of Louisiana’s finest *Café du Monde*, and I was hogging the only bathroom, she’d gone outside to pee. *Wonder where she’s gone to pee?* Since Grandma was only four foot ten, she probably had the bladder of a blind mole. Once her morning caffeine had run its pharmacological half-life, and diuresed her kidneys, it was all downhill to the bladder, and as we all know a full bladder, soon after its given its second notice, refuses to be denied.

While continuing with my task, and thinking about Grandma’s need to pee, I was suddenly struck with the second of my young life’s exciting epiphanies. Prior to that day, I’d never had a real epiphany, and that same day I was experiencing yet a second one, with more soon to follow! It occurred to me that Grandma must have gone in the garage,

squatted, and peed on its dirt floor, for there was nowhere else to pee in the backyard, without one of the neighbors being able to see her; owing to the fact that one neighbor had a two story house, and the second story windows looked down into my Grandparent's backyard, and I still hadn't heard the car door open or close. This realization started me thinking, and that's when I had yet my third epiphany. Never before that day had I experienced an epiphany, and there I was having yet a third! The third epiphany was realizing that whenever I was visiting at Grandma and Grandpa's, I had never recalled Bernice using the bathroom, and that she had probably been using the garage's dirt floor, just as Grandma was being forced to do, at that moment!

To my utter amazement, I then had a fourth epiphany. That fourth epiphany was that it was certainly Grandma's idea that Bernice couldn't use the bathroom, because I remembered Grandma always saying that black people carried dreadful amounts of germs, and that you would get sick, if you came in contact with anything which they so much as touched, especially if it was the ever-fearsome toilet seat, or anything they used to eat or drink. Grandma had given me this lecture, when we were in

downtown Mobile, and I'd almost entered that *Negroes Only* bathroom.

“Oh my God! Not that bathroom, Joey! It's only for those filthy niggers! Too many germs in that bathroom!”

And so, my fourth epiphany was that poor Bernice was not allowed to use the bathroom, because Grandma thought she was dirty... ‘covered in germs.’ According to my Grandma, toilet seats were the world's most ferocious disease transmission vector on earth... forget the biting fleas on the big hairy rats, mosquitoes, or shared heroin needles... toilets seats were the most dangerous! The way Grandma talked, you'd have thought that if you sat on a toilet seat, which had been occupied by a black person, your ass was going to rot slam off. You might as well have injected yourself with a combination of bubonic plague, *MRSA*, small pox, tuberculosis, and cholera. *Why didn't Mom or Dad tell me about black people and their germs?*

Years later, I would learn about the Jim Crow laws, which mandated segregation of public schools, various public places and businesses (parks, theaters, bars, churches, restaurants, etc.), public transportation (Blacks rode in the back of the bus

and couldn't use taxicabs, since whites didn't want to sit on the diseased seats where blacks had sat.). Blacks couldn't use white public restrooms, nor white drinking fountains. Segregation of the public schools would be declared unconstitutional the next year (1954), by the United States Supreme Court. But as you might imagine, the South obstinately resisted.

Grandma and my Great Aunt Kate went ape-shit over that Supreme Court decision, talking about how the blessedly stupid yankees had lost their ever-loving minds. Most of the Jim Crow laws were overturned by the Civil Rights Act in 1964, and the Voting Rights Act in 1965. If you were born after that, such may seem like ancient history. People rarely realize how small their place in history is, how our lives are truly just a flash in the pan. Even so, numerous court challenges continued, for many years. Plenty of southern towns simply ignored the Civil Rights Act and the Voting Rights Act, and some still do. Grandma died fully convinced that every black person was a treacherous disease carrier.

“Always remember, Joey; germs are so small there's just no see'n em, but they're sure enough there. You can count on that! That toilet seat may even look

clean, but if a nigger's sat on it, you'll catch something awful... just awful! You hear me? Niggers aren't clean, Joey. They're filthy, animals! Niggers are not like us. We (the South) never shoulda lost the war. Niggers would be better off as slaves, and a whole lot less trouble for all us white folk. Now ya gots to pay them, and all they do is get in trouble. They don't give a damn about save'n money, have filthy houses, but want to drive fancy cars! They don't bathe enough!" *Bernice seems clean enough.*

After each such masterful socio-medical pronouncement, Grandma would act-out a dramatic mock shiver of fright, for added emphasis. I would obligingly put-on a shocked look, as if her shiver had a dramatic psychological effect. You had to humor Grandma, lest she'd become surly. If you failed to affirm her comments, for failed to laugh at the jokes in the *Reader's Digest*, she could become more than a bit prickly. She always seemed to enjoy my facsimile of shock, for she'd then emit a tiny chuckle, so proud of herself for 'fooling' me. One evening I kneeled on the bathroom floor, and carefully scrutinized the toilet seat, hoping to be able to see a germ, and while in those days, I could almost see the hairs on a gnat's ass, there was no seeing those super

small dangerously pesky germs.

Sitting on the bathroom's cool linoleum floor, hard at work with Grandpa's two pair of pliers, I became certain that Bernice regularly used the dirt floor of the garage to pee, etc. *How humiliating for poor Bernice!* That little sad epiphany shocked me. After the toilet seat lectures, I knew that it had to be all Grandma's doing. Denying her the use of the bathroom was like telling Bernice, she wasn't worthy of basic human kindness. It was like telling her, that she was subhuman. It also dawned on me that on rainy days, Bernice probably had to run through the rain to get to the garage, to urinate. *Poor Bernice!*

There was a good chance that Grandpa was completely unaware that Bernice wasn't allowed to use the home's bathroom, since in the early morning, he'd leave before she'd arrive, and he'd get home late, about the time she'd leave, or even later. I came to realize that my occupying the only bathroom had caused Grandma to better appreciate what Bernice was forced to experience every day. This was yet another happy minor epiphany and suddenly, I felt like I was killing two birds with one stone: building a bomb, while educating my prejudice little Grandma.

I'll bet Bernice knows that Grandma is using the garage, to pee in right now! All these profound realizations unexpectedly came to me, while sitting on the cool bathroom floor, and working on my bomb-making project. It was like my brain had suddenly awakened. I felt like *Dick Tracy* in the funny-papers, who'd just solved a major mystery. I was high on the new found insights. It was then, that I realized deductive reasoning could be exciting.

These assessments made complete sense, because in those days, I realized that the black people did ride only in the back of the buses, used separate bathrooms, and drank from separate water fountains. Never once did I see a black person violate those segregated facilities, nor did I ever see them eating at the soda fountain counters in the department stores. Not only that, I'd never seen them in a restaurant, except as employees; but even then, they usually worked only in the kitchen, out of sight. The waitresses were all white, and usually young and attractive. Back then, most whites thought of black females as being less than attractive, or at least, that's what they'd profess, when speaking with their white piers.

When I was building that little bomb, it was

1953, and it would not be until two years later, in 1955, that an unknown black woman, Rosa Lee Parks, also known as Alabama prisoner #7053, decided to courageously stand-up to a racist white bus driver, and refuse to vacate the 'white only' section on the bus; she'd sat in a front seat over the objections of the livid white bus driver. The driver went ballistic, because she refused to get-up and move to the back, and so the cops were brought in to deal with Rosa.

That night, she went to jail, and stepped forever into the history books, as well as helped to launch a movement, demanding racial equality. That one gesture of resistance, by Ms. Parks, took real bravery. It was only about three years prior, that Harry T. Moore, who founded the first branch of the NAACP was killed, along with his wife, when a bomb tore-apart their home. They were both teachers. The murder had happened in neighboring Florida on Christmas night, and was rumored to be the work of the KKK. Only an idiot would think someone else could have done such a deed. Some folks just love an excuse to kill. Most often the reason for that is quite simple... if you can't love, the next best thing is hate; both emotions are capable of making a person feel

alive and powerful.

Considering that the bus driver lived in Montgomery, it was highly likely he was a klan member. Around fifteen years later, I'd see a plus-sized kindly black woman, beat a powerfully built and contemptible white cop, about the head and shoulders with a flimsy metal cooking spatula. The cooking spatula didn't begin to hurt the massively built cop; still, I was certain that she was going to receive a beating in one of the back rooms of the police station, and that she'd be locked away in jail. However, an actual miracle intervened to save her. That strange story is in the later chapter, entitled, *The Big Baby in the Bus Station*, and I think it's going to be in about the fourth book of this series.

In the early 1950s, racism was blatantly encouraged, if not promoted, especially on the black and white television shows. The cathode-ray tube may have been black and white, but every single program was for white viewers, and some of them were specially formatted for the bigots, since several of the shows openly made fun of blacks, purposely making them all appear as unintelligent idiotic creatures. This automatically meant that ninety percent of the white Alabama viewers enjoyed

watching the vacuous programs.

The Amos and Andy Show was the prime example of such a racist show. Bigoted whites loved to laugh at the show's black actors playing the roles of simple-minded characters. The main character was a guy called, *The Kingfish*, who was always coming-up with imbecilic get-rich plans. Every black character would murder the king's English, mispronouncing every other word, and would usually dress and behave in a ludicrous fashion. Of course, my Grandma truly adored the racially belittling show. She liked to believe it was an accurate portrayal of all blacks. She'd chortle at the simpleminded things the black characters did, and then she'd comment.

"That's just like stupid niggers. We shoulda left them all back in Africa. Oh my God, aren't they simpleminded? Poor things... Ha, ha, ha! Goodness, me! I suppose they just can't help it, being like that. They're almost like monkeys, Joey." Grandma would chuckle, while saying such hurtful things. *No wonder Grandpa stays away so much.*

Grandpa would sometimes briefly glance at the *Amos and Andy Show*, then he'd walk off, sadly shaking his head. At age five, I wondered why I hadn't meant any blacks like those on *The Amos and*

Andy Show. True enough, Grandma's maid and gardener did butcher the King's English, but neither the maid, not the gardener acted like those ridiculous black TV characters, for Bernice and John were clearly not dull-witted, and didn't act in such absurd ways. Yet for all I knew, there were those blacks, who were indeed stupid. I assumed that there had to be some, simply because I'd meant several southern whites, who behaved much as did Amos and Andy, and plainly seemed like idiots to me. I'd also meant some blacks, who seemed quite intelligent; yet still, they worked menial jobs, unbecfitting of their IQ.

For example, whenever the family got together to go eat at *Morrison's Cafeteria*, we'd all push our trays along the four stainless steel guide rails, picking and choosing our food items from behind the long glass counter. Once at the end of the serving line, a black man would pick-up the tray and carry it to the table. From the way some of those black men spoke, it seemed they were remarkably intelligent. These were older black men, dressed in white jackets and black slacks, yet for all their apparent cognitive prowess, they remained only waiters, even into old age. They were extremely polite, spoke in a non-stilted manner, using proper diction, and with

grammar and vocabulary usually found in folks with advanced degrees. It was Grandma's opinion that such black men were simply "uppity niggers," just trying to showoff.

I've meant people, who were mentally slow, regardless of their race, both black and white. Nevertheless, I've always been careful never to offend a slow-witted soul, and have found nothing humorous in someone's lack of intelligence, as did Grandma, whenever she watched *The Amos and Andy Show*. Whenever I encounter a polite person of limited cognitive wherewithal, I do my best to enjoy their company, and at the least, try to create a moment of shared goodwill. Inappropriately, I questioned both the maid and the gardener, if they had watched the *Amos and Andy Show*, but neither of them could afford a television; nevertheless, they'd heard about the show, and politely declined to express their opinion, other than to admit that the show made fun of black people. Both Bernice and John realized I had asked them for the right reason, and not to belittle anyone. I simply wanted their opinion.

"Your Grandma do love dat crazy *Amos and Andy Show*, and it don't make us negro folks look none too

good, neither, but dat be okay. It don't bother me none. *She's lied about that!* Judgement comes to all of us in de end, even yo fine Grandma."

Thank God, Bernice had gone home by the time Grandma's ugly TV show aired. The racist show ended syndication the year of my homemade bomb, but its reruns continued for years. It was the favorite, most talked about show in redneck Mobile, and they literally salivated over it. In my heart, I knew Grandma would have loved to be able to play the ludicrous show for Bernice, just to humiliate her, but luckily it was long before the days of home videos (VCRs, DVDs, Blu-ray, etc.), and the show never played in the movie theaters. In those days, cops locked-up black people for the slightest infractions, and sometimes for doing nothing... just for the sheer pleasure of it. In some ways, it's still that way here in Mobile.

Now, as in the 1950s, Mobile doesn't have much for blacks in the way of employment opportunity; especially for those, who didn't go to college. In those days, blacks were paid at about half the rate, if that. Worse yet, blacks had no real hospital to go to, just a poor excuse for a clinic or two. Their clinics were nothing but a couple of old black-owned

houses. Black schools were invariably abysmal, looking like they should have been bulldozed, and many of the teachers were self-taught, without advanced education. The black teachers were paid considerably less, than were the white teachers. At that point, blacks were just ninety years out of slavery, and the *KKK* held regular public meetings, and as mentioned, blacks didn't have the right to vote, and although the right to vote came along in 1965, it would be years before whites stopped thinking of ways to discourage black voters. The Republicans still do that. Grandma complained about blacks being granted the right to vote till she died.

“Those ignorant niggers aren't smart enough to be able to understand anything about politics and voting. Ya might as well give a monkey a typewriter and asked him to type the dictionary. Ha, ha, ha!” Grandma loved to repeat that abominable little phrase at every opportunity, and the only person who objected was Grandpa.

The aforementioned elderly gardener was an extremely tall, lean, black man, named John Harris. His stature seemed odd, since he wasn't stooped-over, yet was so very tall and very old. Few elderly folks have a straight erect back. Once a week, John

took care of my Grandparent's yard-work, usually working the entire day in the blazing hot southern sun; dripping wet with sweat, while clipping hedges, mowing grass, trimming trees, painting the: house trim, porch columns, garage, backyard playhouse, and lattice work, which surrounded the exposed portion of the off grade house. Moreover, John crawled around under the massive sprawling shrubs, pulling-up weeds, while brushing aside huge numbers of spiderwebs, and swatting at various buzzing and biting insects. In the summers, Mobile had more than its' share of mosquitoes and biting yellow flies. It seemed strange to see such a tall regale older gentleman crawling around on his hands and knees, beneath the huge thick azalea bushes. Perhaps, he enjoyed that part of the job, since at least then, he was shaded, from the scorching sun.

Mowing grass back then wasn't nearly as easy, as now. The push mower was a red rusty old fashioned machine, with long twisted blades, spanning the roughly two foot distance, between its two large steel, hard rubber edged, wheels. Those old heavy push mowers, were probably where mowing the grass first took-on its' air of manliness. John was actually too tall for the mower, having to lean down

too far to push it, and his hands were too large for the thin cracked wooden handles, and so the mower resembled a toy.

John's white wife-beater and faded ratty blue denim farmer johns would always be so saturated with sweat, that he sometimes looked as if he'd just climbed out of the swamp. Transparent pearls of clear sweat often were beaded laterally across the furrows of his mahogany forehead, while rivulets of perspiration could be seen jerkily zig-zagging through his close-cropped nappy white hair. Drops of sweat would emerge from his scalp, to go racing down his long veiny brown neck. Concurrently, big clear drops would steadily drip from his bulbous nose, earlobes, and large protruding lobulated lower lip. No doubt, that was why the exhausted older man was continually slurping water from the garden hose. God knows, Mr. Harris worked extremely hard. At that time, he was the tallest man I'd ever seen, a good and gentle giant, indeed. Even when utterly fatigued, Mr. Harris would manage the obligatory smile, when confronted by my demanding diminutive intolerant little Grandma. He was a couple inches shy of seven feet and Grandma was two inches shy of five. Bernice said Mr. Harris was in his nineties, and

had been born two years before the start of the civil war, so technically he'd been born a slave, and for all those years he'd worked physical labor. For all the history he'd seen, he hardly spoke, or perhaps the southern history he'd witnessed was why he didn't talk. I suspected that he talked only with other blacks; nevertheless, he was a sincerely polite man.

My Grandmother, the lilliputian female dictator she was, would comically strut around the yard in her child size white tennis shoes, pointing right and left, with her tiny pudgy doll-like index finger, at each struggling weed that needed to be plucked, and at each azalea bush which needed additional pruning, or at each minute clump of grass, which John may have missed, with the rusty antique push-mower. Tall John would lumber along behind my petite Grandma, nodding his snow-covered head, obligingly reiterating the phrase, "Yes, um," after each command Grandma loudly uttered. *God, Grandma loves being bossy, but John doesn't seem to care.*

Grandma would frown the entire time, while the dog-tired and sweat-soaked John trailed behind, his hands at his sides. Whenever he was near Grandma, he stooped down to politely reduce the two foot

difference in their heights. Perchance, my bigoted Grandma, had been a fascist despot in a former life, who was being punished, by being reborn into the body of a petite vapid female.

As I stated earlier, Grandma loved nothing more than to rave on about the great Negro germ hazard, and by her somber facial expressions, you'd think she was a PhD microbiologist, or the director of *The Center of Disease Control*. If truth be told, Grandma never went to high school. She dropped-out in the eighth grade. The same was true for Bernice... the eighth grade. Most likely, that was the primary reason Grandma was so horribly jealous of my highly educated, brilliant, and genuinely unselfish Grandpa. Moreover, her lack of education was likely part of the genesis of her need to debase the darker race.

Bernice possessed the compassion of a saint, but a few years later, I would meet a woman in Spain, with even less education, yet with a greater sense of kindness, but she worked herself into an early grave. That Spanish woman is yet another later story in these books. Although Bernice had a minimal vocabulary and colloquial grammar, she was inherently intelligent and extremely wise. It was nearly impossible to sneak anything past Bernice, but

that day I was extracting the gunpowder from those cartridges, I did.

Possibly one of the most demeaning insults John endured was a result of Grandma's Negro germ theory. It threat manifest itself in tall John always having to eat his lunch from a disposable paper plate, and drinking from a cheap jelly glass, the same jelly glass each time he came. Back then, jams and jellies, in the groceries, were sold in cheap glasses, with a pressed-on metal lid. When the jelly or jam was gone, you had yourself a rimless drinking glass. John drank from the same jelly glass each Monday, that he came to work. The cheap glass had the outline of a dark blue *model-T Ford* stenciled on its side. Bernice was ordered to keep the drinking glass stored under the kitchen sink, right next to the brown gas bottle of *Clorox*, and the assorted cleaning rags (mostly Grandpa's old undershirts). John's drinking glass was certainly not in the cabinet with the family glasses; heaven forbid.

Grandma never touched John's jelly glass. The glass and the paper plate had to be something of a slap-in-the-face, implying that John was 'unclean.' This caused me to wonder, if I'd put John's jelly glass in the cabinet with the family's glassware, could his

germs have actually climbed off the jelly glass, then somehow moved across a couple inches of shelf space, to climb up onto the family's glasses? *Can invisible little germs move around like that?* Point of fact, I asked Grandma if such a 'walking of the germs' was possible. Judging from the fact that her eyes rolled up, the question had discernibly irritated her, doubtless because it was bumping-up against her massive ignorance. Her lack of education was her ever-oozing sore spot, and probably the primary source of her never-ending choleric insecurity.

"Now listen to me Joey, I'm being very serious! Never touch that nigger's drinking glass! Hear me? My God, Joey, you're just begging to get sick, if you put John's jelly glass in the cabinet with our clean glassware. Honestly! Let Bernice handle that glass. She's a nigger and that's what she's for. You could get yourself sick. You hear me, boy? *I'm only two feet away you moron.* I'm just try'n to protect you, honey. Now stop asking stupid questions and let that germ-covered jelly glass of John's be! Its none of your never-mind, no-way, Joey." Grandma brilliantly explained.

John's lunch was always a plain white bread sandwich, either bologna (one slice) with

mayonnaise, or peanut butter and jelly. Bernice also made his sandwich. A sandwich and paper plate meant there was no need for John to handle any of Grandma's dishes or utensils. He also received one glass of milk in said jelly glass. He seemed to really love the cold milk, since he always drank the entire glass in one breath. Once finished eating, John washed out the jelly glass with the hose water, before returning it to Bernice, who immediately put it back under the sink. He threw the paper plate away in the heavy galvanized steel trashcan, which weighted about ten times the later aluminum cans. Bernice radiated a knowing smile, when she accepted the clean glass from John. And, even though she was married, and John was as old as the hills, I could tell she was attracted to him, because her smile was the same type of smile that my Mom would give my Dad, right before they retired to the bedroom. This is not to say, that Bernice acted on her attraction, but it is to say it was there and rather obvious, even at age five.

As mentioned, tall John drank gallons of water from the hose each day, that he worked at my Grandparents' home, but the Mobile water was still potable, in those days. The many polluting

corporations, which would later bribe Mobile's politicians, weren't established, yet. The air was still clean and the water had no taste. If water has a taste, it's not pure water. Mobile is now one of the most polluted cities in America. The good-ole-boy commissioners have allowed huge foreign corporations to move in and around Mobile. Some of those companies have been kicked-out of their own home countries, because of the dangerous levels of pollution they produce. The resultant number of sick and dead Mobilians, is actually indeterminable, lest the medical lawsuits would never stop. How do you definitively prove that the cancer is directly owing to various pollutants, and not some other variable, like, smoking, drinking, bug-spray, dry-cleaning fluid, or just plain old bad luck? Sure, it may be known that certain chemicals can cause cancer, but when someone actually contracts cancer, the cause generally can't be proven, and so there's no attorney to take the case. The evidence has to become overwhelming, to warrant a viable suit. Such companies, which have knowingly inflicted great harm on the public for profit, make me yearn of the days of vigilantes.

Mobile county is now replete with polluting

industries. A certain fertilizer company did tremendous damage to the local residents, and may be responsible for doubling Mobile's cancer rate. The company purchased 200,000 acres of land in Volk County, where they mined train loads of phosphate rich ore, to be used in the manufacture of said fertilizer. The railroad cars were unloaded of their ore at the Mobile plant, then the rocks were crushed and chemically processed to remove the phosphate for the fertilizer. The leftover waste slurry (minus the extracted phosphate), was disposed-of by injecting it down into the subterranean aquifer; the same aquifer which supplied the city's drinking water. The local utility company, which is supposed to test the purity and safety of the tap water, probably got bribed, because the citizens were not informed. In fact, the utility company (the *MCUA, Mobile County Utility Authority*) lied on their reports. The real problem was that the waste slurry contained radioactive radium! At first, the fertilizer company didn't realize that the ore they were mining contained the radioactive radium, but for years, after they'd found out, they just kept mining and injecting the radioactive material into Mobile's drinking water.

This is not too different from mass murder.

Citizens can get up in arms about a serial killer, who's killed ten or twenty people, but if a big company kills thousands, no one says anything. As a result, for ten years the cancer rate doubled in Mobile country, whereas the cancer rate for the rest of the state decreased by 17 percent, during that same ten year period. Just remember that you can't definitively prove that the doubling of the cancer rate was actually due to the radium, even though it's inherently obvious. This is but one example of why Mobile is a rather famous health hazard. While there wasn't a single medical lawsuit, the local oncologists and pharmaceutical companies made a killing (pun intended), due to the marked upsurge in business. Local sales of chemotherapy, radiotherapy, and related cancer surgeries soared.

Perchance, the most amazing aspect of that wholesale killing of countless Mobile citizens is that not a single citizen complained about the radium in the water! Such a lack of citizen action is rather similar to how hardly anyone seems to be concerned about the destruction of the earth's atmosphere. Sure a lot gets said and written about, but nothing actually gets done. People are so much like sheep. You can tell people about an injustice, but usually

they don't react, until it's too late.

There is more carbon in the atmosphere, trapping heat and moisture than ever before in the 165,000 years of human history.

The Last Hours of Humanity: Warming the World to Extinction by Thom Hartmann

It saddens me how some people will kill without concern, while others simply will allow themselves to be killed, without so much as a whimper. Not one Mobile resident, dying of cancer, ever considered doing anything to city hall, with its greedy politicians, or to the lying utility company, or to any of those massively polluting factories, belching their deadly carcinogens into the air, or dumping those death dealing chemicals into the ground water. Likewise corporate greed is now killing the entire planet, yet it seems that only extremely small groups do anything. Isn't it the *FBI's* job to keep such criminal groups under control? They're doing such a great job!

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eco-terrorism>

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rage at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is
right,

Because their words had forked no lightning
they

Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green
bay,

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in
flight,

And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,

Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding
sight

Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears, I
pray.

Do not go gentle into that good night.

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

by Dylan Thomas

While still disassembling the fifteen to twenty bullets in the bathroom, yet another unexpected epiphany suddenly struck home. Like Bernice, John must also have had to use the dirt floor of the garage as a bathroom. *Bernice and John must never do a number two, while here at Grandma's place, since I've never seen or smelled any poop in the garage.* But at that very moment, I recalled seeing a very short slightly rusty olive green collapsable WWII military type shovel (trenching tool), propped against the inside wall of the rickety old garage. While I remembered that there were copious amounts of spiderwebs in the old garage, I recalled that there were none emanating from the shovel, since I'd previously picked it up to examine it. Consequently, I came to realize that Bernice and John might have had to dig and hole and bury their excrement in the

garage!

Then, still another postulation followed; it was simply that it seemed reasonable that if black people had more germs, why didn't Bernice and John ever get sick? *Why don't they have sores on their body? Why aren't they coughing?* Both Bernice and John worked extremely hard, yet never seemed to be ill. In fact, Grandma got sick more often than they did.

Many years later, having earned a doctorate in science, I suspected that this situation might have had something to do with the early slave ships, where blacks, who lacked an above average immune system, quickly became sick and died. Dead slaves, and those who were barely alive, but were clearly terminally ill were casted overboard to the sharks. Indeed, many such captured slaves failed to complete the voyage.

As a result, only the immunologically healthiest of the captured Africans completed the long arduous trans-Atlantic cruise, down in the ship's dank filthy (often freezing) hole. Blacks were stacked on uncomfortable wooden racks, as if they were wine bottles, secured in place by heavy iron shackles around their ankles, wrists, and necks. The winter crossings of the South Atlantic would frequently

cause slaves to freeze to death; whereas, those of the summer, often killed them by dehydration, and/or heat stroke. Moreover, seasickness was more apt to occur in the darkened odorous ship's hole.

Aboard these old sailing ships, sometimes the unfortunate black men and women were arranged in rows above each other, laying on their backs, so that they were frequently forced to defecate and urinate on the others, below them. In other ships, they just stood crowded on the floor of the hole. Either way, slaves made the voyage, while living in copious amounts of human filth, with very little ventilation. Occasionally, they would be brought-up on the deck to be cleaned, by being splashed-down with buckets of freezing cold sea water, which in the winter often sealed their fate. Those people, who survived the nightmarish journey, were quite likely immunologically superior. People with normal or reduced levels of white blood cells, and/or antibodies, were no doubt less likely to survive, due to infections of the skin, eyes, respiratory tract, and gastrointestinal tract. As a five years old, I certainly didn't understand anything about immunology, but I did realize that I'd never seen Bernice or John ill, or with sores, yet Grandma kept insisting that blacks

were covered with germs, and I knew that germs are what made a person sick and caused sores. During the early years of my life, my dear Mother also professed this same insulting racial perspective.

“Grandma is right. Niggers are filthy people, Joey.” Mom insisted.

As a result of those voyages and more, the blacks of today quite possibly may have better immunity, than most white folks, as well as most of the blacks in Africa. Perhaps, they can produce more neutrophils, T-cells and B-cells, more antibodies, as well as a greater diversities of antibodies. While I know of no actual scientific verification for such a claim, the hypothesis still seems plausible, for even after the ship’s voyage, black slaves typically received less medical care than did whites, and also had significantly harder, and less hygienic, lives.

There is one study which seems to confirm at least the possibility, that American blacks have better immunity. The most common white blood cells in the immune system are what are called neutrophils. Neutrophils usually make-up about seventy percent of the white blood cell population. In one study, looking at the neutrophil response to gum inflammation, neutrophil activity increased in black

subjects, but not in the whites. This is by no means conclusive evidence, but it is an interesting racial difference, and implies that the above stated hypothesis could be correct. {Neutrophil Response to Dental Plaque by Gender and Race., Wahaidi, et. al., J Dent Res. 2009 Aug; 88(8): 709-14.}

Since Grandpa had taken me with him, while collecting the monthly fees, from some of his rental properties, I realized the marked economic differences in Mobile's white and black neighborhoods. When I asked Grandpa about that germ situation, he extracted his slimy half-chewed cigar, held it between his old wrinkled tobacco stained fingers, gripping the steering wheel with his other hand, smiled, and shook his head. He then laughed. Afterwards, he looked me in the eye, and spoke.

"Lincoln freed the slaves, but he couldn't free certain idiots of their incessant need to hate negroes. Some of those idiots just hate themselves, and so they find someone else to hate, and some of them are just born to hate. You've been lied to, about the negro germ problem Joey." Grandpa stated.
Grandpa's calling Grandma and Great Aunt Kate idiots and liars!

“So, why can’t Bernice use the bathroom, instead of the garage floor, Grandpa?”

“Who told you that?” He asked plainly surprised.

“No one did, but she never does use the bathroom, and every now and then, she goes outside to the garage, and there’s no other possible reason for her to go in there. So, I just figured...”

“Jesus! I’ll have to talk with your dear Grandma.” He said, returning the cigar to his mouth, and thereby letting me know he didn’t want more questions, and so, I stopped talking.

Later, I decided to pick on Grandma about her germ theory. “Grandma, have you ever seen John or Bernice get sick? I’m only here two weeks each year, but they always seem pretty healthy to me, and they work so hard. We just sit around the house, while they do lots of hard work. And you know, I don’t see any blacks, who look sick, when we go to town. None of the black folks, I see in the back of the bus, ever look sick to me, and they don’t have sores, Grandma.”

“Joey, I know what you’re getting at, but don’t you dare be touch’n John’s jelly glass, anyway. You hear me? You’ll know better when you grow-up. Just

stop asking about this! Niggers are filthy people... pure and simple! Everyone knows that! What's wrong with you? You just got to keep ask'n me all these stupid questions? Why do you think they have to have their own bathrooms and water fountains? It ain't cuz they're clean. It's cuz they're filthy! Now, I don't want to hear anymore about this nonsense, Joey!" Grandma was becoming irritated and was clearly not open for any more discussion, concerning black people and germs.

She had exhausted her eighth grade database, and was out of patience. Grandma was giving me clues, by speaking louder, making forceful exhalations, and rolling her, while her logic remained far over the horizon. *Grandpa's right; she's an idiot!*

In those days, the adult blacks in the South, no matter how old they were, referred to me at age five, as "Master Joey or Masser Joey," and would often give me a brief deferential nod, in the process. Never did I get used to such. My father had taught me to be humble and understated. Sometimes John would omit my name, and just call me "Master, or Masser, or young Master." I was five, whereas John most likely ninety five and still doing physical labor.

Whenever Grandma wasn't nearby, I referred to John, as 'Sir.' If Grandma was close-by, I just didn't refer to, or address, John. With Bernice, I'd refer to John, as Mr. Harris.

Never did I make friends with any black children, for that was completely unacceptable; besides, except for one, there were none living nearby. One black family lived down by the liquor store, about five blocks south, not too far from the liquor store, where I'd purchased the replacement whiskey. There was a black boy, about my age. Every time Grandpa and I drove by, he was in his side-yard with the garden-hose running water, and he'd always be cleaning fish. He was about five or six and worked hard every day. Grandpa told me that people, who bought fish from the fishing boats would take their fish to the boy to be cleaned. He charged one, two, or three cents per fish, depending on the size of the fish. Back then, the nearby bay was brimming with fish, so there was no real need to venture out into the Gulf, unless you wanted very large fish: marlin, shark, tuna, wahoo, etc. Today, a person can fish the entire day in the bay, and not catch a single fish. Even on the best of days, you're lucky to catch half a dozen, after hours of fishing.

Grandpa owned and rented-out several small shotgun houses, where both poverty-stricken black and white families resided, but whenever a tenant was unable to pay the rent, he'd just let it slide, without the slightest sign of irritation. Moreover, Grandpa allowed Bernice and John to live rent-free in one of his places. He even paid the property tax. Sometimes, when Grandpa would return to the car, without any rent, he'd drive to the nearby *Piggly-Wiggly* grocery store, to buy the needy tenants a couple bags of foodstuffs. Then, he'd drive back and leave the food on their porch, honking the horn, as he'd drive away. My Grandpa was the caretaker to the world. Since I didn't have a conscience, back then, I figured that he was just trying to buy a ticket to paradise. Nevertheless, I now realize that Grandpa genuinely cared.

Being a criminal defense attorney with a diamond-plated conscience, nearly killed him. Correspondingly, a lot of hateful Mobile bigots definitely wished him dead. He once had an old Jewish friend, who was in his late seventies, and ran a jewelry store. In the mid 1950s, the man's business began to fail. The landlord of the old downtown building had served the jeweler with an eviction

notice. Grandpa and I went to the bank, where Grandpa withdrew \$5000, placed it in a little brown paper bag, drove back to the jewelry store, and he first threw it through the front door of the store, but the owner saw him do it, before Grandpa could drive away, so Grandpa went in to talk.

“Ben, you and your fine departed father have been such good friends to me, so please just think of this as a little gift. It’s the very least I can do. Don’t worry, your business will pick-up soon, just hang in there. You’ll see.” After saying this, Grandpa turned, flung a wave over his shoulder, and walked out, with me following. \$5000 in those days was about like \$100,000, today.

Often when I’d come to Mobile for my two-week summertime visit, Grandpa’d take me to the YMCA to swim. After work, many of the judges and lawyers hung out there. They couldn’t have been nicer; still, I never heard any of them refer to a black person, as a black or an African American, occasionally they’d use the polite term ‘Negro,’ but most often they’d use the ‘N’ word, and unfortunately, rarely if ever in a kindly fashion. Worse yet, the ‘N’ word tended to be preceded by a demeaning adjective, i.e., dumb, stupid, crazy, clueless, lazy, worthless, ignorant, etc.

It seemed, that while my Grandpa could use the 'N' word in a kindly, if not loving, fashion, most of the other older legal types simply could not. They used the word, as if it gave them some type of psychological benefit. My Dad never used the word, whereas my Mom occasionally did. While only three blacks worked at the Y, two janitors and one massage therapist, there were absolutely no black members. Blacks were perceived as servants, not worthy of socializing with whites, nor were they allowed membership in said Christian organizations.

Shockingly, the white members of the *YMCA* would freely use the 'N' word in front of the three black employees, as if the insult was to be tolerated by the blacks. I remember being thunderstruck at how blacks passively tolerated the nasty little word, especially since the word usually carried such an unmistakable tone of belittlement. The verbal insult had probably grown-out of the days of slavery. The *YMCA's* massage therapist, was a black man named Hollis Jones, a tall intelligent man, who miraculously was later elected to Mobile's city council. Perhaps, his getting the office had something to due with the fact that Hollis had plenty of dirt on lots of white people. After all, he'd over heard lots of gossip

working at the YMCA. Moreover, Hollis lied to many of the wives, about the whereabouts of their husband, when they'd telephone the YMCA looking for them. Once Hollis became a city councilman, he was anything but an Uncle Tom; like I said, he had a dump-truck load of dirt on many influential people, most of them lawyers and judges, who fooled around on their wives, or done various illegal things.

Before Hollis ascended to the posting of city councilman, the judges and lawyers would use the 'N' word in front of Hollis, as if he was supposed to be okay with the slur. Occasionally, one of the members, after using the 'N' word, then have the effrontery to confront Hollis about it.

"Of course, I'm not talking about you, Hollis, just most niggers. You understand, don't you?"

"Oh, yes sir! I sure do." He'd reply, but without the humbling nod or hanging his head. "That's mighty white of you, Hollis."

"Thank you, sir." Hollis would calmly answer, looking directly in the man's eyes.

Unlike most blacks, Hollis'd never looked down, when answering. Had Hollis shown offense, even slightly, he would have lost his job, worse yet he

would have been forever labeled as an ‘uppity n__r,’ and probably a target for certain bigots. By working at the YMCA, Hollis had to endure hearing the ‘N’ word, countless times. Had Hollis resorted to violence, he’d certainly have been arrested, taken to the police station and summarily beaten in one of the back rooms, without windows. Such racially motivated police beatings were standard procedure. It was Grandpa, who clued me in on that, claiming that many of his black clients had been beaten severely, until they confessed. Court appearances were often delayed to allow the marks to fade, and the swelling to go down. The beatings were administered regardless of guilt. The idea was that the black people had to be kept in line. Grandpa took to making black and white photos of his beaten clients to show juries, and get such confessions thrown out. The marks weren’t as notable on his black clients, but the swelling and facial distortions were effective.

As mentioned, one of the reasons that my Grandpa did not fit into professional Mobile society was that he used the ‘N’ word in a kindly fashion. For that reason and his blinding brilliance, he stood-out like a brilliantly cut multifaceted blue-white

diamond, sitting amongst the cheap charcoal briquettes in a redneck's rusty backyard barbecue grill. The few times Grandpa took me to court with him, I noticed that the 'N' word was also commonly used by judges, lawyers, witnesses, and litigants, even during court. Again, it was generally used in a derogatory fashion, and sometimes accompanied by an asymmetrical sneer of the upper lip. The 'R' sound at the end of the 'N' word, lent itself to the asymmetrical sneer. Demeaning people does little to inspire them to improve their lot, and just imagine what that 'N' word does to an impressionable young black child, who's questioning his or her worth, or wondering how equitable the white race might be?

While welfare is indeed a good thing for the rare few, its over-use has crippled many in both races. Before welfare reared its paralyzing head, per capita, more black men worked than white men, and more black women worked than white women. Welfare turned-out to be something other than just welfare. For too many, welfare became more like a permit to fail. While some aspects of welfare began in the late 1700s, welfare as we generally think of it, was begun by the Democrats under Franklin D. Roosevelt. Welfare also markedly contributed to the destruction

of the family unit of it's recipients, which is behind so many problems currently confronting the black race. Yes, although blacks constitute only 17 percent of the country, three times as many blacks are on welfare as whites. Consequently, since before welfare came along proportionally more blacks (both men and women) worked than whites, I'd say it's safe to assume that the welfare trap has been one of the most destructive forces the black race in America has encountered, perhaps, worse than drugs and racism. What would it have been like, if blacks had had to survive on their own efforts and industry? The same goes for the whites on welfare.

[http://www.discoverthenetworks.org/
viewSubCategory.asp?id=1672](http://www.discoverthenetworks.org/viewSubCategory.asp?id=1672)

Currently, I know a few whites, that even though they're fairly well educated, still can't resist, using the 'N' word. It's almost as if they experience some kind of emotional orgasm, a release from some mysterious pent-up frustration, just by uttering the word. After speaking the word, they usually scan their fellow white listeners, to see if they've received a consensus. It's similar to how a religious fanatic

will force their opinion on others, and then scan their audience to gauge the reaction. When no one wants to waste the energy on arguing with them, about the 'N' word, then the idiot usually seems to take the lack of a response as an affirmation.

At times, I have objected to someone's use of the word; then, usually the person, quickly amends their definition of the 'N' word to include only those blacks, who are criminals or undeservingly living off the welfare system. Now days, the bigots never use the word in front of blacks, simply because they don't want to get their ass handed to them. Everyone needs to stop using the 'N' word. It's high time we look at people, not in terms of their melanin production, but instead, judge each person by their individual qualities, their: deeds, ideas, kindness, honesty, etc., stupid things like that.

Having watched and listened to numerous black people greet each other with the word, it seems that for them, using the 'N' word is a bit of a double edged sword. On the one hand, the 'N' word may imply a type of camaraderie; for indeed, black people have sustained many years of oppression at the hands of the bigoted portion of the white race, as well as the Islamic peoples. Arab slavers were routinely

much more savage in their treatment of slaves, for frequently, the Arab captured black male slaves received the 'smooth belly' treatment/procedure. That way, the muslim slave owners could feel comfortable about the slave working around the females of their families. Such removal of both the penis and the gonads, often killed the male slave, either because of blood loss, or due to the subsequent infection. There are several passages in the Koran, which at first glance, seem to be okay with the institution of slavery.

https://skepticsannotatedbible.com/quran/says_about/slavery.html

Another manner in which the 'N' word is used by blacks is in a rather demeaning manner toward their fellow black. The word is used in such a way, as to say, 'you're no better than I am.' For example, I've heard a black man, who has not done well in life, and may have been repeatedly in and out of prison, refer to a highly successful black man, as a n__r. The less successful black man uses the word, as if to imply that the successful black man, is no better than he. This is often confirmed by the fact that the more

successful black man doesn't respond well to being called a n__r. I'm not black, so I'll leave this issue up to the black readers to decide the merits of the above. Regardless, since this book is fiction, I might actually be black.

Notwithstanding, perhaps all people should simply focus on progress, and on making a better future, rather than on racial differences, or personal failures? And while that may be easy for me to say, and the obvious fact that vile racial oppression should never be forgotten, lest it be repeated, it still doesn't need to be constantly relived by repeatedly using the stupid 'N' word. Not by blacks, calling each other the 'N' word, and especially not by cruel and ignorant whites.

Perhaps, blacks should concentrate on their positive efforts and accomplishments, rather than on the oppression they or their ancestors survived? Sometimes, it begins to look like certain blacks are just looking to blame someone for their own failings. And while said racial oppression does exist, constantly reliving the past, to some degree, impedes certain black people's progress. Jews have been discriminated against probably as much as, if not more than have blacks. As everyone knows, the Jews

were slaves, during the days of the Old Testament. Hitler murdered six and one-half million Jews. In fact, Jews are still being killed by certain Arab groups. But generally, Jews don't have time to be worried about racial persecution. Nor do they refer to each other using derogatory racial terms. You don't hear them calling each other by the 'K_e' word. In fact, I don't believe I've heard a Jew refer to an enemy Arab, using a debasing name, as American soldiers often do, concerning their muslim enemy. In some respect, I have more admiration for the combat soldier, who has killed his enemy, than the man, who refers to his enemy, using offensive names. My Dad killed a lot of Japanese, during WWII, but he only referred to them as Japanese, nothing else. During the Korean conflict, my Dad worked at headquarters Tokyo as General MacArthur's naval intel officer/attaché; yet, he came to know and enjoy many Japanese. Throughout his life, Dad worked under hefty pressures, which would have buckled most men.

This thing, where blacks address each other using the 'N' word, is similar to how old homeless combat vets, sit around reliving their combat day, and keep enlarging their adrenal glands, over and

over, but with no positive benefit, no individual progress. Reliving the events of the past, keeps the adrenal glands hypertrophied (enlarged). This keeps the person's brain chemistry out of balance, a condition called *Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome*, (*PTSD*). Why sit around doing nothing productive, day after day, just discussing the long-gone war, reliving the past, when there's so much more in life, than reliving the past? Perchance, its like the past becomes a legitimate excuse for doing little or nothing, a justification for failure, an excuse to no longer strive. Perhaps, blacks using the 'N' word is a similar thing... a waste of time, and a poor excuse for not trying harder... no longer having a true interest, other than those more primitive interests, granted by the limbic structures of the brain.

Perhaps, everyone needs to bury the duplicitous 'N' word, as well as all words, which hold the potential to demean/harm people. I'll never forget the amazing Denzel Washington's performance as the evil detective, Alonzo Harrison, in the movie *First Training Day*, and his referring to the white police trainee, played by Nathaniel Hawke, as "my nigger." That particular use of the word is clearly open to interpretation. Oddly enough, there are kids, who

honestly aspire to be like Alonzo Harrison; these are often the children, whose parents are on welfare. For some people, anything is better than the profound crippling burden of poverty. Though I may not agree with that, I can certainly understand it, and had I been raised under similar circumstances, perchance I might have held the same warped perspective.

As mentioned, many black comedians, like the brilliant Chris Rock, still love to utter the ‘N’ word, it’s a cheap guaranteed way for the very rich Chris Rock to elicit a bond with the blacks in his audience. But, how long is that redundant-one-trick-pony going to work for Chris, and other black comics? How long do you think black folks will continue to laugh at that same one-word stratagem? Perchance, that pony is ready for the glue factory. It’s reminiscent of the times, when my Grandma would reread the same *Readers Digest* jokes, and she still laughed at them. You’re right Mr. Rock, that blacks have really been abused, I fully agree, but is that ‘N’ word, in your otherwise stellar stage performance, still that funny, after all these years of using it, over, and over, and over...? How long can the word work for you, before the audience finally habituates? And what’s it say about those who don’t get tired of the same old

word. Maybe, they're not too different than my Grandma. I guess that some blacks never tire of using it and hearing it, so the word continues to work for them, as well as for some angry white bigots. It's a known fact, that the slower the individual, the longer it takes for them to habituate, so Chris please have a little respect for your audience. Too many blacks love the 'N' word, because it seems to give them an excuse for not being more successful. It's as if to say their failures are strictly due to racism, and nothing else. Too many white bigots love the 'N' word because it makes them feel superior, and the welfare for blacks (as if there are no whites on welfare) is why they (said whites) are not more financially successful.

Whatever your answer, Chris Rock, concerning the use of the 'N' word, I know it will be brilliantly humorous or socially enlightening. You're a wonderfully funny, intelligent, and insightful guy, with tremendous stage energy, owing to... Thank you for sacrificing your natural neurochemistry to lift my spirits and temporarily transport me out of my mundane life. In all ways (except perhaps for the 'N' word), your performances are astonishing.

Jerry Seinfeld referred to Richard Pryor as, "The Picasso of our profession..." and Bob Newhart said

that Pryor was “...the seminal comedian of the last 50 years...” This legacy is partially owing to the degree of intimacy Pryor brought to his comedy. After Richard Pryor went to Africa and didn’t meet any n____s, didn’t he then stop using the ‘N’ word in his routines? I’ve always felt that after a certain point, Richard operated with a drug-fried brain; nonetheless, he was able to continue with an extremely high level of social intelligence.

A few weeks ago, while driving to work, I was listening to a call-in show on my car radio. The host was discussing a recent Supreme Court decision, where a black male corporate manager, when speaking with one of his black female employees, referred to her using the ‘N’ word. It was black manager’s contention that when a black uses the ‘N’ word to address another black (the female employee), it should not be considered as being derogatory. However, the black lady employee and the Supreme Court didn’t see it that way. The black female was awarded a quarter million dollars. The insulting negativism of the ‘N’ word was worth a cool \$250,000, and the word was used by a black person, and toward another black person! So, at least that woman and the Supreme Court agreed with me, and

perhaps Richard Pryor.

This caused me to wonder about the possible scenario, where a black comedian might use the ‘N’ word on stage as part of his or her routine. Perhaps using the word to address the black audience, as they often do; yet, hypothetically, a person in the audience, be they white or black, might decide to claim that they were offended by the word and file a similar lawsuit. Maybe, even retroactive claims could be filed, based on past filmed performances, since in some cases the complainant might be seen on the film, sitting in the audience. Perchance, they too could prevail in court. Certainly, the defense might argue that the offended party shouldn't have gone to the performance, knowing that such comedians often use the ‘N’ word in their shows. Still, the offended person might reasonably argue, that he or she had no foreknowledge that the ‘N’ word was going to be used as part of the performance. And, wouldn't it be slightly more interesting, if the comedian was black and the complainant was white? After all, if a white uses the word, against a black, in some states, its legal grounds for an assault charge. What's good for the goose is good for the...

Quite possibly, the only real n—rs are those, who enjoy using the word, regardless of their skin color.

Bombing Hamsters by Dr. William O. Maulrey

As mentioned, when I was a young child, my Grandpa sustained a something of a serious nervous breakdown, most likely it was somehow owing to his overly caring personality and his 24 carat moral constitution. Exactly why he had the breakdown is still a mystery amongst our family members. According to my grandma, the event simple appeared one morning when he refused to go to work. He just sat in is sleeping room, read a book, smoked, prayed, and occasionally went to the bathroom. He only ate one meal a day, and did this for one week straight. He's just stopped going to his law practice. Bernice brought him his food on a tray.

Attorneys in his firm would call the house, but Grandpa refused to take their calls. After leaving his home, Grandpa packed a suitcase and told Grandma that he'd be back in a few months, and that he wasn't too sure about the exact number of months. Of course this freaked-out Grandma, but she realized

Grandpa needed to be alone to get his head together. At first, he drove to the Arkansas's hot springs for two months and just soaked in the hot springs, and then, he went to see his brother, my Uncle Tom, a judge in Key West, Florida. He did a lot of deep sea fishing, while there. In total, Grandma was gone about a year. If Grandma or my other relatives knew the reason or reasons for the profound melancholy, which I don't believe they did. Mom says that she doesn't know why it happened, but it resulted in Grandpa not practicing law for over a year. Lawyers are number four for suicidal professions; perhaps they hate themselves; many of them certainly should. Nevertheless, there are some good and kind people, who are lawyers. The following is a famous lawyer joke, of unknown origin.

An attorney was working late one night in his office when, suddenly, Satan appeared before him. The Devil made him an offer. "I will make it so you win every case that you try for the rest of your life. Your clients will worship you, your colleagues will be in awe, and you will make enormous amounts of money. But, in return, you must give me your soul,

your wife's soul, the souls of your children, your parents, grandparents, and those of all the your friends." The lawyer thought about it for a moment, then asked, "But what's the catch?"

<http://www.therichest.com/rich-list/the-biggest/the-10-professions-with-the-highest-suicide-rates/>

Uncle Tom had a large beach front home, with a long dock, and a fully equipped forty foot cabin cruiser, named Alpha Sigma Sigma. Every so often, he'd sail it up the Florida coast to Mobile for a visit. Uncle Tom was always afraid to sail diagonally across the Gulf, since if the boat sank, the sharks would soon arrive, and rescue techniques just weren't so good, back then. Besides, by stopping every night at some coastal town or city, Uncle Tom could stretch his legs, grab a drink, and maybe meet an interesting female. For rest and relaxation, the two brothers did a lot of drinking and deep sea fishing. Obviously, Grandpa was trying to escape his troubles, resolve his dilemma for releasing countless dangerous men back into society. My Great Uncle Tom was a retired Florida State judge, but was less concerned, than was Grandpa, about the morality of the legal profession. He just did his job and went

about his life with great joy, regardless of how just or unjust his courtroom behavior happened to be. Nothing seemed to faze him, since Uncle Tom possessed excess amounts of pride. Living down there, in a virtual island paradise, he was probably Grandpa's primary, if not only, confessor. Many people, who work in the law, from court clerks to Supreme Court Justices, feel that the system excuses, or grants them pardon for their occasional unjust behavior. That was not the case for my Grandpa, especially after he'd manage to successfully defend a man, who murdered two children, and their bodies were never found. Right after that case, came his aforementioned nervous breakdown. Still, Grandpa was showing signs of the breakdown, before that case came about.

Contrary to what some people think, it's most often the judges, who determine the length of a prison sentence, not the jury. Moreover, a judge can markedly influence the outcome of a trial, since he chooses to admit or reject evidence, sustain or overrule objections, etc., and make no mistake, there can be a great deal of legal latitude in his or her adjudications. In fact, if a judge feels a jury is wrong, he can overrule their finding. Moreover, the crime's

sentencing range may widely; for example five to ten years, or fifteen to twenty years, etc. That sentencing range is applied at the judge's discretion. In Alabama, there are many judges, who will give almost all the guilty black defendants, the maximum sentence, whereas guilty whites typically serve the minimum sentence. Again, the judge, though conducting the trial and sentencing in a less than moral fashion, is still operating within the letter of the law. And so, he may continue to comfortably view himself as a good man, functioning with, what he feels to be, moral impunity.

Judicial misconduct occurs when the judge acts in an unethical manner, or violates impartiality. But few attorneys want to take on a judge, so the judge often gets away with it. Besides, many Alabama attorneys think like Alabama judges. While you may feel that its unlikely a judge might be racially biased, bare-in-mind that the *KKK* has infiltrated the highest levels of government. Supreme Court Justice Hugo L. Black, a trial attorney from Alabama, joined the racist group in 1923. He was appointed to the US Supreme Court in 1937, by President Roosevelt, and there is no clear evidence that he ever left the klan! Several US presidents were suspected of being klan

members: Warren Harding, Woodrow Wilson, Harry Truman, and Calvin Coolidge. The case for Harry Truman's *KKK* membership is fairly strong.

The same type of racial bias extends to many of the wardens and correctional officers of Alabama prisons. The convict must walk an extremely straight line, or he or she can be given additional time, by warden, or because the warden has appealed to the State to levy additional criminal charges. Wardens and correctional officers often have a marked amount of discretionary judgement. One man in prison gets into a fight, and is simply told to go cool off, where another man may have years added to his sentence, or worse. In the history of the Alabama penal system, there may be a direct correlation between the amount of time a prisoner serves, and the content of melanin in his skin, whereas there is an inverse correlation between one's morality and one's becoming a CO (corrections officer). Perhaps, the most grievous pigment-related offenses were those committed by the various sheriffs and cops, for unjust or unnecessary arrests, beatings, shootings, etc. In many cases, a black would be taken to jail, whereas a white person would simply receive a strong verbal rebuke, by the police officer.

At this point, you may be wondering what immoral acts my Great Uncle Tom may have committed, yet so easily granted himself forgiveness. The few times, I was able to speak with Great Uncle Tom, he not only made no effort to conceal his courtroom wrongs, but exuded pride, about having committed them. None of said wrongs were illegal, but all were certainly immoral. Each and every time a black man or black woman was found guilty, my Great Uncle Tom would automatically give them the maximum sentence! Also, rarely was a black defendant's attorney able to get questionable evidence suppressed. Considering that Great Uncle Tom presided over thousands of cases, the harm he likely inflicted was no doubt immeasurable! A judge, back then wheeled much more power, than they do, today.

“Niggers are slower to learn, so you've got to make a firm impression on them. Besides, niggers don't mind prison, as much as whites do.” Uncle Tom, the judge, would explain.

Another common example, may be prosecuting attorneys, who do their level best and succeed at prosecuting a person, whom they fully realize, or at least highly suspect, is innocent. Nevertheless, they

take pride in their destructive courtroom performance. Who can be proud about destroying an innocent person's life? The legal system is so overloaded that neither public defender, State Attorney, nor judge can devote adequate time to most cases. In my youth at the YMCA, I meant many such prosecuting attorneys, and judges with a serious racial bias... proud that they had locked away so many innocent blacks. Frequently, I'd hear comments such as,

"I got one more useless nigger locked-up, today."

"Niggers don't care about going to prison, cuz they get free food."

"That nigger was too old to work, so he might as well go to prison."

Correspondingly, a third example of courtroom immorality might be when defense lawyers, knowingly do their level best, to free obviously heinous criminals, and feel accomplished for doing so, except when the defendant is black, and then their performance barely passes as adequate. Still another example of legal bias, is carried-out by many cops, who are much more prone to provoke, beat, shoot, or arrest a black suspect. While there are some

blacks, who exaggerate such police prejudices, there are far more whites, who foolishly assume that such police bigotry just doesn't exist, or that it's limited to only the few cases, they've seen in the news.

There are countless other examples of people, working within a system sanctioned by the law, who knowingly harm without the slightest fear of prosecution. For example, there are countless soldiers, who kill simply because their government says it's needed, and while at times, it may indeed be warranted, at other times, if not many times, it's clearly not. How about the soldier, who holds a joystick in Nevada, communicating with a drone flying over Afghanistan, Pakistan, Yemen, Syria, Somalia, etc., via satellite up and down links.

Through the imagery generated by a satellite or by the drone's powerful long-range viewing cameras, the soldier spots a house, which he can see is bustling with the activity of men, women, and children. His superior standing next to him, and/or the *CIA* agent at Langley, who's on speakerphone, and looking at the same imagery, tells the remote drone pilot to launch a hellfire missile at that house. After all, someone in intel has calculated that there was a ninety percent probability, that the terrorist was

inside that house, which also contains innocent people.

Another example, might be when said drone operator is ordered to launch a hellfire missile into a group of men, standing on a street corner. Suddenly the group of men is simply vaporized. On the high altitude video, there is no sound. A few minutes pass, and a couple dozen curious spectators gather around the blast site to gaze at the damage. Then, the pilot soldier is ordered to make a second launch directly at the same location, ergo the curious spectators are suddenly gone, too. As good citizens, we must assume that those intel folks, ordering such strikes, know exactly what they're doing. We also must assume that they have the unquestionable right to carry-out these killings, and that we don't have the right to know anything about them. Nevertheless, we pay their salaries, purchase those drones and missiles, with our tax dollars.

That evening, the drone operator may go home and tell his wife that he blew the crap out of some deserving terrorists. After all, the pilot soldier knows he was operating within his government's rules and regulations, as was my Great Uncle Tom and my dear Grandpa. On the other hand, perhaps one day, the

soldier may put a bullet in his head.

My Grandpa wasn't suicidal, but did suffer with copious amounts of guilt (This was probably due to going to church too often.), since he operated by his own moral compass, rather than the law's. The fact that he worked within the legal system was not a valid excuse for him, as it is for most attorneys. Hence, Grandpa suffered the nervous breakdown. Perchance, when certain good people are heavily burdened with remorse, they will in desperation accept almost anything to assuage their guilt. Just look at how often people suddenly convert to religion, when facing a crises of conscience, yet somehow, my Great Uncle Tom sold Grandpa on the 'righteousness' of practicing law, and to return to his law practice. After all, Grandpa had four daughters, and no other avenue of employment. I suppose he could have given-up the law, and start roofing houses, as my paternal Grandpa had done? Why not?

At times, guilt is only erased by death.

Seppuku, by A.W. Romney

Conceivably, Uncle Tom convinced my dear

Grandpa that his indirectly lying to the jury and setting free of the heinously guilty, as well as his knack getting the innocent good people locked away as a county prosecutor, was all part of a grand plan. Grandpa first was a prosecutor, before opening his firm. He most likely accepted Tom's words and bourbon, as if they were a soothing balm to apply to his festering guilt. Grandpa had been born to be a magnificent dreamer, a man capable of changing the world, but he'd blindly stumbled into a world of unexpectedly harsh realities, including his job, the society he chose to live in, and his marriage to a rather harsh bigot. Grandpa's only real happiness was his daughters. He lived for those girls.

People generally assumed that my Grandpa, a highly successful attorney, lead a relatively carefree joyous life, the life of Riley (*The Life of Riley* was a famous early TV show.); but it truth, Grandpa suffered greatly. My bet was that since he was nearly as virtuous as a man could possibly be, his overly developed conscience had trapped him into an untenable moral muddle. He was the epitome of goodness, and was always preaching to his grandkids to do the right thing, but he felt he was sinning his way to the grave, getting closer and closer to the

eternal lake of fire, since was a prosecutor, he'd knowingly succeeded in getting countless innocent men locked away, and as a defense attorney, he'd purposely freed heinous criminals back into genteel society. Whether you're committing the innocent to lives of misery in cruel prisons, or freeing dangerous criminals, it was all about winning, and getting paid. Likewise, for many of the police, they just need to make it look like they've solved a crime; regardless, if the arrested person is guilty. The public tends to believe whatever the jury deems correct, but just look at how many people were released from prisons, when DNA identification came along. And just imagine how many innocent men and women are sitting in prison, because in their particular case, there was no DNA, which could exonerate them. Moreover, 25 percent of the states won't release inmates, even if the DNA evidence exonerates them, and there's all kinds of political and corporate reasons for that heinous situation.

Grandpa's obvious predicament was partially owing to the fact, that none of the opposing attorneys represented the slightest litigious challenge, for a remarkable man, such as he. It was not a myth, just cold fact, that Grandpa never lost a

major case. Not being a Catholic, he had no access to a confessional. No *Red Mass* could have helped my dear Grandpa. Although he regularly (Sunday morning and Wednesday night) attended church, most likely Grandpa's only contact with God, came when he knelt on the floor, next to his bed each night. He was always looking for guidance, praying for his loved ones, and likely hoping for forgiveness.

As a defense attorney, there was no telling how much guilt my Grandpa was forced to swill, by having unleashed so much wickedness, back upon the unsuspecting Mobile citizenry. Worse yet, how many sleepless nights did he endure, because of the innocents defendants his boundless declamatory skills had locked-away? Regardless of which side of the courtroom he sat-on, Grandpa was often rewarded with a successful, yet morally untenable outcome. Granted, he was but playing his licit compulsory role, but he also realized that he was peerless. He was well aware of the magnitude of racial bias being exercised, in the Alabama legal system. Grandpa also had some racial bias in how he considered types of crime. With many exceptions, he felt that blacks were more prone to theft, while whites, especially white alcoholics, were more prone

to battery and murder. Rape was pretty close to equal, between the two races, and that white rapists were much more likely to rape a white woman, but that black rapists primarily raped black women. In those days, very few legal professionals were black. It wasn't until 1966, that Oscar Adams became the first African American to join the Birmingham Bar Association, and later became Alabama's first black judge!

Grandpa going up against the other attorneys was like Goliath, going up against David, minus the famous slingshot. Grandpa had more than an encyclopedic knowledge of the Alabama legal statutes, and was the oratorical gangster of the courtroom, cutting down opposition with his razor sharp tongue. No defense attorney wanted to be matched-up against Grandpa. Out of politeness, I never questioned Grandpa, about whether he felt that he had successfully gotten an innocent man executed, but I'm positive that Grandpa's near-perfect photographic memory carried the faces of those innocents he'd gotten convicted, as well as the images of the victim's his notorious clients had mugged, raped, severely injured, and/or murdered.

It is better that ten guilty persons escape, than that one innocent suffer.

Commentaries on the Laws of England (1765) by William Blackstone

That above Blackstone quote seems contrary to how the *CIA* now administers justice with its military drone strikes, and *JSOP* missions, where countless innocences are sacrificed to get a few guilty souls. On top of these realizations, about free criminals and locking away innocents, Grandpa was constantly obliged to associate with the racial bigots of the Mobile legal profession, who were clearly envious of his legendary talents. To add insult to injury, once at home every evening, Grandpa had to endure his uneducated, bigoted, and resentful wife, whose favorite hobby was to find fault with him, and to bitch at him. Whether at work or at home, he was a man without peaceful sanctuary, only *Old Crow*, the *Elks Club*, the *YMCA*, and kneeling beside his bed, at night.

For those speculative reasons, I believe that Grandpa had his mental meltdown. He was a man with abilities and ambition, which could have

changed the destiny of humanity, but he ended-up getting stuck inside of Mobile, the very epicenter of the redneck world. When most of Mobile was enraptured with '*Hot House Rag*,' Grandpa preferred opera, but he was stuck in Mobile. All his family and friends were there. He was licensed to practice only in Alabama, and the firm he had founded was housed in Mobile. In fact, his house was there, so his daughters were enrolled in the schools in Mobile. As a result, there was no realistic way that he could foreseeably pull-up roots, and relocate. And, there'd be no convincing his wife to move.

Besides, having lived his entire life in the South, he didn't have a clue where else he could go. As stated, it was probably his older brother Tom, who'd saved Grandpa's sanity, for you can bet the rest of the family wasn't up to the task. While some of his daughters were indeed intelligent, in those days, men generally sought council only with other men, not with women. It is a form of prejudice, which still somewhat persists, but nothing like it was in Grandpa's day.

http://www.huffingtonpost.com/robert-leahy-phd/why-men-dont-listen-to-wo_b_808187.html

<https://www.psychologytoday.com/blog/how-do-life/201511/why-men-don-t-listen-women>

Possibly the only reason he elected to carry-on with his worrisome law practice was that he needed to support his four daughters (my mother and three sisters), and by then, he most likely felt he was simply too old to start a new career. Lord knows, those girls were the loves of his life, and there was no better father, than he. Consequently, my dear Grandpa remained a man devoted to the tenants of the legal system. Many years later, his death was a devastating loss to our family, but especially to his daughters. Like a sugar cube dropped in a pot of boiling bitter vinegar, his death was the dissolution of the family. As expected, his death didn't seem to have much effect on my Grandma. Never did I see her shed a tear. If you can call a hate-filled life living, then Grandma out lived him.

For some, death sweetens their humanity, for others it makes no difference.

The Eternal Gardener by Yoel Maury

Sitting on the bathroom floor, I realized that building my homemade gunpowder bomb was my first do-it-yourself project. It was my introduction of my own initiative, and the launch of my meager creative abilities. Prior to that, I'd always just: cleaned my room and bathroom, made my bed, ate food, bathed, slept, drank booze, played with my toys, and tried to help Dad to do things around the house.

After about an hour, still sitting on the cool linoleum of the bathroom floor, I'd amassed a sizable pile of black powder in the middle of that piece of heavy duty aluminum foil. Next, I unrolled about an eight inch piece of toilet paper, laid it on the floor, and loosely sprinkled a pinch of gunpowder in a line down its center, folded it over a few times, then rolled it tightly, and carefully twisted it to form a rudimentary fuse, as Grandpa had described. The thrill I was experiencing, by carrying-out this task, was hard to control.

During this process, I'd hit one minor snag, for despite my best efforts, I was unable to extract the copper coated lead bullet, from one of the brass cartridges. My repeated strenuous twisting attempts with the two pair of pliers had only succeeded in

slightly bending the metal cartridge; and, that's when I made a mistake. Not wanting to waste the still loaded bent cartridge, my frustrated five year old brain foolishly placed the still lethal cartridge, inside the pile of gunpowder. *Why waste this bullet?* My arms and hands were fast fatiguing, and so I had failed to diagnose the danger, of including the live round within the pile of gunpowder, or maybe I did, but was just feeling lucky. It's somewhat true that five year olds males may consider themselves to be invincible.

At that point, the word, 'shrapnel' had only been a word I'd heard Dad mention, when he explaining about anti-aircraft flack. The pilots would sometimes find pieces of shrapnel stuck in their plane, after a mission. He had mentioned that often the exploding black aerial flack was so thick, that it had looked like you could get out of the plane, and walk on it. He admitted that was only an exaggeration, which made a valid point. Aerial flack was created by high altitude exploding artillery shells, which were expanding spheres of thick black ragged smoky puffs laced with high speed deadly pieces of fragmented metal, designed to slice through a plane's engine, fuselage, wing, but more easily through flesh.

As Grandpa had unintentionally instructed, I forcefully twisted the heavy-duty aluminum foil, tightly packing the gunpowder, into a snug bulbous silvery pouch, with the live bent .38 cartridge still inside, along with one end my toilet paper fuse buried inside the gunpowder and sticking-out the top of the metal pouch. My basic bomb was about two inches in diameter, about the size and shape of a small lemon. Lastly, I pinched and trimmed-off the excess aluminum foil.

To finish the job, I squirted a few drops of Grandpa's lighter fluid onto the toilet paper-gunpowder fuse. That last step was probably unnecessary, if not counterproductive, and may be responsible for the brief delay in the functioning of the fuse. For a minute, I sat and looked in awe at my new smooth lustrous creation. My next problem was putting everything away, and then lighting off the bomb, before being discovered by Grandma, or by the ever hyper-vigilant Bernice.

Filling my other pockets with the extracted lead bullets, empty brass shell casings, and the excess pieces of aluminum foil, I removed the toilet paper plugs from the keyholes of the two bathroom doors. I'd placed the bomb under my shirt, and inside my

then moist armpit, grabbed the pliers, the box of what was left of the bullets, the can of lighter fluid, and with as much stealth as I could muster, I quietly unlocked and unlatched the two doors to the bathroom. Moving quickly and quietly, I returned the skeleton keys to their respective outer keyholes, replaced what was left of the partial box of bullets back in Grandpa's dresser drawer, and returned the can of lighter fluid to his bedside table.

Silently, I snuck-out through the back screen door, and temporarily, stashed the homemade bomb inside *Fort Crockett*, behind the tool box, and I returned the pliers to Grandpa's toolbox, positioning them just as I had found them. Swiftly, I sprinted around the house, and out to the edge of the street. Checking to make sure that I was not being observed, I ran for one block down the street, then sat-down on the curb, with my feet on either side of the iron grating of a storm drain, to covertly drop the extracted lead bullets, the empty shiny brass cartridge shells, and the piece of excess aluminum foil, down through the thick metal grating. Afterwards, I used my bare feet, to sweep lots of sandy dirt from the curb's gutter, down through the grate, covering-up the brass shells and copper bullets,

and the shiny aluminum, just in case someone later happened to glance-down through the grating.

All of this clean-up and disposal of evidence took less than one minute. Once I'd snuck back into the bathroom, I flushed the toilet and made considerable exaggerated noise washing my hands, and clearing my throat. It was then time to check on the whereabouts of Grandma and Bernice, before proceeding with the final step of lighting the fuse. My plan was nearly complete; my excitement formidable. Never before, had I felt such exhilaration. With the bomb safely hidden in the backyard playhouse, all my equipment put away, and the two matches still in my back pocket, I causally walked into the living room. There sat Grandma, reading the dreary local section of the newspaper, searching the arrest section for her daily dose of gossip.

She religiously read the arrest section, for three reasons. One was to see if anyone she knew had been arrested, and if she found one, she became completely rapturous. The second reason was to see if any of Grandpa's former clients had been rearrested, and if so, she'd then throw it in Grandpa's face as an insult. The third reason, was to look for

murder arrests, or the arrest of wealthy people, which might represent potential big business for Grandpa. However, if the arrested individual was black, she'd fail to inform her husband; after all, blacks were unlikely to have any money, hence Grandpa would work *pro bono*.

National and international news never sparked her interest; albeit, she once had a minor passing interest in the two world wars. In the *Reader's Digest*, she focused on human interest stories. She'd latch onto one particular story, then she'd repetitively tell everyone all about it, and that 'read-and-tell' technique continued to the bitter end. Her death was painless and sudden. In all sincerity, I doubt she even realized she was dying. Her heart just suddenly wore out, with no apparent discomfort... none. That morning, Grandma was happy and feeling good, just sitting in her room at the nursing home, looking out the window at the gray squirrels playing in the giant pine trees, which are now fast disappearing. At her request, I'd left to go buy her a newspaper, at the mall across the street. Grandma momentarily turned from looking out the window, and requested that a young female attendant give her a glass of water. The girl turned around to her service cart, poured the

water, and when she turned back around, to hand the glass to Grandma, she'd already died. Her death was just that easy. She was a few months shy of ninety. The seventeen year old girl said it looked like Grandma had just fallen asleep.

Grandma never had any intellectual interests, and that would have been fine, had she not been so hateful toward her good husband and people of color. But, what she lacked in intellect, curiosity, and creativity, she made up for by caring for her children, grandchildren, and other whites (preferably rich whites) in the neighborhood. Her dichotomous behavior remains a mystery to me. I suppose I loved her, because she was sweet to me; still, she frustrated me, since she had those cruel racial issues, and displayed such a poor attitude toward my wonderful Grandpa, her ever tolerant husband and provider.

When it came to her tremendously gifted husband, Grandma was acutely jealous, a victim of the Shakespearian green-eyed monster, with both her hands devoured clean down to the wrists, or maybe it was Grandpa's hands that had been devoured. In her youth, Grandma had been crowned Mobile's Mardi Gras Queen, and considering her personality, I figured that her beauty had to have been the only

reason Grandpa had asked her to marry him. From looking at old black and white photos, I can say that she was truly gorgeous. She was the Mobile Mardi Gras Queen, dressed in a shimmering white gown, with a high sparkling collar, and her hair accented by a rhinestone tiara. The king of England had died that year, and Elizabeth II had just been crowned, and she actually looked a lot like my Grandma, but Grandma was far prettier; if only she could have had Elizabeth's intellect and social graces.

Beauty is always a big, usually irresistible, drawing card for young males, with their testosterone-ruled minds. I'm sure, Grandpa wrongly thought that with his unmatched intellect, and his genuine kindness, he could change her enough, that he'd have a good wife, with great looks. But with age, pregnancies, and her love of rich food, her loveliness withered, and so by the time I came to know her, she was just another nondescript short, fat, ill-tempted bigot. She had not gracefully accepted the loss of her renown beauty. This pronounced loss of beauty no doubt compounded her profound jealousy of Grandpa's substantial intellectual prowess, as well as her need to find a scapegoat in the black race. As Grandpa aged, he became more and more famous,

more and more good, while Grandma simply gained weight, and become more hateful.

Wherever my Grandparents went, people would invariably heap praise upon Grandpa, while my Grandma would be forced to stand-by, and silently fume; she'd pretend to be pleased with the praise being heaped upon her husband. Unintentionally, Grandpa was center stage at every social occasion. There didn't seem to be any scrap of knowledge, which he didn't have balanced on the tip of his agile tongue. He spoke eloquently and humorously on a seemingly endless variety of topics, yet doing so humbly, while skillfully weaving-in interesting information, so as to bring joy and inspiration, to those listening. He was an exceptional rhetorical artist. His words wove spells laced with hope, intrigue, sweetness, love, intelligence, and other goodies, like shock and awe.

Grandma never understood that had she just allowed her love to show, and had not paid heed to her insecurities, she would have been an extremely fine wife, mother, and grandmother; loved by all, regardless of race. It's often that way for many people... we all have our less than desirable traits. Some people manage to become enlightened about

their flaws, others not so much. Grandma pretty much operated in the blind. Her eldest daughter, my Mom hated her, but only because of how she treated Grandpa, because she had her own bigotry to contend with.

Often, Grandma's criticism of my Grandpa was related to things concerning his habitual cigar smoking, i.e., how bad he smelled because of the tobacco smoke, how terrible the car smelled, the ugly tobacco stains on his fingers and teeth, the holes he'd burned in his clothes and the upholstery of the house and car, etc. She'd also make fun of his car parking skills, since Grandpa was forever having to pay people for crashing into their car; yet begrudgingly, she was forced to acknowledge his genius, simply because it was beyond apparent. His words flowed forth without the slightest hesitation, perfectly selected, arranged, and metered, sublimely designed to create or support some form of goodness.

After having finishing and hiding the bomb, I headed for Grandma, sitting in the living room. As I stepped through the living room door, she looked-up from her newspaper. Since I'd been in the bathroom so long, she seemed to have a sincere expression of concern in her eyes.

“You feel’n okay, Joey? You were in there so long.” Grandma said in her soft syrupy sweet gentle southern drawl.

She spoke with a soothing voice, reserved only for middle to upper class whites only, but not for my Grandpa; for him, she wielded a voice like an unforgiving rusty edged hatchet. For him, Grandma would loudly flail forth, cold hard unforgiving words; all her soothing lyrical tonality vanished.

“I feel much better, now; thanks, Grandma.” I sighed.

“You were in the bathroom for over an hour, you know, Joey.” Grandma declared.

“I know I was in there awhile, but you know how it can be when you’re constipated. Sorry I took so long. *Hope you liked using the garage for your bathroom.*” I falsely apologized, hanging my head in mock shame.

“Did you wash your hands good, Joey?”

“Yes, ma’am, I sure did, and I flushed the toilet.” I said, idiotically showing her my hands.

“Good boy! You need to eat more vegetables, Joey. No more eat’n a bunch of macaroni and

cheese... lease not for a while.” My sage Grandma advised.

“You’re right, Grandma. I think I’ll go see what Bernice is up to in the kitchen.”

Quickly, I spun around and headed off toward the kitchen. In those days, I had the gastrointestinal track of a hyperactive goose, my bowels moved at near light speed. Food went in one end and out the other so fast, it was amazing that I was able to absorb any nutrients. Constipation was a virtual unknown to me. But, judging by the time Grandma usually spent in the bathroom, I realized she was intimately familiar with the condition, and so the constipation excuse proved an easy sell. Grandma simply returned to reading the local section of the local rag, and I went into the kitchen to check on Bernice, who was busy preparing things for lunch.

“You okay, Master Joey? Yo po ole Grandma show needed to use that bathroom bad, and you be’n in there, so long, and all. For a little while, yo Grandma was have’n to go so bad, that she be doin a little dance all around the back porch.” Bernice smiled the entire time she spoke those happy words. *Bernice knows that Grandma peed in the garage.*

“Sorry, but I was sure constipated. Guess Grandma had to use the garage, huh, Bernice?” I gazed hard at Bernice as I ventured forth with the reference to the garage, and it produced a huge smile on her loving face. Indeed, she knew that I’d uncovered the secret about the garage, being a bathroom of sorts. For those few seconds, I bathed in the warmth of Bernice’s smile, especially since her smiles had become a rarity, in the shadow of her husband’s grievous injury.

“Think I can I have some cookies, Bernice?”

“What you really be needing is some good ole castor oil, instead all dem sweet cookies, but go head; they be in de pantry. I guess those cookies won’t kill ya. Yo best not be eaten any mo cheese, for now. Yo Grandma don’t like use’n the garage floor. There’s some prunes in a bag in de icebox. You should eat a few of em. They bees good for ya; get yo insides move’n, like greased lightning.” She laughed.

“She never used the garage before today, has she, Bernice?” I asked.

“Never before today, Master Joey... thanks to you! You shouldn’t be grin’n. You know yo be wrong just ask’n such, and smile’n about it, too. Don’t be

too bold bout her use'n the garage. Don't be tell'n yo Grandpa." She again smiled her answer. *She said that trying to excuse her own smile.*

Her smile was then larger than mine. She was looking down, doing her best to hide her lovely ear to ear grin. Even though she was missing a couple of teeth, she had the smile of an angel, radiating with the beauty of shared joy.

So far, the day was going as planned, and it was time to light the toilet paper fuse. Grabbing a few cookies, I headed out the back door. Carefully removing the bomb from *Fort Crockett*, I placed in on the grass, twenty feet from the back door. Gently holding the few cookies stacked between my lips; I extracted one of the big wooden strikes-anywhere matches from my back pocket, and struck its' white and red tip on the zipper of my shorts, a trick I'd learned from one of my Dad's fellow combat pilots, who smoked cigars with Dad. Lighting the toilet paper fuse, it sputtered to life, just like Grandpa had said, and I hurriedly made a few steps backwards, and as the fuse shortened I sat down on the concrete steps of the back door. Anxiously, I gazed at the smoking, spitting fuse, while munching a cookie. I was excited, to say the least. If the bomb actually

exploded, I'd planned on telling Bernice and Grandma that I didn't know what had made the noise, but that the explosive sound had come from the neighbor's yard. I had no idea what was about to happen. Grandma and Bernice were totally unaware of what was transpiring.

Anxiously, I waited for the explosion, having no idea how loud it would be. The paper fuse continued to slowly sputter and burn down, but when it reached the aluminum foil, it stopped smoking, and nothing happened. *My bomb is a dud; and after all that hard work!* The fuse appeared to have completely burned and a couple seconds had passed, but with no explosion. So, I got up off the steps, walked over to my failed creation, and reached down to pick it up. My hand was still about a foot or two feet away, when it detonated.

“BOOM!!!”

Instantly, I felt the force of the blast hit push on the entire front of my body, and I felt something like a powerful vibration pass all the way through my body. My face and hands felt prickly and hot. Later, I'd find out that the pressure wave, or perhaps it was a piece of rock or dirt, had cracked one of the thin glass panes in the kitchen window, facing the

backyard.

For several seconds, I was utterly without thought... without any form of awareness. After the blast, my first realization was of a loud ringing sound inside my head; then, I realized that I was deaf, other than the incessant loud high pitched tone. I'd later be told that the explosion ricocheted off houses and buildings for miles around, causing some of the inhabitants to step outside their homes, to see what had caused it. Some residents telephoned the *Mobile Sheriff's Department*. While I was momentarily stupefied, I must have still been conscious, since I remained on my feet; then, my shocked brain was suddenly came back on line. *What the hell is that ringing sound?* Turning back toward the house, I saw my little Grandma hurriedly coming out the back door, and scurry down the back steps. But still, I couldn't hear any sound, except for the nonstop loud ringing. Bernice too was peering out the backdoor, just behind Grandma; her mouth was moving, but still I heard nothing. Grandma's mouth was also moving, but since I was temporarily deaf, I could only guess at what she was saying. Instinctively, I assumed that Grandma was asking about the explosion. Of course, the ever faithful lying portion

of my brain was the first part to come back online.

“I don’t know what that was, Grandma. I think it came from over in Mrs. Smith’s backyard.” I reflexively screamed my preplanned lie.

Even in my younger years, lies spontaneously flew passed my lips. It was as if I was born to be a 1970s televangelist, or candidate for mayor of Mobile. Stunned and completely deaf, I still managed to smoothly lie, and so the next part of my brain, to begin functioning, was that part representing the essence of pride. Yes, my first post-blast emotion was one of great pride, pride because my homemade bomb had successfully detonated, and pride for the lie. Neither of my parents were liars, but I more than made-up for their shortcoming. Indeed, I was born to lie; not necessarily malicious or evil lies, but certainly if the lie could prevent me from getting an ass-whipping, I lied, without the slightest hesitation or pang of guilt. My lies were of such a high quality, that they were indistinguishable from pure unadulterated truth. For me, lying came almost as natural as breathing. Lies generally stink, but when they’re delivered by a world class liar, they smell sweet. The only time that I would hesitate in using a lie, was when the delay could make the lie appear

more believable, giving the listener the illusion that I was actually trying to recall the precise nature of the truth. As a child and young adult lying was my specialty, my wheelhouse, my source of self-esteem. At least, it used to be. Perhaps, that's why I can't tolerate people, who lie to me, for all too well I recall what I used to be like.

I'm nearly positive that I was awarded that liar gene, from my gifted maternal Grandpa, since the essence of his job directly depended on his ability to dramatically and convincingly distort the truth to a jury. After all, his ancestors had come from the infamous island of Sicily, from which had come many of the world's legendary mobsters: Al Capone, Carlo "Don Carlo" Gambino, Vito Genovese, Charles "Lucky" Luciano, etc. Those men were certainly not known for their truthfulness, and well known for their deceit. Grandpa claimed that part of his family tree emanated from the only Jewish family on that notorious Mediterranean island. But there is no doubt, considering his courtroom skills, and the nature of his clients, my Grandpa was perhaps the best liar ever born, and I had no doubt acquired the same piece of dishonest DNA, and that immoral piece of molecular hardware has served me well,

throughout the first half of my life.

Even in trivial conversation, I would find myself inventing a lie, faster than I could recall the actual memory, sometimes inadvertently, sometimes just for practice, yet most often to save my ass, or to save face! My natural-born mendaciousness would be considered legendary, if it wasn't for the fact that it's gone unnoticed, simply because I'm so adept at the art of concealing my deceit. Just maybe, my daily childhood doses of booze were inhibiting the development of those parts of my brain designed to govern the dishonorable regions. Much as some kids might practice using their vocabulary words, I practiced conceiving of various deceptions. In fact, it would be a lie for me to say, that I wasn't still slightly conceited about my deceitfulness.

However for a time, I was worried that the more lies I piled-up, the more my true self would fade, and perhaps I'd eventually sort of disappear. I wouldn't know who I was; still, that never happened. In fact, the more the lies and secrets, the better I seemed to know myself, yet the less well others knew me, but sad to say, back then, that didn't concern me, for I had no real conscience, until after age forty, when it started to slowly develop. At age 44 my child was

born, and that's when the conscience began to substantially mature. Where my Grandpa might have felt guilty for his courtroom lies, that would not have been the case for me. Oddly enough, I felt that I was the only member of the family, who sensed Grandpa's guilt, even though I had none myself.

With her eyes cartoonishly bulging-out of their sockets, like pair of protruding ping-pong balls, Grandma extended her miniature index finger, intently pointing at something near my right side. I wrongly assumed that she was pointing at something in the grass. Turning to see what she was pointing at, I only saw the shallow scooped-out area in the ground minus a wee bit of green grass and dirt, where the bomb had detonated, but it didn't look that noticeable. Then, my eyes locked onto Grandma's intended target, my right hand. *Something doesn't look right! What's wrong with my hand?* Strangely, while the hand didn't hurt, it certainly didn't appear to be normal. Later, the pain would shout volumes. But right then, I felt nothing, in fact I felt fairly good; it was to be my first real adrenaline high, my first experience with shock, and my first bonafide injury. Blood was steadily dripping off the ends of my fingers, which fortunately were still

attached. The sight of my first serious wound was oddly hypnotic, almost dream like... not good, not bad, just a peculiar sight to behold. I didn't say a word, just gaped at my hand, which besides being torn open, was speckled with odd looking dime-sized grayish-black blisters. *What are those gray looking lumps appearing on my bleeding hand?* Bernice and Grandma both dashed back into the house. Bernice had gone to grab a towel, and Grandma retrieved the car keys, so for a few seconds, I just stood in the backyard, gazing at my bloody burned hand.

Several of the neighbors had come running from their nearby houses, picked me up and carried me to Grandma's car, while Bernice gently wrapped my injured hand in a white bath towel, which served to amplify the crimson color. Keys in-hand, Grandma jumped-up into the driver's seat, and sat bolt upright, straining to see over the steering wheel of the black *Ford Crestline Victoria*. The natty car was something of a study in contrast. It was pure Art Deco in motion, even when sitting still. There was plenty of chrome, white wall tires, a shiny black paint job, with a bright white hard top. The seats were a rich burgundy leather; a good thing, considering that I was bleeding on them.

“Get out of my way!” My little Grandma loudly commanded the curious neighbors to get them clear of her driveway.

Normally, Grandma drove as if she were afraid of the car, but not that day. The big flathead eight cylinder engine fired right up, then with her two nervous pudgy doll hands firmly clasping the pearl and black steering wheel, she moved one had to put the car in reverse, and with her eyes firmly glued to the rearview mirror, using her pointed toes on her right foot, she jammed down the accelerator. The tires loudly squalled and smoked, ergo the car shot backwards out of the driveway, throwing me face first into the all metal dashboard, so I also received a black eye. After my face had hit the dash, she didn’t apologize, but told me to hang-on.

The car traversed the street and the rear wheels violently bounced over the far curb, and up into the neighbor’s yard. Grandma then dropped the car into drive and sped-away toward the hospital only four blocks away. All the while, Grandma kept repeating parts of the Lord’s Prayer. *She’s sincerely worried about me.* I must say, that for all her racial hatred and ill treatment of Grandpa, at that particular moment, she seemed genuinely concerned about my

wellbeing. Bernice didn't come. Grandma had told her to stay and watch the house.

With watery eyes, the tall mildly stooped gray haired and blue-eyed surgeon, peered through the perfectly round lenses of his solid gold framed spectacles. He first injected the two wounded areas of my hand with Novocain, and while it numbed-up, he rinsed and cleaned the two wounds. Next, he trimmed away some raggedy crispy tissue on the wound edges, then stitched-up the area between my index and middle finger, which the blast had torn apart. Next, gently using a tiny pair of forceps, he carefully pulled-out a quarter inch disc-shaped piece of silver-colored metal from the middle knuckle of my ring-finger. The slightly bent piece of silver-colored metal was in fact the primer of the .38 cartridge, which I'd foolishly jammed in with the gunpowder. Perchance, the bullet itself may have been what tore between my index and middle finger, splitting them apart. As mentioned, most of my right hand and some of my right wrist were covered in large thick grayish-black blisters. The abundant inky swellings made the hand look like it belonged to some alien, in a second rate Hollywood sci-fi film. The good natured surgeon had asked me what had

happened, and I'd told him the pride-filled truth, but of course, never mentioning that it was Grandpa's lecture, which had been my inspiration.

"What are those big gray bumps, all over my hand, Doctor?" I asked, pointing at the ugly bulbous ashen gray-black blisters.

"Those blisters were made by the burning gunpowder penetrating your skin; they're your just classic 'powder burns or powder blisters.' You got those, because your hand was too close to the bomb, and bits of the still burning gunpowder went into the deeper layers of your skin, where they continued to burn for a bit. Usually we see these kinds of things in war. Gun powder does that to the skin. Looks like the explosion also seared your eyebrows a bit. They're partially burned-off. And, you've got some swelling around your eye. How'd that happen? You shouldn't have put that bent bullet in your bomb. And, you should have waited a much longer time to go check on why the bomb hadn't exploded. " The doctor said this, while holding a mirror in front of my face so I could see what was left of my burned away eyebrows.

"My eye hit the dashboard, when Grandma hit the gas, backing outta the driveway. Will my

eyebrows grow back?” I asked.

“Sure they will. You’re lucky you didn’t burn your eyes. You know Joey, the old fashioned form of gunpowder was once used as a medicine. Soldiers in the civil war with infected wounds would mix a teaspoon of gunpowder in hot water and drink it to fight off infection. Most likely, it was the sulphur in the explosive, which killed the bacteria. You might say that primitive gunpowder was one of the first true antibiotics. You probably can’t do that with the modern-day gunpowder.”

“The soldiers used to make gunpowder tea...?” I asked.

“Yes, not you could only do that with the earlier types of gunpowder, not today’s explosives. Some of the new antibiotics, we just used in the WWII, actually had sulfur in them... sulfonamide drugs, they’re called. I used some of the stuff in Germany, on sick soldiers, and on some of the Jews in the prison camps. *Dad told me about Hitler and the Jews.* Don’t worry about all those gray blisters; they look ugly, but they won’t hurt too much, and they’ll go away in a few weeks, and your hand will be just fine. You’ll be good as new, Joey. How did you know all that stuff to make that bomb, Joey? That was a lot

for a five year old.”

Not wanting to incriminate Grandpa, of course I smoothly lied, saying I’d seen a program about gunpowder on TV. Finishing my lie, the surgeon departed, and I laid alone on the gurney, thinking about what I’d done, without the slightest regret, since my hand hadn’t started to hurt.

“The modern-day gunpowder, which burned your hand and wrist is still a blackish gray powder, but it’s now something called cordite, and made out of a type of paper (nitrocellulose), nitroglycerine, and petroleum jelly, so it doesn’t smoke much, anymore. People still call it gunpowder, but it’s not really. If you tried to make a tea out of it, you’d probably die, if you drank it, so don’t get any more dangerous ideas.”

“What’s the difference between bacteria and germs?” I asked the doctor.

“Nothing, they’re the same thing.” He answered.

There in the hospital, I realized that I had the ability to actually affect marked change in my life. Indeed, I had freewill, the ability to make a difference, the ability to create, and not just exist as my good parent’s polite little puppet. Up until that

day, I had never done anything as an individual, nothing I could point to, as being my own doing. I had always been the kid, who had done exactly what he'd been told. Mom and Dad had always told me what to do, what to eat, what to wear, what to say, what not to say, when to get up, when to go to sleep, and what to do in each of my life's boring situations. Basically, I had little say-so in my life, other than my sneaking booze from the liquor cabinet at night. Never had I been allowed to create my own direction or create anything on my own. Mom and Dad even chose my toys for me, and often Mom would show me how to play with the toys. Never would Mom buy the toys or clothes, which I wanted. But after my self-made explosion, my freewill had at long last awoken. Laying there in the hospital, I felt the sin of pride swelling in my chest, and I smiled, till I drifted off into the sleep of Morpheus. The nurse had given me a shot in my butt, which was likely a sedative.

Some time later, the old doctor came back in the room, woke me, took off his long white lab coat, hung it on a peg on the wall, then leaned in real close and whispered one last piece of sage advice. It was words that none of my relatives would mention,

not even my parents.

“Don’t make any more bombs, Joey. Okay? The next one just might kill you, and I’m not kidding, son! No more bombs. You’re too young for doing stuff like that. You said your hand was a foot or two away when it exploded. If you’d grabbed it, when it exploded, it would have blown your hand off.”

Probably, I was high on something, and so I silently nodded, my affirmation. The scars on my right hand have remained a comforting reward, better than any other symbol of achievement, better than: an “A” on a test, a merit badge, a college diploma, a boss’s ‘well done,’ etc. At some point, I again fell asleep, still on the gurney, down in the basement of the old stone hospital, on 12th avenue. Since I’d been conscious for the minor surgery, maybe, I was just exhausted from the stress of watching my hand being repaired. While I was out, Grandma must have left to go tend to the house with Bernice. At any rate, she didn’t stay, but left me alone. After the brief lecture from the doctor, every now and then, someone would walk through the room, as I leisurely drifted in and out of sleep.

A few hours later, Grandpa showed up at the hospital, thanked the physician, gave him a business

card, put me up on his shoulders and walked-out. Perhaps, the painkiller or the sedative had made me woozy, because all I can remember was that it was dark, when Grandpa carried me to the car. I apologized to him for making the bomb, and mentioned that I had not touched his gun, and that I hadn't told Grandma or the physician about his lecture on gunpowder that morning. Till his death, never again would my Grandpa trust me.

Once back at the house, I stretched-out on my bed on the sleeping porch. Grandma and Grandpa were in the kitchen talking. Grandma did her best to try to blame the bomb incident on Bernice, saying that she must have known what I was doing, and demanded that Grandpa fire her. She claimed that it was Bernice's responsibility to be keeping an eye on me. It never occurred to me that what I'd done could have possibly gotten Bernice fired. Whenever an opportunity presented itself, Grandma did her absolute best to blame much of the world's ills on the black race. Although it was beyond ridiculous, she blamed the 'burdensome' black race for the great depression. "Those niggers are a burden on society." She claimed that if the North hadn't meddled in the South's business and should have "left well enough

alone, and left the damned niggers as the slaves, as they were meant to be, everything would be just hunky-dory, and there's wouldn't have been that horrible depression." Grandpa simply told Grandma to stop being ridiculous, and she was never going to find a better maid than Bernice. What he probably meant was that no other maid would put-up with Grandma.

After that fateful day, Grandma was never comfortable with my annual visits. She would barely leave me alone in the house, and whenever she left the house, she took me with her. From then on, the skeleton keys disappeared from the bathroom locks, and the little hook locks were also removed. Only the screw holes in the wooden door frames remained. For years after, whenever I came for a visit, Grandma would periodically spy on me. Her head would unexpectedly pop around the edge of a door frame or corner, or I'd catch her peering out the window, looking at me in the yard. The bomb had granted me my first measure of dubious respect.

"Just check'n to see how ya doin, Joey. You okay?" She'd lie.

"I'm fine. Thanks Grandma." I'd answer, pretending to be unaware of her true investigative

motive, while smiling as if I were glad to see her.

Because of Grandma's need to spy on me, I had to become more circumspect about sneaking my shots of whiskey. If I drank in the daytime, which was rare, I'd generally wait until Bernice had gone home, and Grandma had gone to use the bathroom. Then, as I retrieved the bottle from beneath the playhouse, I'd use my body to shield it from the possible prying eyes of the neighbors, step inside the concealing walls of the playhouse, sip my shot, then I'd return the bottle, again using my body to better conceal it. Afterwards, I'd slurp-down hose water to help hide the smell of the alcohol. Unlike today, Mobile water was potable. Sometimes, I'd splash on some of Grandpa's *Old Spice*, to better obscure the odor of alcohol.

Most likely because of the pain pills, I'd slept late into the next morning. Getting up, I went into the kitchen in search of some breakfast. Bernice smiled and hugged me. While eyeing my heavily bandaged hand, she talked on and on, in a sincere effort to make me feel better, wrongly assuming that I was ashamed of what I'd done, but little did she know that I didn't remotely know the meaning of shame. You may emulate shame, but without a conscience,

it's impossible to actually feel shame. And, where my relatives ignored the event and pretended that nothing had happened, Bernice was all about questioning me about it; but of course, she did so outside the range of Grandma's hearing. Bernice was more than a little curious, but she knew Grandma wouldn't approve of her discussing it with me. She placed a heavy plate of ham, eggs, and grits in front of me, and I dug in, welding the fork with my uninjured left hand. I've always enjoyed eating simple basic foods. The taste and cost of gourmet foods is something I've never appreciated.

"I'm show glad you's okay, Master Joey. Yo hand be hurt'n much, dis morn'n? How you make dat there bomb, anyways? Dat thing was show nuff loud... sounded like the earth done split wide open. You had every dog in dis here city bark'n and howl'n for a long time, even whiles you was in dat hospital, yo Grandma took you to. Yo nearly scared me to death, with that big boom, de busted window, and all dat blood just'a drip'n off yo hand... Yo Grandma threw dat bloody towel away. It took me hours to get my heart to calm back down. How'd yo make dat thing, child?" She frowned at me demanding that I answer, but I was too busy eating, so Bernice just continued

nervously talking.

“Miss Smith’s old cat done run clean off, and Miss Smith been look’n fo dat mangy orange monster, all morn’n. ‘Here Kitty, Here Kitty’ yesterday and all dis morn’n, but no Kitty, nowhere fo Miss Smith. Just as well, it be de meanest ole cat, always get’n in fights, killing lots ah pigeons, and it forever be switch’n its tail, when it looks at me. I hates that evil thing, and hopes it stays gone. But, ole Miss Smith do loves it.”

“I know it kills a lot of birds.” I rejoined in between forkfuls of egg and ham.

“Don’t you worry none, bout yo hand. I hear that de doctor say that yo hand will be just cracker-jack in no time. I can fry-up yo so mo ham and eggs if’n you wants, sweetie. (I nodded my head, and mumbled the word, ‘please,’ while still chewing.) Now you just sit there, while I cooks. I wants to hear all about how you did dat, yesterday. You know yo Grandma don’t know whats to make a ya, now. She ain’t been the same, since dat thing blew-up. After she came back from the hospital, she was beside herself, and she was show nough mad too. Took a swig of ah *Old Crow*, straight from the bottle. I ain’t never seen her do dat before. She said you made a

bomb, but yo Grandpa don't say nothing about what yo did. Your Grandma called yo mama, and told her about the bomb and yo hand. It was a long-distance call, but she stayed on de line a long time, anyway. It must ah been expensive. But, they still loves ya. I knows you's weren't constipated, yesterday. You's in de bathroom, make'n dat bomb, all dat time. Weren't ya, Joey?" *God, Bernice really wants to know how I made it.*

"Thanks for fixing me more ham and eggs, Bernice? How mad is Grandma?" I asked.

"You know yo Grandma kinda likes being mad anyways, so don't you worry too much bout dat, Master Joey. She'll get over it. Da man be come'n to fix the window soon." Bernice wisely spoke.

"You can show nuff eat fast for eat'n left-handed. Now tell me bout, yesterday, and how you be make's dat there bomb, Joey?"

"Well, before Grandpa left yesterday morning, he gave me this talk about how his pistol worked and how the gunpowder was invented and first used by the ancient Chinese for fireworks..." Over breakfast, I laid out the entire scenario: Grandpa's lecture, the aluminum foil, the matches, pulling apart the .38

cartridges with the two pair of pliers, the toilet paper fuse, including dumping the shell casings, the extra foil, and bullets into the storm drain, how at first I thought my bomb was a dud, my ringing ears, the things the doctor told me, etc.

There was a noticeable smile in Bernice's eyes and a tinge of admiration crept into her voice. Clearly, Bernice was determined to make me feel better. After that day, Bernice no longer talked to me like I was a child. I took great pride, in sharing the experience of making the bomb with Bernice, whereas my Grandparents, definitely did not want to hear anything about it. Later that day, I checked in Grandpa's dresser drawer. As expected, both the gun and the box of bullets had disappeared. *He's probably taken them to his office, or he's locked them in the trunk of his car. I hope he doesn't hate me.*

"Bernice, can I ask you a question?"

"Show nough, eyes be listen'n, Master Joey."

"Do you like my Grandma?"

"Yo be ask'n the wrong question. You no I work here, so ask me something dat's a little mo safe, for me to answer."

I glanced into the living room and could see

Grandma sitting in her yellow lounge chair. She sat slightly twisted in her chair, so that her back was angled more in my direction, where I sat in the kitchen. This was Grandma's way of showing me disdain, and that I was going to have to do some serious ass kissing to regain her favor, or at least, she expected me to. While I was eating the second plate of ham and eggs, Grandma strolled into the kitchen and mentioned how bad my hand looked before the doctor had bandaged it, in a rather obvious attempt to shame me. But the more she tried to humiliate me, the more pride I felt. Nevertheless, I tried to emulate shame.

The stitches and ugly gray blisters, below the gauze, became a reminder that I had succeeded. In fact, when she left the kitchen, I unwrapped the gauze and threw it in the trash, because I wanted the ugly injury to be seen. As the years passed, I remained respectful of my Grandma, but did my best to politely avoid her. Later, I went into the living room to show Grandma my hand, and rather than pity, it seemed to infuriate her, which pleased me.

“Just look what that stupid foolishness can do to you, Joey. You're lucky you didn't blow your hand slap off, boy. Think where you'd be now with no

hand. *Next time a fuse burns down, and it doesn't explode, I'll wait ten minutes, before touching it.* Think what would have happened, if you'd actually grabbed that thing, when it exploded! You almost did, you know. Shame on you." Grandma lectured.

She did her level best to shame me, but her efforts were to no avail. I did attempt to look a little forlorn, but just couldn't maintain the facade. Grandma's comment about losing my right hand did however make me worry. As it was, because of the injury, I did have to use my left hand for about two weeks. Resultantly, for months there after, I'd occasionally wipe my butt with my left hand, just to see if I could master the maneuver; hence, after a while, I became an ambidextrous butt-wiper. Years later as a scientist, I considered putting that on my research resume.

"Well, thanks for taking such good care of me, Grandma. I hope I didn't get any blood in your car. Sorry for causing you so much trouble." I insincerely apologized.

"That's what Grandmas are for, honey. Now, just don't do anymore stupid stuff like what you did." Grandma called me stupid, and avoided the word 'bomb.'

“I’m so lucky to have you for my Grandma. You sure got me to the hospital fast. Thank you. I don’t know what got in to me. Sorry that I’ve caused you so much trouble, and that you had to pee on the dirt floor in the garage. I could hear you go out there, and you were drink’n all that coffee, so I just sort of figured it out.” I couldn’t resist throwing in the last comment, since she didn’t know that I knew.

Seemingly shocked that I’d deduced that she’d peed in the garage, Grandma stalled-out on making a response, her mouth remained open, as I worked hard at suppressing a smile. I knew I was supposed to be ashamed of my behavior, but I felt not the slightest twinge of guilt; still, for Grandma’s sake, I pretended that I did, and hung my head and periodically pushed both my lips up toward my nose. She fully believed and loved my efforts at mimicking shame. After finishing the ham and eggs, Grandma and I retired to the living-room, where I sat with her for almost two hours that day, trying to mend fences, but realizing that Grandma was enjoying my efforts too much, so I finally abandoned the ridiculousness, and went out in the back yard to look for bugs..

Due to my injury and probably for some minor vicarious thrill, Grandma had again called my Mom

up in Maryland, in front of me, over dramatizing the event with all of her pitiful acting skills. Once more, Grandma never used the word bomb, but instead, referred to the bomb as ‘that thing.’ Since my Mom had been raised by her, there was little doubt that she knew that Grandma was doing her level best to further humiliate me. Oddly, Mom didn’t ask to speak with me, and Dad was at work. *Thank God, Dad wasn’t home!* After that, neither my parents, nor my Grandparents, ever mentioned the incident, again. At least not until, I brought it up to Grandma, when I’d reached the ripe old age of twenty-one; but even then, she glanced from side to side, as if looking for a way out from having to answer me, but then she very briefly admitted remembering the bomb, but without detail. *Grandma can really hold a grudge.* While she confirmed that it had indeed happened, she still refused to discuss it. She plainly resented my mentioning it, so I dropped the topic. If she had thought that I’d just forget about it, then they completely overlooked the obvious fact that I had the scars on my hand. The scars are yet visible, at age sixty-five. Not discussing the making of the bomb, with my Grandparents, for all those years, just seemed too weird. There I was with this injury to my hand and my Grandparents wouldn’t discuss it. It was

like having a farting elephant in the room, but nobody mentions of the smell.

A few days later, Grandma took me back to the hospital to get the stitches removed, but still said nothing about the bomb. I was amazed at how easily and painlessly the clipped threads of black gut were pulled through and out the pinholes in the mended skin. The idea that human flesh could literally be sown back together fascinated me. If you give it a bit of thought, the healing process is utterly astounding... dividing cells which migrate and build protein bridges to attach to each other. There are so many miracles that we take for granted, or just don't bother to think about, until it malfunctions or stops working.

Years later, dear Bernice passed away of a sudden massive stroke, just before reaching the age of 59. For some morbid reason, Grandma told me that Bernice's coffin had been made out of compressed cardboard, not even pine boards, like you see in the old westerns. The idea of loving Bernice being laid to rest in a cardboard coffin was more than a little depressing, but Grandma literally smiled, when she told me that morbid fact. Grandma knew her smile would anger me, and Lord knows

Grandma was jealous of my relationship with black Bernice. For years after, I kept thinking about how the rain water must have soaked down through the soil, and make the cardboard coffin soggy, collapse, and plaster itself onto sweet Bernice's beautiful chiseled black face. A depressing vision formed in my head, and it remains, now. In my childish manner of thinking, it would have been better to have buried her, with no coffin, just lay her body to rest in the earth.

Bernice was a genuinely refreshing spirit, that deeply loved people and greasy fried foods (fried chicken and fried mullet were her favorites), buttery biscuits, big bowls of rich ice cream, and bologna sandwiches with two slices, slathered with plenty of mayonnaise. She didn't like grits, unless it was swimming in butter, so much butter, that there'd be a pronounced liquid yellow border around the inside edge of the bowl. Grandpa always brought home lots of free ice cream, because his firm represented one of the local dairies, and Bernice loved every favor. Bernice's death was good in that it was sudden, no fear or suffering... completely unexpected. Many years later, my dear tiny Grandma was buried in a coffin made of solid burnish red copper, and lined

with white satin and lace. I was told, it had cost more than a new *Cadillac*. My mean and bigoted Grandma was in the *Cadillac* of coffins, while sweet Bernice's body was in soggy cardboard box!

Jim, Bernice's husband of forty years, died later that same year, of a heart attack, without ever having been rehired for work, nor was he ever able to obtain compensation, even though Grandpa had gotten the workman's compensation bill passed. After, Bernice died, Jim's bother moved in with him. Part of Jim's death was owing to the fact that he ate, whatever Bernice fixed. The other part was probably owing to alcoholism. In their last few years, the only time Bernice and Jim emerged from their little shotgun house, was to attend their local baptist church, to shop at the *A&P*, or the *Piggly-Wiggly*, or when Jim walked to the liquor store. They never owned a television, but relied on a cheap plug-in AM radio, and second-hand record player. Bernice loved the blues, and was always talking about Bessie Smith, and Charlie Parker. She was forever singing the song, *Nobody Knows You When You're Down And Out*. Bernice would sing it loud, whenever Grandma wasn't home.

Till they both had died, Grandpa looked-out for

Bernice and Jim. As mentioned, he'd moved them into one of his rentals. He had about a dozen, since he'd often been paid for his legal services with real-estate of various kinds. Grandpa never told the family about his kindness to Jim and Bernice, for fear of incurring the wrath of our notorious familial greed, which certainly would have erupted over the cost of the black couple's care; especially since, in the not too distant past, the family had all just gone through a nightmarish depression (1929-1939), and therefore money and possessions were highly coveted. My mother was four when the depression hit, and fourteen, when it ended, so she's never forgotten the desperate people she'd seen. Many, who survived the depression, possessed an acute ability to earn and save money. Tangentially, they often lost a bit of their humanity, perchance in proportion to their fear of poverty. For example, I have an uncle, who is currently worth about \$20 to \$30 million. He was raised in the Appalachian Mountains in a one-room dirt-floor shack with a number of ill kept brothers and sisters. Admirably, the man became highly successful, the head of a department at the University of Virginia's Medical School. But most likely, due to his youthful experience with severe poverty, he only ever bought his wife, my aunt, one

gift during their entire 65 years of marriage. It was a pretty silver chain, with a semi-precious yellow stone attached. It was little more than a cheap little bobble, which he'd picked-up while on sabbatical in Turkey, and he'd probably purchased it for less than twenty dollars.

For all his wealth, he and my aunt live-out their old age in a run down old house, just outside of Charlottesville, where they stoke a wood-burning furnace all winter long to keep warm. They use the wood, which they gathered, chopped, and split by hand, during the late spring, summer, and early autumn. Moreover, the elderly couple still endure the heat of the stifling humid summers, with no air conditioning, just to save money, and distance themselves from their memories of the great depression. All this occurs, while my aunt is a severe diabetic, with one severe heart attack already under her belt. Yet, my uncle is still determined to save every dime he can, just as if that one room dirt floor house, he was raised in, is still going to be his destiny.

You may wrongly think he's saving all the money as a legacy for his kids, but that's not likely the case, since his son, who's my cousin, recently suffered a

prolonged and painful heart attack at a relatively young age, yet my miserly rich uncle, never considered getting his son, proper medical rehabilitation therapy, but instead, encouraged his son to get right back to work, doing construction work, which included laying heavy cinder blocks, as well as unloading trucks with sacks of concrete.

As a result of the continued hard work, and no proper evaluation or physical therapy, it wasn't long before the son sustained, yet a second heart attack. And again, the son received no rehabilitative therapy, and at his father's urging, has once more returned to hard physical labor. My uncle spends a fair portion of his life, carefully scrutinizing his financial investments, but rarely does he see his children or grandchildren. Experiencing extreme poverty may produce its own type of brain damage.

The son, who sustained the two heart attacks, would like to receive stem cell therapy, in an effort to restore his damaged heart tissue. To fly to Taiwan, receive the therapy, and return back to Mobile, Alabama would cost less than \$17,000. But again, my bargain-basement, depression-surviving, highly accomplished uncle, who's a multimillionaire, won't consider such a 'costly' therapy. For some, the one-

time pinch of poverty, or even the witnessing of it, can noticeably cripple the parts of the brain responsible for love and empathy.

Repeatedly, my dear mother and her sisters have described the desperate, unwashed, and sometimes sick, individuals who had lined-up outside the back door of their antebellum Mobile home, looking for food, during that great depression. When Grandma told me about this, it wasn't hard to tell that she loved to be the one handing-out the food, to the starving homeless. The modern day homeless have changed from knocking on doors, to holding-up cardboard signs at street intersections. I'm about fifty-fifty on the legitimacy of those homeless folks, half seem deserving help, and the other half not so much.

Late in life, Jim's inability to get a job, due to his near total lack of education, and the amputated leg, turned him into a quiet dejected alcoholic. Somehow the injury, or maybe it was the alcoholism, made his skin appear to be even darker. All his life, the only work experience he'd done was at that saw-mill. He'd started at age twelve. Someone at the mill, where he'd worked, had made Jim a rudimentary wooden crutch, as a 'retirement gift,' which looked like a five

foot tall ‘Y,’ a forked piece of tree branch. The ‘V’ top was wrapped in, and padded with pieces of torn t-shirts. I suppose, the crude crutch was more useful than a gold watch. Later, Jim was given a pair of wooden hospital crutches, but he preferred the homemade crutch.

Jim wasn’t a mean alcoholic, just sort of quiet and depressed. It was an insufferable end for such a good man. During Jim’s later years of drunken desperation, Grandpa remained frustrated that he was unable to ‘talk sense’ into Jim. He was powerless to persuade Jim to give-up the drinking. Grandpa’s attempts were about as effective as ordering Jim to grow a new leg. Sometimes, I’d accompany Grandpa, when he’d visit Jim, and I’d sit on the front porch and listen to Grandpa’s sermonizing. He’d always been able to fix things with his crafty talk in the courtroom, but Jim was not to be fixed. Grandpa prayed for Jim, but God refused to budge. Jim believed in God, too... but no miracles were granted... maybe in Jim’s next life, he became a track star.

“The Lord ain’t gonna give me my leg back; dat’s fo show; that’s the truth. Sometimes the preachers can make dem cripples walk, but ain’t one of em

bullshitters ever made someone grow a new leg.” Jim bitterly declared, while looking at his missing limb.

Until he died, Jim could only hobble along with the homemade wooden crutch, and no smile graced his face. But what difference does that make? After all, according to my supremely compassionate and wise little Christian Grandma, “What good is a one legged n....r, anyway?”

My dear Grandma is now long dead and buried. I like to imagine my Grandma in heaven, and that St. Peter has made a special stipulation for her admittance into paradise, that she had to serve as a maid for Bernice and Jim. Most likely our consciousness just disappears after death... no soul... no pearly gates... no heaven with golden streets, no paradise with green gardens and waterfalls, and by the same token, no fiery brimstone, and no guilt and humiliation. Throughout humankind’s history, each culture, regardless of whether advanced or primitive, has developed their own idea of what happens after death, and of course each member knows that they’re right about that big mystery. For me, the real mystery is how so many people can be so certain, about their particular belief.

Imagine

Imagine there's no heaven

It's easy if you try

No hell below us

Above us only sky

Imagine all the people

Living for today...

Imagine there's no countries

It isn't hard to do

Nothing to kill or die for

And no religion too

Imagine all the people

Living life in peace...

You may say I'm a dreamer

But I'm not the only one

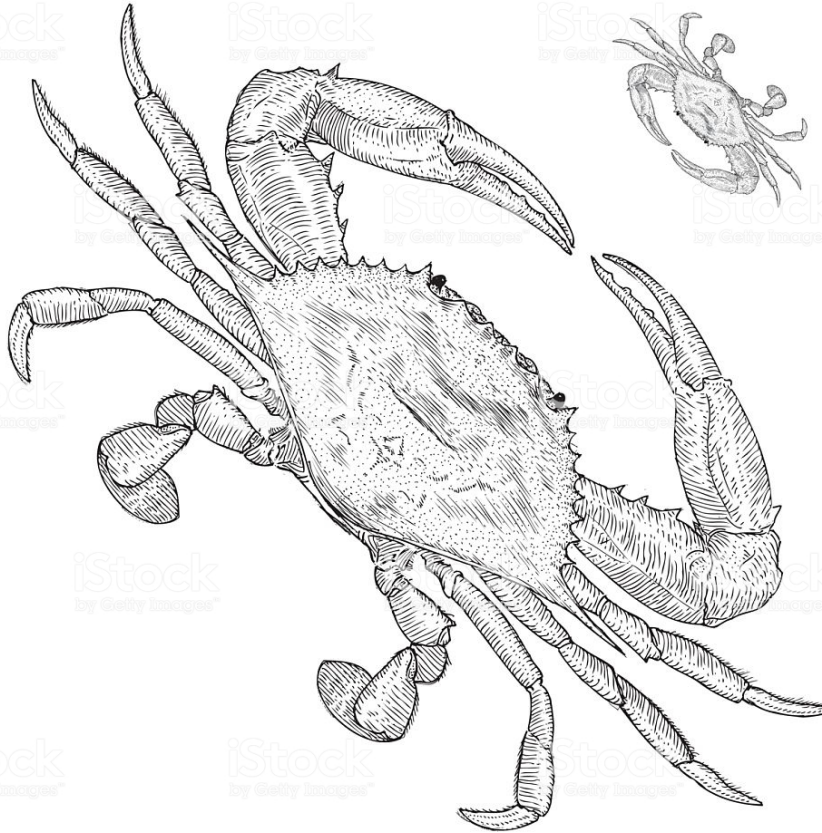
I hope someday you'll join us

And the world will be as one

Imagine no possessions
I wonder if you can
No need for greed or hunger
A brotherhood of man
Imagine all the people
Sharing all the world...
You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope someday you'll join us
And the world will live as one

John Lennon, Plastic Ono Band

OBJ



ARE THOSE TESTICLES OR IS IT CHRISTMAS?

Almost exactly a year after the mildly injurious, but esteem-building, homemade bomb, I'd again arrived for my customary two-week summertime sojourn, at my Grandparents' home. An affable untamed Navy lieutenant, a redheaded Irish-American named, Sam McCampbell, who was friends with my parents, had driven me, on the twenty hour trip. The trip took longer than it should have, because a couple of lengthy stops. Pilots are well known for their endurance, especially those who fly multiple missions or SUSOPS (sustained operations). He came from a small town in the middle of Alabama, yet he had not a trace of a southern accent. Sam had become an ace during the Korean conflict. The lieutenant had just been transferred to a naval air station roughly sixty miles east of Mobile, by the port city of Pensacola, Florida, where he'd originally attended flight school, as did my Dad. Their first plane had been the Stearman Model 75, a yellow biplane, a military trainer, with a big radial engine. About ten thousand of those loud planes were built, with only a 32 foot

wingspan, and just over a 500 miles range. Their top speed, on a windless straight and level, was only 125 mph.

In those days, pilots were selected primarily for their intelligence and fighting spirit. Many of the ones, that I knew, were alcoholics, and were men of great courage and individualism. Addicts often have powerful charisma, and force of personality. The military no longer condones serious drinking. In addition, more and more planes are now flying, with the pilot sitting in a storage building in Nevada. Now, the pilot's are still highly intelligent, but with considerably less individualism.

The lieutenant was on his way to teach flying at the world famous naval aviation school, and had agreed to drop me off in Mobile, before heading east. The pilot had been a student test pilot, and my Dad's pupil, at the flight testing facility, in Patuxent River, Maryland. Pax River Test Facility recently did much of the testing of the new X-47B... not only extremely fast, but totally stealth, and super cool looking. Each one only costs about \$800 to \$900 million. Of course, Russia will develop some new incredibly dangerous weapon, and then we'll have to spend tons of cash on either a defense system to negate the

Russian weapon, or some new offensive weapon, to match or better their's. The American taxpayers are so lucky, that this inane, tit-for-tat system between our countries exists.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fAsf6zlmTmc>

To say the least, Sam was a colorful and friendly man, and when the radio wasn't playing his favorite tunes, he was a rather talkative traveling companion, ergo he made the extended trip anything but tedious. His stories about 'MiG Alley' (northwest North Korea) were fairly hair raising. The lieutenant was driving a light green 1936 Packard, complete with four inch white walled tires, and a beautiful pronounced ornate chrome hood ornament. It looked like a chromed woman superhero, with her arms fully extended, directly in front of herself, and her vertically oriented palms, were pressing and holding some kind of a disc between them. Her long wings and hair were flowing straight-out behind her head, giving the impression that the car was going one hundred miles per hour, while it was only standing still. The classic convertible was a bit of a rust bucket, yet it ran great. The engine was impressively

modified, and well tuned, and so a sleeper. Sam liked it that way, since he'd often drag race for cash, just stoplight to stoplight stuff, but it was fun.

“Hold on Joey. I'm about to show this so-and-so the real meaning of the word, ‘speed!’” Sam would say right before he popped the clutch.

During the trip from Maryland to the Gulf Coast, the former combat pilot shared tales of his many hazardous flying experiences, but more importantly, he generously shared his fifth of smooth Irish whiskey. I'd ask questions about various planes and flying missions, He enthusiastically tolerated my childish questions, with enthusiasm. Veteran combat pilots tended to be good with kids. Due to the light traffic and near cloudless blue skies, Sam kept the top down, so we both got a mild sunburn, but no one worried about the sun causing skin cancer, back then. In those days, pilots never grew tired of talking about flying, and they drank whiskey, but only when they weren't flying or sleeping. Sam was an amazingly good fellow, and I recall him now, even though I never saw him after that trip, and I was only six at the time.

Once you have tasted flight, you will forever walk

the earth with your eyes turned skyward, for there you have been, and there you will always long to return.

Leonardo da Vinci

The present day military pilots are a completely different breed, and I'm not totally sure how good a thing that may be. Every time we'd stop for gas, the lieutenant would run a complete check on his car: oil, water in the radiator, water in the cells of the battery, tire pressures, including the spare. He's also clean the windshield and headlights. Pilots tended to be OCD about the mechanics and dependability of their cars, as they were about the planes they flew. That particular aspect of pilots' behavior probably hasn't changed. I've never meant a military pilot, who was a bonafide slob. This is not to say that slobs can't be amazing people, i.e., Marilyn Monroe and Albert Einstein. Both were reputed to be notorious slobs, and if it's true that opposites attract, perhaps Marilyn and Albert would have made a good couple. The military combat pilot probably isn't longed for this world. Remote-controlled aircraft will soon out perform, what any mere mortal could accomplish or survive. After all, once a plane starts exceeding nine Gs, most humans start losing consciousness, and at

supersonic speeds, who better to do low-level nap-of-the-earth flying than a pilotless plane, with built-in topographic software, and satellites informing and warning the plane what's just over the horizon. Moreover, humans can get ill, fatigued, distracted, etc. Moreover, onboard cameras and sensors can now see further than any human eye.

Lieutenant Sam preferred to sip his whiskey cut 50-50 with *Coca-Cola*, thereby creating, with the cola's caffeine, something of a minor speedball effect... the alcohol slows you down, while the caffeine speeds you up. Since the outside of the car was somewhat trashed-out anyway, he'd pry-off the metal cap from the mouth of the thick light green glass bottle of ice-cold coke, chug-down half the coke, belch loudly, then fill the bottle back up with *Wild Turkey* (Supposedly, one of the distillery executives enjoyed hunting wild turkeys, hence the distinctive name.) Sam drove straight through (no sleep), from Pax River to Mobile. The journey was almost non-stop except for gas, food, and a few hour layover at a popular Montgomery whorehouse. While Sam went upstairs with the girl, I stayed downstairs in the kitchen, eating doughnuts, and helping a few of the shapely vixens, prepare snap-beans, cut up

greens, and core-out the eyes of potatoes. In those days, when I was six years old, if I thought a woman had a nice shape, I'd tell her she had a figure like an airline stewardess, and so that particular house of ill repute could have been owned by *TWA (Trans World Airlines, 1930-2001)*. Something which stuck in my mind, from being at the whorehouse, was when a tall beautiful mixed girl jokingly told me that, if I stayed there with them, she'd teach me how to cook, and as she said that, she briefly cupped my crotch with her delicate palm and fingers, sending a pleasant sensation straight to my brain. This caused the other girls to chuckle, while I simply stood there paralyzed and happily shocked.

After a while, Sam returned, with a tall shapely blond angel. Her ample right breast was pressed into his left arm. She sported huge blue eyes, that held my gaze, and a dazzling white smile, as well as an extremely sheer and loose fitting blouse; opened enough, to see the majority of her left breast. The twenty-something year old beauty accompanied us out to the car. She had something of an athletic body, like the professional dancers, I'd seen on TV, although her aforementioned breasts were slightly more voluptuous. She was one of those people, who

loudly smacked her gum as she chewed. *I guess her parents didn't teacher her to chew with her mouth closed.* Periodically, she'd lick her lips, which I found to be riveting. The three of us returned to the car. Sam, told me to climb in, then he briefly kissed and gently hugged the blond, with his hand cupping her butt, much like my Dad often did with Mom. The young woman clearly enjoyed his attentions, or if not, she did one hell of a job pretending.

Before we drove-off, she came around to my side of the car, leaned in, over the passenger door, caressed the back of my head with her left hand. With her right hand she gently lifted my chin, then shockingly she kissed me deeply and sincerely. I'd never had someone else's tongue in my mouth before, and while it certainly surprised me, I also greatly enjoyed it. At first, her kiss immobilized me, then I slowly started to respond in kind. I tasted her fresh spearmint chewing gum with a hint of bourbon. About the time my briefs tightened, the motor started, and that was the signal for the kiss to end.

As the Lieutenant's convertible pulled away, the young woman winked, smiled, and waved, so I turned around, and with my knees on the front seat, I stared, and waved goodbye. To this day, I still recall

that shocking kiss, and the sight of her. *I'll probably never see her again.* The sunlight seemed to make her hair and face radiantly glow. We rounded a corner, and my first real kiss was forever in the past, only to reside in my memory. For almost everything, there is only one first time. I desperately wanted to go back, but even if we had, I wouldn't have known how to proceed. Still, I occasionally think about that first deep lingering kiss.

"She put her tongue inside my mouth, Sam!" I tacitly exclaimed.

"Lucky you, kid. How'd you like it?" He smilingly asked.

"I really liked it! I really really like her, Sam. She felt great. She has a tongue, that tasted good, like spearmint gum and booze!" I happily detailed the amazing event.

"Shucks Joey, I picked her out just for you. She's a gorgeous 'able Grable.' That kiss you so dearly enjoyed just cost me a whole extra greenback. I arranged that just for you Joey. But don't you be carrying a torch for her, kid; and don't tell your parents, about stopping there, either. I'm real serious about that! Ya hear me? Your dad would have my

hide, and your mom would probably shoot me. That blond ‘bombshell’ will be our little secret, Joey.” Sam replied in the vernacular of the day.

“No shit; she’s a secret alright! That blond lady was so pretty... thanks, Sam!” I replied, hoping Sam would turn the car around.

“I like her too. She’s a real swell baby-doll, a hot little ‘jitterbug queen!’ Get the whiskey out from under the seat, and keep an eye out for a coke machine. Its time for a little drinky-winky, to make this trip go smooth, just not enough to end-up in the bag, or wrecking my plum here, the world’s greatest sleeper machine. Drinking is all about pacing your liver, kid. *I know that.* Keep an eye out for the ‘bubblegum machines’ (cop cars) kid. It’s your job to spot the bogeys. You’re my appointed lookout, Joey. I get pulled-over and it’s gonna be all on you. We don’t want to have to call the Navy from the can (jail); those SP (Shore Patrol, Navy police) guys can be real kill joys, kid.” Sam responded.

While Sam sipped on his doctored coke and drove, I leaned back in the comfortable front seat, put my feet up on the rusty dashboard, and periodically swigged from the fifth, since by that time in my young life, bourbon actually tasted sweet. Sam had

tuned-in a local radio station, ergo we were entertained by big band sounds, as we sailed down the highway, under the clear blue sky. Back then, the big bands usually had four distinct sections: trombones, saxes, trumpets, and the rhythm section made up of guitar, piano, drums, and bass. Sam and I listened to such performers as: [Duke Ellington](#), Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Buddy Rich, etc. I loved the synergistic effect of the booze, the music, wind blowing through my hair, and the light blue sky; no one accommodates to pleasure faster than does a child. Two years prior, at age four, with my Dad's patient instructions, I'd more or less mastered the art of pacing myself, drinking enough to keep a buzz, while avoiding nausea. He also taught me how to behave when drinking, so I was never a rude or sloppy drunk, and was careful to be a good listener. During the trip, I'd drink water, whenever we'd stop at a gas station, to reduce the next day's hangover, caused by associated dehydration. There was no bottled water to be purchased in those days. Those few above factors, and selecting a liquor which best agrees with you, were the primary considerations in my childhood art of drinking: pacing, water, remaining polite, and the right type of booze. I never much cared for the white

liquors: gin, vodka, white rum, etc., and I don't care for the taste of tequila. Still, there's something pleasant about certain Alabama moonshines.

Always do sober what you said you'd do drunk. That will teach you to keep your mouth shut.

Ernest Hemingway

Having started with *PBR (Pabst Blue Ribbon)* beer as an infant of six months, then I was switched to whiskey around age three, that switch occurred as I became the bartender for the squadron parties, so by six, I was a veteran drinker, able to drink some adults under the table. In those uninformed days, such hardcore drinking was considered to be an impressive attribute. Dad routinely bragged to the other pilots about my drinking skill, at least, until I was approximately twelve. That's when people's attitudes, concerning childhood drinking, began to change. It wasn't long thereafter, that my dear parents put me through the nightmare of withdrawals, taking me on an extended road trip, through Europe. While Dad drove, as Mom tended to my corresponding illness, while I rode in the back of

the station wagon. The first day wasn't too bad, since the full set of physical withdrawals didn't really kick in until the following morning, when it kicked like an enraged mule.

As best I recall, the physical aspects of my withdrawal were a lot like an extremely bad case of the flu: sweating, headache, vomiting, shaking, depression, joint aches, and insomnia. Insomnia has been a problem all my life. Perhaps the *raphe* (brainstem nerve cells largely responsible for sleep), has been damaged, probably by my early alcohol consumption. Yet nothing compared to the subsequent four years of grisly off-and-on suicidal depression! Life became raw, and meaningless. Each morning, with the realization I was awake, my tears would flow. The dreadful depression made it impossible for me to stop realizing how soon death visits, and in lieu of the infinite nature of the universe, how insignificant we all are. Needless to say, the psychology of alcohol withdrawals bent my twelve year old mind.

I feel sorry for people that don't drink, because when they wake up in the morning, that is the best they are going to feel all day...

Frank Sinatra

Sam was a great driver, even when soused, and so no cops stopped us. He used a drunk driving technique, which he'd called 'micro-steering.' Years later, as a young adult, I'd use the technique when driving drunk, hence I too never received a DUI. The technique is based on the idea that cops customarily spot a drunk driver, because the drunk weaves down the road, usually a long slow weave. The way micro-steering keeps you from getting caught is to constantly make very quick indiscernible (micro) corrections in steering. If the car radio is playing, make the minuscule steering corrections in time with the music, moving your steering hand left and right in time with the music, and you thereby avoid the telltale long slow weave, and the corresponding overpriced DUI. If done correctly, these persistent quick steering corrections are too small to be detected by a trailing cop. To better insure this micro-steering methodology, Sam always kept the radio playing various big band sounds. Obviously, it's best to simply not drive drunk, since driving while drunk can be a deadly proposition. Still, there are many drinkers, who are adapt drivers, even when drunk,

and know to stop driving, if they get too smashed. It's sort of how some people can remain well behaved and relatively coherent when drunk; whereas, others are obnoxious idiots, or violent pricks.

DUI arrests barely existed, in the 1950s. Yes, occasionally drunk drivers were arrested, but just not that often, and certainly not with the tremendous associated attorney fees, fines, and court costs.

Generally, they had to have been in a wreck, or in some way, have violated the traffic laws: running a stop sign or red light, speeding, etc. The year before this story took place, Robert Borkenstein, a former cop and university professor, invented the breathalyzer (1953). This much dreaded, yet clever machine used both chemical oxidation and photometry to measure blood alcohol concentration. Luckily for many drunk drivers, it took years, before the breathalyzer came into regular use. Back then, drunk drivers were usually handled by the police in one of three ways. Sometimes, they were pulled out of their car, the car was locked, and then they were driven to their house, or to the drunk tank, and told to just sleep it off, with no charges filed. Other times, the cop just took the keys, and let the drunk sleep it off in their car. If the drunk didn't seem too terribly

messed-up, they were told to drive straight home, and half the time the cop would follow them, to make sure they got there. Granted, DUI arrests save lives, but a large part of why the states jumped onto the DUI legislative-bandwagon was because DUIs put tons of cash into municipal coffers, and the pockets of defense lawyers.

Now, the average DUI case requires that the corresponding well rehearsed attorney conduct: a half hour interview with the client to get the facts, as well as two ten minutes appearances: plea day and the trial, if there is one. For those few brief efforts, the attorney charges anywhere from \$5000 to \$20,000. The DUI defense is 'old-hat,' far from being rocket science. DUIs are a huge moneymaker, virtual goldmines for all concerned, except of course for the arrested, and whoever they may have injured or killed. Again, driving drunk is indeed dangerous. In the US, there are roughly 1,500,000 DUI arrests per year, generating over \$10,000,000,000.00, annually (\$10 billion)! That's equivalent to the market cap of a large cap stock, every year! {What if all that DUI profits/fines were spent on drug and alcohol rehabs, or on stopping global warming?}

About nine thousand people are killed by drunk

drivers each year! And so, there's no telling how many lives are saved with those 1,500,000 DUI arrests. If one percent could have resulted in a death, that's roughly 15,000 people that were saved. In many ways, highly addicting alcohol is the worst drug, on the planet, and yet, it's completely legal, whereas many of illegal drugs don't impair driving nearly as much as does alcohol, especially the relatively harmless marijuana! In fact, many people, when stoned on weed, are more careful about how they drive, perhaps because of the associated paranoia of being stopped by a cop.

If there ever was a truly dangerous addictive 'gateway drug,' it's obviously alcohol, not weed! Most addiction experts believe that it's absolutely absurd that alcohol, which is markedly damaging to virtually every organ in the body, extremely addicting, and causes far too many people to behave in a dangerous fashion, is still legal; yet the innocuous, non-addicting green marijuana is illegal, in most states. Alcohol withdrawals are more apt to kill the victim, than are withdrawals from heroin. As almost everyone knows, alcohol is the favorite drug of highly aggressive ego-centered people, and the beverage certainly doesn't due anything to reduce

aggression, quite the contrary. Since aggressive people become politicians, alcohol is still legal.

Numerous studies clearly show that weed reduces aggression and is less addicting than coffee. Because of its appeal to aggressive people, alcohol is a drug which is most strongly preferred by the egomaniacs and psychopaths, i.e., politicians, lawyers, Republicans, CEOs, administrators, salesmen, etc. Whereas, marijuana is preferred by people, who tend to be more laid-back, and enjoy things like peace, love, and social harmony. Consequently, it's relatively easy to understand why alcohol remains legal, and weed is not. Sure there are other reasons; still, the above mentioned few are probably the major factors. Moreover, if people were allowed to grow their own, it then becomes non-taxable, and the greedy politicians don't get their slice.

During my twelve month absence from Mobile, Grandpa had acquired a second home, a quaint little beach cottage, about five miles to the west of Mobile, on an idyllic azure salt water estuary, a six mile long, one mile wide sound, which emptied into the Gulf of Mexico. At first, the moderately drunk Navy pilot had some trouble locating beach house, but after going down a few wrong sandy streets, he'd finally

found it, and dropped me off with my Grandma. Then, the inebriated aviator was off in the night to Pensacola in his rusty, but well tuned Packard convertible. As he pulled away, he raised his doctored bottle of coke, and said. "Here's mud in your eye, kid." Maybe the quote had something to do with the soldiers in the muddy trenches of WWI, or maybe it's something out of the Bible, but Sam meant it as a friendly gesture. The friendly lieutenant died four years later, trying to make a dead stick landing, smoothly coasting-in, only touching down fifty yards shy of the runway. Try as Sam might, the plane just didn't have the lift to reach the runway. The ground, where he touched-down, was too rough, and the end of the runway was slightly elevated, and so the plane bounced, then went nose down, to then violently flip upside down, but didn't burn. The tail snapped-off and the canopy was crushed, so most likely Sam died instantly... a good death, as deaths go. *Thanks for that spearmint blond, Sam!*

The mile wide turquoise waters of the sound, was bordered on both sides by gorgeous white sandy beaches, but it was only about fifty feet deep at its deepest point, with easily access to the Gulf of Mexico at both of its ends, about three miles in both

directions, east and west, from Grandpa's beach house. How well I recall my joy, at not being stuck in the boring antebellum house in Mobile, with its' rattling windows. The beach house was much more fun! It's only drawback was that it didn't have Bernice, Grandma's wonderful black maid.

At the beach cottage, I was free to: swim, fish, and leisurely wander along the miles of beautiful sugar white beaches. In addition, I was permitted to drive Grandpa's motorboat. I was barely strong enough to yank the motor's pull-chord to start it running. At age six, I was also allowed to shoot Grandpa's semi-automatic .22 caliber rifle, at birds flying over the sound, or bobbing on its surface. I'm sorry to say, I killed quite a few ducks, geese, and seagulls. For some reason, I took mercy on the pelicans. As mentioned, I had no conscience, until age forty. Now days, I've come to the conclusion, that we need to leave the animals alone, and as much as possible, protect them. I think that we should do away with zoos and aquariums.

Nevertheless, in those days, very few people considered the killing of animals to be abhorrent. So, as long as no planes or boats were cruising nearby, on or over, the sound, I'd open fire, on anything that

flew. Hitting a bird on the wing wasn't easy with a .22. The year before, Mom had bought me a BB rifle, so transitioning to the .22 was a snap. Dad had told me that killing was no big deal, even humans was okay, provided they truly deserved it, and you didn't get caught. Dad's repeating that deadly piece of advice, makes me think that at the beginning of WWII, Dad may have found the idea of killing easy, if not slightly appealing. Dad would constantly drill into me, the idea that killing was okay. Evidently, he wanted to make sure that if the time came for me to kill, it wouldn't be a problem. My Dad talked to me infrequently, so there remain many things which I'm not too sure about, concerning Dad; however, that potent lecture about killing was unmistakably clear.

Nowadays, many of the children of minority gang members, pass-on the same advice to their kids, since the need to kill can often be a necessity for survival. Most white kids, are led to believe that killing should be left-up to the soldiers and police. In my life, I've been involved with the death of several people. Only one still haunts me, and it's probably the one death that wouldn't have bothered most people. The other deaths, which would have caused others to feel guilt, don't phase me. One was accidental, a few were for

survival's sake, and the others, I was only indirectly involved. The death of one person still remains a bit foggy; perhaps I killed someone when I didn't have to, but I'm honestly not completely sure, but it was not accidental.

The fine dry white crystals of warm Alabama sand were so clean they'd usually squeak and bark, beneath the weight my six year old heels. Now, the sand no longer emits that sound; perhaps, because of all the oil which has been spilled into the Gulf of Mexico, and washed-up on its shores. Moreover, the sand seems coarser now; whereas, it was more powdery, when I was a child. There are now thousands of active wells in the Gulf of Mexico, and 27,000 inactive drilled wells!

https://www.nola.com/news/gulf-oil-spill/index.ssf/2010/07/27000_abandoned_oil_and_gas_wells.html

Back then, the beach air was clear and fresh, only sullied, if can call it sullied, by the scent of seaweed and salt brine, without a trace of auto exhaust, or the various modern day man-made poisonous molecules from neighboring industries. The beach house was a

big improvement over the tedious ancient wooden house in downtown Mobile, where there was nothing to do, but to talk to affable Bernice and look for bugs in the yard.

In those days, the most splendid aspect of Alabama, was its many miles of beautiful beaches, and its clear light green gulf waters, with its abundant wondrous sea-life, much of which made for delicious dining. The poor sea creatures are now considerably less plentiful, and as mentioned, the air is no longer as clear; on the other hand, the sunsets are far more colorful, so I suppose that every sable cloud has a silver lining, or maybe it's a gold one. While I'm no marine biologist, I've often wondered, if the animals in the oceans keep falling-off, whether there'll be any sea life left in another sixty years.

But while those bright sugary white beaches were spectacular, the majority of the residents of Mobile rarely visited them. Today, the dazzling gulf shores are populated almost solely by visiting tourists, who can't understand why more of the locals aren't out enjoying the beaches. With few exceptions, you can become bored with almost anything, if you look at it too long, or experience it too often. Hence, tattoos has always seemed slightly silly to me. On the

other hand, I do find myself enjoying gazing upon the tattoos of others, but only for a few moments, so perhaps the person, who acquires the tattoo, is making a statement about themselves, and doing so for the benefit of others. For me the problem with tattoos is habituation. Different folks different...

Yet, such habituation didn't likely apply to those tattoos, which Hitler handed-out to two distinctly different groups. For the Jews, the numeric tattoos were probably not just meant to keep track of them, but to be a mark of humiliation, terror, and death. And for the soldiers of the Schutzstaffel (the SS), their tattoos were not just supposed to represent their elitism, but to be a symbol of intimidating prowess... an emblem of their right to torture and kill. The SS was divided into two distinct groups. It was the Allgemeine SS, which enforced the racial policies of Hitler, and the Waffen SS, that usually just carried out combat missions; so in a way, the latter group wasn't the notorious SS, that was the former. The Allgemeine were the more evil guys.

A few years later, the tattoos of the Jews and the SS completely reversed in their significance. Those inked into the skin of surviving Jews became digital representations of endurance, courage, and survival,

while those inkings of the Allgemeine SS screamed of cruelty, shame, and marked many of them for war crime prosecutions. Post war, the once deadly members of the Allgemeine SS were considered little more than sick sadistic pawns of a lunatic. It's always good to be careful about, who you chose to follow; especially, if they're the head of your country. If they are evil and the head of a country, there will always be ignorant or hateful people, who will think that the wicked leader can do no wrong, and will follow that leader's orders. However, even the President of the United States should remember that murder has no statue of limitation, and war crimes are indeed real crimes, which can mandate the death penalty!

http://sero.nmfs.noaa.gov/sustainable_fisheries/gulf_fisheries/red_snapper/overview/

The quaint three bedroom, one bath, beach cottage, on the beguiling water front lot, came equipped with a few separate structures: a garage, a storage shed, a pump house, and a long wooden dock with an attached boat house out on its end. As mentioned, Grandpa's legal fees were often paid with real estate, jewelry, cars, and even food, the latter came, since

he'd often represented a local dairy in several lawsuits. The dairy provided him with free unlimited: ice cream, milk, and cheese. Once he received a murder's gold and diamond pinky ring, which I now own, but don't wear. I've never been one for wearing jewelry. Several years after that, Grandpa received a brand new *Ford Galaxy 500*, from a desperate somewhat felonious car dealer, who was facing a class action lawsuit; something about misrepresenting the terms of the sale, and not honoring the warranties, on over six hundred autos. There were several corresponding criminal charges of fraud. The car dealer's first name was Larry, and so in Mobile, he was nicknamed, 'Lying Larry.'

How Grandpa loved that car... He'd rarely turn-on the car's radio; instead, he'd sing opera, while driving. No radio stations in Mobile played opera in the 1950s. Listening to Grandpa sing was unpleasant for two reasons: he had a terrible singing voice, and what was even more maddening was that his right foot would tap time with his singing, on the car's accelerator. Consequently, the car took on the annoying rhythm of his singing. The foot tapping of the accelerator made you slide back and forth in the seat. After a mile or two, you'd be ready to jump out

the window. I got the feeling that he knew he was being irritating, but didn't realize just how irksome it was. Although, he did seem to think it was fun, which it wasn't. He never did that if Grandma was in the car. The family rumor was that she'd once punched him in the nose, for the foot tapping, and ignoring her request to stop..

Grandpa secured the beach house as payment for successfully rescuing a more than shady banker from embezzlement charges. Grandpa's magnificent silver tongued courtroom display had allowed the weasel to escape scot free out of all charges. The cottage had been a bank repo, but unlike most repos, it was in tiptop shape. The cottage and its various out-structures only needed a little exterior painting. Grandpa had made the mistake of telling Grandma that she could select the color. He was forever trying to appease her.

On paper, the pricey little beach house was an exceptionally discounted deal. The legal fee was roughly equal to the actual value of the property, but a friendly Mobile tax accessor, who'd also once been a client, facing criminal charges, had done Grandpa a substantial favor; ergo, the property represented something of an enormous tax dodge, both for

federal income tax and state property tax. Such a tax dodge was roughly akin to side-stepping a large angry charging rhino... you saw the big monster coming, but only felt the breeze and smelled the stench as the massive brute cruised on by.

Out of pure spite, Grandma had gleefully ordered that everything, but the wharf, be painted a flaming flamingo pink: the house, its three out structures, as well as the boat house attached to the terminus of the wharf! Nothing Grandpa said could change Grandma's mind, about the tawdry color. The more Grandpa pleaded, attempting to persuade her to select another color, the more determinedly she resisted, enjoying her full measure of passive aggression. Grandma, the mistress of passive aggression, had seized on the opportunity to indirectly punish Grandpa, knowing that he'd never renege on a promise, and that he would always loathe the pink color; and so, his legal reward for rescuing the banker was to be painted pink; indirectly, making fun of his professional success. To make matters worse, all the structures had dark green shingled roofs.

Another of Grandpa's criminal clients, who happened to own *Mobile's Finest Paints and Supplies*,

Inc. had shown-up at the beach cottage, with two amusing painters, and five five-gallon buckets of exterior paint, four gallons of white and one of red paint. Once blended, they made twenty-five gallons of pink. Many years later the color wouldn't matter, the beach house and its other structures would be erased from the landscape by hurricane *Elena*. The house and associated structures would be washed-out into the beautiful sound, so I'm now unable to revisit that bucolic childhood memory. Currently, a different house stands eight feet above the same piece of ground, atop thirty pressure-treated thick greenish brown wooden poles. The poles are about two feet in diameter and filled with concentrated poisons, designed to ward-off wood rot, mold, fungus, and wood burrowing insects, and to make questionable contributions to the fresh water aquifer, below. While middle and upper class people tend not to drink tap water, the poor often must. Unlike the flamingo pink cottage, the new house is tastefully white, with light blue shingles and trim. The wharf was rebuilt, also using the same poisonous pressure treated poles, but without the boathouse on its' terminus.

Thanks to Grandpa's courtroom eloquence, and

his extensive rarefied knowledge of legal contracts, the owner of the paint company, Mr. Cody Henderson, had been skillfully acquitted of multiple counts of fraud, concerning sixty different commercial and private deals, where Cody had demanded fifty percent down, collected, and then in every case, had barely done anything. Appropriately, the vile owner of the paint company had acquired the nickname, 'One Coat Cody,' in the local newspaper, having quoted one of his business victims. Grandma loved the name, and found various ways to work it into everyday conversations, telling friends and family that Grandpa had saved 'One Coat Cody,' thereby making Grandpa somewhat unpopular, and to appear as something of an accomplice to the crook. Grandma loved nothing more than to debase Grandpa, yet the only person she manage to convince, with all her cruelty, was herself.

Criminal, in addition to civil, charges had been filed, largely owing to the fact that one of the cheated businesses had been owned by the Mobile sheriff's brother-in-law. One Coat Cody evidently hadn't realized that fateful fact, when he first took-on that particular job. Civil suits were still pending, but

those were simply a matter of financial negotiations. Considering the number of drips and runs on the exterior walls of the cottage, I doubted that the two employees, which One Coat Cody had sent to slap-on the pink paint, were remotely experienced painters. Grandma speculated that they were just two drunks in desperate need of a job, who One Coat had meant while in jail, before Grandpa got One Coat Cody's bail reduced.

One look at those two, and there was little doubt of their having a dubious past. And unlike the old saying... sometimes you actually can judge a book by its cover. Always quick with negative criticism, Grandma named the pair of sloppy painters, 'The Drippy Drunks,' for there indeed were a considerable number of drips and runs on the walls they painted. If there was anything that my Grandma loved to do, it was to criticize, but since the two men were white, they got off comparatively easy. In fact, she periodically seemed to be a bit too chummy with the inept pair.

It was indeed a lucky thing that the inside walls of the beach house were heavily varnished pine paneling, which didn't require their attentions. Judging from the painters' somewhat sinister

behavior, had they come in the house, most likely anything of value might have mysteriously vanished. Besides painting the house and being a near endless source of entertainment, one painter proved highly useful for me. One early afternoon, when Grandma had gone to sit on the porcelain throne for her 'daily constitutional,' the painter drove to the nearby liquor store in his rusty of pickup, and brought me back a fifth of bourbon, all for the cost of the bourbon and a fifty cent tip. I stashed the bottle inside the pink garage, behind an old *Westinghouse* refrigerator in one of the back corners.

Grandpa kept the frig filled with snacks, as well as cans and bottles of various types of sodas, for family and visiting guests. A couple of old broken pieces of strategically placed white linoleum flooring tile blocked the bottle from prying eyes, should they have glanced, behind the appliance. Grandma told people, that the two painters 'got more whiskey past their lips, than paint on the house.' Not big with handing out compliments, as mentioned, she was peerless, when it came to stricture.

By then, I was barely six years old and determined not to get into any more trouble; especially after the bomb blowing-up the previous

summer. I knew I was skating on thin ice. One mistake and I'd never be allowed to visit again, but frankly I didn't care, but my mother had made it seem as if the 'privilege' of the two week visit was an imperative. Grandpa probably thought me a miscreant, and probably as a future pro bono client. As it turned-out, that would indeed be the truth, though it would mark the very end of his illustrious career.

“Just make sure that you don't get into anymore trouble, or you may not be visiting your Grandparents, any more! That would be just horrible, Joey. Just horrible! You hear me, Joey? Horrible! So, you'd better behave! You know what I'm talking about. We don't want a repeat of last summer, young man!” Raising the volume, Mom forcefully iterated this threatening demand, without actually mentioning the bomb; and as stated, no one said anything about the bomb, except Bernice. During the latter half of this visit, I was to do something much worse than the bomb.

If it hadn't been for the change of venue to the beach house, I wouldn't have wanted to go back for the summertime visits, anyway. Grandma's being cruel to most blacks, and somewhat vacuous mind,

irked me. And then, there was the problem of boredom, largely owing to the fact that I had no kids my age to play with. I'm not exactly sure why, but I still thought it was important that I didn't lose the privilege to visit. There was a part of me that wanted to disassociate myself from my Mobile family. They weren't like any of my parents' friends. Grandpa was a great man, but so too busy, so I rarely got to see and speak with him, and so, like my Dad, he remained enigmatic. He was the only family member I enjoyed visiting with, but I knew I could never live-up to his moral expectations, so, I always felt somewhat flawed around him.

After the bomb, I felt like something of a verbal target for him, someone to fire words of wisdom at, words which didn't directly criticize me, but continually reminded me that I should sin no more. Going to see my Grandparents each summer, was sort of like visiting older strangers. It was a bit like visiting a tobacco chewing, overly loquacious, kindly Albert Einstein, and his overweight, racially bigoted, pitiless wife.

Everyone on my mother's side of the family: my aunts, uncles, and cousins lived in the Mobile area, but as time past, the family members gradually

dissolved into various warring factions; until finally, they either died, or just quit talking with each other. Only the twin daughters and their brother, of one of my aunts, remain close, in their old age. Now, most of my cousins, my mother, and I are the only ones left. All my aunts and uncles are dead. Perhaps, my mother and I are the only members of the entire family that didn't acquire diabetes... luck of the gene pool lottery.

As you may know, Type I diabetes is a menacing condition, where the pancreas simply fails to manufacture adequate amounts of a two branch protein hormone called insulin. Without said hormone the cells of the body cannot receive enough glucose, to manufacture energy: ATP, UTP, GTP, etc., molecules with high energy electrons (transferred from the glucose), designed to allow the various the enzymes to move and bring about the corresponding reactions. The disease is well known for its ability to kill the capillaries: in the feet, in the retinas of the eyes, in the kidney nephrons, etc. As you may know, the capillaries are the smallest blood vessels, and they intentionally leak-out the liquid part of blood, plasma, to supply glucose, oxygen, fats, vitamins, etc., to the cells of the body. The red and white blood

cells usually stay within the tiny blood vessels, being too big to leak-out through the cracks (fenestrations) in the capillaries. Consequently, the death of capillary beds means loss of blood (plasma) supply, so some of those suffering with the disease may eventually experience: amputation of the feet, kidney failure, blindness, etc. What the medical world often fails to mention is that the diabetic patient may also lose capillaries in their brain.

Said brain capillaries can be located in those parts of the gray mush, which allow the sufferer such things as to be: friendly, kind, socially acceptable, polite, considerate, as well as inhibitory regions, which maintain control over the more negative emotions, such as: anger, hate, paranoia, etc. Hence, as the years pass, and increasing brain capillaries die, some diabetics become a bit ill-tempered, surly, arrogant, or violent. Whereas diabetic hypoglycemia, due to injected insulin overdose, has been used as a legal defense, the death of brain capillaries has never been used as a legal defense, in elderly diabetes, who've committed violent crimes; at least not that I know of. Unlike some of my other relatives, Grandpa remained a good-natured genteel person to the very end, despite suffering the effects of diabetes and

Alzheimers... a Prince to the very end, even when senile.

While my dear Grandpa was an exceptionally brilliant man, complete with the aforementioned photographic memory, he was nonetheless uncommonly distracted with his own thoughts. Even in his youth, he'd clearly been absentminded, and though he passed long ago, he still remains the finest, yet most mysterious individual, I've ever known. According to what I've been told, his mother (my great grandmother) had said, he was absentminded, even as a preschool child, and at times, he seemed to be in his own world. It wasn't a case of actual memory loss, but simply that his overactive mind constantly diverted him from his surroundings and immediate circumstances. Grandpa was well known for occasionally being seen, walking down the sidewalk or through the courthouse, with smoke pouring out of his suit jacket, having absentmindedly placed his lit cigar inside his coat pocket. Consequently, *Mark Metzger's Clothing*, as well as *Samuel's Modern Suit and Tailor* enjoyed my Grandpa's dependable business, since my Grandpa very much believed in dressing-up in fine suits for the courtroom. He once remarked, "A jury takes in

everything, and so the cut of my suit is important, not just my words.”

One of the most outrageous examples of my Grandpa’s absentmindedness, caused him to be banned from parking in his own firms’ parking lot. Several times, in trying to pull into his parking spot, my absentminded Grandpa had hit another attorney’s car. One day before he left the firm, Grandpa forgot about his firm’s parking restriction, and entered into the drive leading to the parking-lot behind his building. When he first pulled into the driveway leading to the parking lot, behind the building, one of the secretaries, spotted Grandpa turning-in, and shouted-out the alarm, telling everyone, that he was headed for the parking lot. This caused all the attorneys, about twelve of them, to run to gaze-out the building’s rear windows, for fear their car was the next one to be hit by my careless Grandpa. Nevertheless, Grandpa managed to park successfully, ergo all the attorneys breathed a collective sigh of relief. When Grandpa then came walking into the firm, the attorney’s good-naturedly reminded him of his banishment from the parking lot, and Grandpa apologized and headed to his office. That particular day, I was at the firm as a runner, an errand-boy, to

hand-deliver correspondence to other firms, and to drop-off things at the clerk's office in the courthouse to be filed, the State Attorney's office, and sundry judges.

A few hours later, Grandpa had to drive to the courthouse. He was defending a bank robber, who'd foolishly planned the robbery with an *FBI* agent, and of course, he was promptly arrested as he exited the bank, cash in hand. Grandpa was trying to get the case thrown-out on entrapment; after all, the robber was only eighteen, and the FBI agent was forty, and kept telling the kid how easy it was going to be, and how much the kid needed the money. At least the agent successfully pursued him to use an empty weapon. Inspiring the eighteen year old to rob the bank wasn't too difficult, since the kid wasn't too bright.

That evening, no one in the firm noticed Grandpa had left the building to go to his car, until there was a loud crash, which emanated from the rear parking area. Once again, all the attorneys rushed to looked out the firm's back windows. Grandpa had backed-up rather forcefully; his big rear bumper, had smashed into the front of a flimsy *Volkswagen* bug, parked directly behind his car. It was the car of a junior

partner, who then screamed.

“Oh my God, Buddy’s hit my fucking car! Jesus Christ!”

The young attorney ran-out the back door to confront Grandpa. The two cars had locked bumpers. However, my ever absentminded Grandpa, was actually unaware that he’d smashed into the smaller car. He was no doubt thinking about the upcoming defense of the bank robbery case, so he’d simply put his big Ford, with it powerful 390 c.i., V-8, into drive and drove away, dragging the VW bug behind him. A few blocks later, the police stopped Grandpa and pointed-out the fact, that he was dragging the little car. Of course, Grandpa apologized and bought the junior partner a new car, and got the damaged car repaired, and gave it to one of his daughters.

In less than a day, after having arrived for my first visit to Grandpa’s new beach house, I would witness two more profoundly shocking, yet markedly humorous, examples my Grandpa’s infamous world-class absentmindedness. That evening, just after dinner, Grandma had told me that I smelled like a dead dog (how she loved negative criticism), and ordered me to go take a bath. While soaking in the bath tub, marveling at how my fingers and toes

would always wrinkle-up, and wondering why that was happening and why the wrinkles would dependably later disappear, the bathroom door suddenly flew open, and my absentminded Grandpa came ambling into the bathroom, angling for the toilet. He was loudly mumbling various indistinct phrases, which were likely going to be part his closing argument, to save another scoundrel, from receiving his just punishment.

Grandpa had obviously entered the bathroom desperately looking to depressurize an overly filled urinary bladder. While dramatically continuing with his legal declamations, Grandpa pulled down his zipper, released the lizard, relaxed his external urethral sphincter muscle, ergo a voluminous flow of yellow urine, suddenly issued forth, but Grandpa's aim was well off target. Due to his aforementioned world-class absentmindedness, Grandpa had failed to take any semblance of accurate aim, his prodigious stream was a good two feet to the right of the porcelain throne. Grandpa never would have made it as a military sniper. He'd consumed several cups of coffee, so what gushed forth was a somewhat stinky, highly impressive pale lemon-colored flow, striking the baseboard, splashing and running down onto the

white linoleum flooring, yet my absentminded Grandpa simply kept on reciting his speech, and paid no mind to the odorous flow, splashing on the baseboard. *How is it that Grandpa doesn't realize what he's doing?* The murmuring of his legal discourse continued to eloquently spill-forth from his upper end, while the foul-smelling urine spilled, from his lower half.

Throughout this peculiar binary emission, I just sat naked in the warm bathwater, watched and said nothing. In those days, children were taught not to mention anything about an adult's bodily functions. Near the end of the odd bathroom event, I noticed that the wall was soaked and a remarkable half inch deep brassy lagoon had formed in a slight depression out into the middle of the bathroom floor, where people generally stood in front of the sink. *Wow, that smells bad!* Generally, there are two reasons why something smells bad: either because it's toxic, or it is supporting bacterial growth, which is also likely toxic. On the other hand, some of the most deadly poisons have a fruity smell or no smell: soman (sweet but rotten fruit), sarin (odorless), tabun (fruity), VX (rotten fruit or *Vicks Vaporub*), VR (substance 33), A-230, A-232, A-234, etc. None of those deadly

agents smell bad, and in that respect they are so unnatural.

Every summer, my cousins each took turns visiting the beach house, and one of them had left a little yellow rubber ducky, up in the corner of the bathtub. The floating toy would squeak, if you squeezed it. I wanted to cut it open to see how it squeaked, but had I done that, I knew Grandma would have used it as an excuse to ban me from future visits, and Mom would have gone ape-shit on me, as soon as I got home. Grandma's desire to ban me was not only owing to the bomb, from the previous summer, but because she realized that I didn't share her attitude about blacks. She knew that I felt more for Bernice, than she approved of. Momentarily, I thought about floating the yellow ducky in the impressive yellow urine lagoon, similar to how the highway department leaves one of those three foot bright yellow cones in a pot-hole, but then I decided against it, assuming that Grandma would scold me for doing something so ridiculous. However, it wouldn't be but a few minutes, before I'd come to realize that indeed I should have placed the ducky in Grandpa's stinky grand nitrogenous puddle.

Amazingly, Grandpa had never seemed to notice the splashing sounds, nor the spray of yellow droplets on his feet and ankles. He remained completely unaware of the shimmering fetid lake, or for that matter, the very obvious fact, that I was behind him in the bathtub watching. Just like his mother had said, Grandpa was plainly in his own world. A similar type of momentary reality loss has happened to me, but always occurs in the same way, yet its nothing compared to Grandpa's absentmindedness. If I use a public bathroom to carryout a number two, while sitting there, I let my mind wander. My mind wonders so much, that it causes me to completely forget where I'm at. Granted, I realize that I'm sitting on the porcelain throne, but don't know where I'm at, not even the city, nor the state. For about ten or twenty-seconds, I have no idea where I am, and as long as I don't try too hard to figure it out, I can stay lost, and I love that feeling.

When he'd finished peeing, Grandpa simply returned the lizard, zipped-up, pivoted to his right, and on exiting, managed to unknowingly track his bare left foot into the edge of the shallow tawny lagoon, thereby spreading a dribbling line of urine

across the bathroom floor, and on out the door. Through-out the event, he never stopped his courtroom rehearsal, and he didn't bother to flush, or close the door, behind himself. How Grandpa had missed the toilet by two feet and overlooked all that urine, I'll never know, but as I said, he was the most absentminded person, I've ever known.

Still, this absentminded, highly vocal, urinary phenomenon would pale in comparison to supreme example of absentmindedness, my Grandpa would exhibit the following morning. He would soon bestow upon me the foremost example of profound absentmindedness, while providing me with one of the finest laughs of my life. In all honesty, my dear Grandpa, who then was not remotely senile, was fully capable of involuntarily surpassing the obliviousness of the famed cartoon character, Mr. Magoo. Quite possibly there isn't a person, who's ever breathed a breath, who could concentrate more determinedly, than could my Grandpa, and there are few, if any, his oratory equal; whether his speech was spontaneous or well rehearsed, it was always impeccable. While, I have meant many, who have merely memorized a large vocabulary and a few fancy quotes, to give the appearance of intelligence,

as one of my cousins has managed to do, my dear Grandpa was the real McCoy; using precisely the correct words and phraseology, artistically generating an engaging portrayal of his clever notions. Often his articulate speech seemed supernatural, effortlessly creating elucidative metaphors and descriptive imaginary, sometimes with precisely metered rhyme, perfectly serving his litigious intentions.

After finishing my evening bath, I grabbed the slivery beaded chain to pull-out the white rubber plug, and drain the tub, while marveling at the mysterious small sucking silvery whirlpool. I then dried-off, while standing in the empty tub, hung-up my bath-towel, and then carefully sidestepped Grandpa's odorous golden reservoir. Taking-down my white flannel pajamas, from the hook on the back of the bathroom door, I pulled them on, then went to sit in the living room and watch TV, with my Grandparents. By then, Grandpa appeared to have finished his courtroom declamation, and his attention was focused on the popular *Jack Benny Show*. Jack Benny seemed uniquely clever to me; understated in his humor and highly effeminate in his mannerisms, whence he seemed oddly unique and especially

entertaining.

He often kept his arms folded in front of his chest, making me think he was perpetually hiding something, or perchance he thought it made him seem more masculine. At that time, the only thing I knew about gay people is what Bernice had told me. Albeit, I'm not sure that the comedian, with his supposed stinginess and ear-splitting violin playing, was gay. It doesn't really matter, since straight or gay, he was indeed funny; besides, people don't have a choice in their sexual preference, and so, it is not an issue for judgement. Grandma also loved a new show called, '*Name That Tune*.' The main reason she enjoyed it was that Grandpa never could name any of the modern tunes, since he only listened to classical music and opera; consequently, the show became a form of revenge for her.

That evening at the beach house, during the *Jack Benny Show*, Grandma got up from her overstuffed chair and went to use the bathroom, where she walked barefoot right into the center of Grandpa's nitrogen-rich puddle. Straightaway, she angrily screamed, yet not at Grandpa, but at me, for she hadn't as yet smelled the puddle. She had wrongly assumed that it was my bathwater, in which she was

standing.

“My God Joey, what in the world is the matter with you? Look at all the water you’ve gotten on the floor! Both my feet are all wet. Haven’t I told you, to dry-off, before you step out of the tub? Can’t you remember to do that? My God, just look at the size of this puddle you’ve left here on the bathroom floor! Have you lost your mind! Are you stupid or what?” Grandma happily and angrily screamed this, no doubt expecting my apologetic response, to dutifully issue from my lips.

“I remembered to dry off in the bathtub, Grandma. That big puddle, you’ve got your feet in, isn’t water. Grandpa just missed the toilet, because he was concentrating too hard on his speech. He just peed on the floor. That’s Grandpa’s pee on the floor, Grandma! Just smell it, and you’ll see it stinks! Can’t you smell it. Just take a deep breath.” Happily, I responded; not being able to resist uttering the last insensitive sentences, but it was Grandma’s use of the word ‘stupid,’ which had allowed my minor cruelty.

Having said this, immediately Grandpa turned and frowned at me, as if to say, “*Why did you tell on me?*,” yet he said nothing. For a moment, I felt a slight pang of guilt. But then, I realized that his look

could have been one of total innocence, for there was a very real possibility, that he hadn't remotely realized what he'd actually done. In which case, Grandpa may have assumed that I'd just made-up one hell of a lie about him. Perhaps, he thought I'd peed on the floor, and blamed it on him. Or feasibly, one part of his odd mind remembered peeing on the floor, while another part didn't have a clue. Like God, Grandpa's mind was a bit of a mystery.

Sitting there in front of the TV, I became a bit perplexed trying to unravel Grandpa's perspective. He didn't deny doing it, but nor did he admit to it. Grandpa was a very complex man, to say the very least, a regular cerebral three-ring circus on mescaline. In response to the situation, he grabbed, and just gently sucked on, his pipe, which had long since gone out, then he puffed air from his mouth, as if it contained actual smoke. *He thinks the pipe is lit.* Then he uttered the brief phrase, "Oh, Lord!" Then, his attention returned to the TV, and he started watching the *Jack Benny Show*, again; then, he smiled and laughed at something Jack said.

After I told Grandma about the urine, it initially seemed she didn't believe me, for there was a five-second delay in her response. Then, Grandma

probably took a deep breath and came to realize she was indeed standing in the middle of Grandpa's caffeine-enriched urine. That's when a strange deafening high pitched soprano wail frighteningly filled the house, making the hairs on my neck and arms, stand-up. *Holy shit, she's loud for such a little person. She does have a really big mouth!* It was a shockingly impressive scream, especially to be coming from such an aged little person.

There was no doubt that the neighbors heard her trumpeting elephantine shriek. The Dalai Lama high in the mountains of Tibet probably heard her squeak. But most pointedly, none of the neighbors came to check on her, and she did so crave their attention. She stopped screaming her words and changed tactics. Her next response is hard to describe, but it was something similar to a shrieking song. Some of the words were dramatically drawn-out for greater emphasis, and so the neighbors could better appreciate her dilemma. It was all part of her attempt to humiliate my dear Grandpa.

"My Godddda, Buddyyyyyyyy (Grandpa's nickname)!" She sung out the last letter, the 'Y' sound, for a good five-seconds at a volume, well above pain threshold. She was doing her best to shame him, but

Grandpa was not to be shamed, for all he did was to again suck on his unlit pipe, but this time, he seemed to realize, it was out, so he reached for the big box of wooden matches to relight it. *It's a good thing he has to sit down on the toilet to poop, or he'd probably also poop on the floor.*

“Look, at what have you doooooonnnne here, Buddyyyyyyyy! What is wrooonnnnga with youuuuu?! I can't belieeevvve you did thisss! How could you just urrrrrinaaate on theee flooorr like thissss? This smellllssss soooooo baddda! It's just horrrriiiblille... hooor...reee...bulllll! Oh, my Godddddda! My Godddddda! You've peeeeed on the flooor like a little chiillllda! For heaaavennn'sss sake! Are you crazzzeeeeeee? And, it's all over the blessed waallll too!” Grandma sang-out those words, like an insane wild banshee, flying out through the gates of hell.

Grandma's gonna have a sore throat! After the initial shock of her 160 decibel shriek wore-off, because she was only four foot ten, she then seemed remarkably cute, entangled in her own melodramatic vexation. Once recovered from the initial shock, I'd rather enjoyed her theatrical performance. Her vocal display must have made an impression on Grandpa, since I never again heard about him peeing on the

floor.

Once Grandma was done with her tirade, Grandpa's smile faded, then he sighed and appeared slightly exasperated. He struck a big wooden kitchen match, but then Grandma initiated a second round of screaming, so he failed to put the flame to his pipe. Her screams sidetracked the lighting of his pipe. Match burning, he appeared to be thinking about something else, perhaps his mind had returned to his pending litigation. The aging flame finally heated his fingertips, so he absentmindedly threw it down on the wooden floor. With his barefoot, he stomped on the floor to put out the match, but luckily he missed it, and the flame extinguished, itself. His pipe remained unlit.

While I must admit, that peeing on the bathroom floor was a bit ludicrous, I knew that Grandma was purposely over-stressing her irksome vocal-chords, praying that the nearby neighbors were listening and would come running, or short of that, when she'd see them the next day, they'd ask her why she had been screaming. Grandma always felt the need for demeaning gossip, and the urine pool would provide her with a golden opportunity to go into a long distressing bitchathon about Grandpa. But Grandpa

had lived with her for so long, he'd become impervious to her critical stunts; it was similar to how if one swallows a minor amount of poison each day, so eventually the poison becomes ineffective. During Grandma's grouching, I foolishly chuckled, and Grandpa quickly silenced me with a knowing frown, with a massive number of wrinkles, followed by a slight shake of his head, causing the loose skin under his neck to quiver. *You've got to be brave to be old.*

While there is little doubt that the neighbors had heard her deafening, drawn-out wail; most likely, they all knew that Grandma was putting on another of her attention-seeking displays, and that's why no one ever came to check on her; nor the following day, did they come to ask her what had happened. You probably know the old saying about the shallow brook babbling the loudest, and that still waters run deep. My dear little Grandma was about the depth of that yellow urine puddle; whereas, Grandpa was more like the Mariana Trench.

When Grandma had seemingly stopped her noisy theatrics, Grandpa again reached into the box of big wooden matches, grabbed another one, struck it on the floor, leaving a nine inch mark in the floor's finish, then he successfully relit his pipe, drawing

slowly on the lip-button of the curved stem. He'd soon created a warm red glow in its well worn briar bowl, and then the area in front of the TV, where we sat, was awash with the bluish clouds of heady relaxing tobacco smoke. How I love second-hand tobacco smoke. It gives me a slight buzz, without the worry of addiction. Several of my friends enjoy cigars, and there too, I enjoy the secondhand smoke. Grandpa knew I enjoyed the smoke, so he looked at me, smiled, and raised his eyebrows, then looked back at the *Jack Benny Show*. Unexpectedly, Grandma commenced a third rear-spitting rant. Roughly repeating the same previous singing screams, so Grandpa got out of his chair and turned-up the volume on the TV, and I got-up to go look at Grandma. Grandpa and I intuitively understood the thing about the neighbors not responding, but Grandma didn't. She likely had no clue why the neighbors failed to come running to investigate her spectacular squawking; and while some people are slow to catch-on, the neighbors weren't slow. *Poor Grandpa, he's stuck with her, till one of them dies!*

With a large irregularly shaped natural brown sponge, a red plastic bucket, filled with hot soapy water, along with an abundance of bitching,

Grandma cleaned-up the reeking nitrogen-rich inland sea. She had continued with her emphatic grumbling to make it difficult for Grandpa to watch the TV. The bathroom scenario, seemed more comical, than did the *Jack Benny Show*. I've got to give it to Grandma, she did clean-up all that smelly pee.

Standing outside the bathroom door, I watched her soak-up the last drop of urine, but I sensed that my looking at her was making her more apoplectic, so I went back to sit with Grandpa. Bernice, the black maid never came to the beach house, so keeping things clean, became Grandma's sole responsibility, and she desperately hated cleaning of any kind, or for that matter, she hated getting out of her chair. It was simply beneath her (Sorry). At that moment, I'm fairly certain that Grandma dearly missed having her germ-laden black maid, at her beckon-call. Perhaps, Bernice couldn't work at the beautiful beach house, since the garage had a concrete floor, so there'd be no place for her to pee.

Grandma talked about the 'horribly smelly *Lake Grandpa*' (her phrase) for days thereafter. She not only told the family about the lake, but brought it up to every neighbor. How she loved to denigrate Grandpa.

“You won’t believe what Buddy did, that night... completely lost his mind! He just urinated all over bathroom floor, just like a two year old child would do. Lord knows what was going through his crazy mind!”

Grandpa easily ignored her continual criticism and just continued to treat her with love and affection, but at a calculated distance. When the TV show ended, Grandma tucked me into my comfy little bunk, a single bed had been made out of the same pine-board paneling. The bed was built as an outbuild of the pine paneled wall, and so the bed also served as a couch in the daytime. After my Grandparents had gone to sleep in their separate bedrooms, and the lights had been out for a while, and I could hear their smooth shallow breaths, signifying sleep, I slowly tiptoed out to the garage, reached behind the refrigerator, moved the linoleum tiles, and retrieved the bottle. A minute later, I was on the end of the dock. Under the dark starlit night, gazing at the moonlight bouncing off the dark waters of the sound, I listened to the small waves lapping against the barnacle-covered pier pilings. I slowly sipped from the bottle, just enough to feel the onset of the restorative edge of sleep. In that moonlight, I

could make-out the white sands of the island a mile across the sound. Having replaced the bottle behind the frig, and repositioned the linoleum tile, I then gulped down water from the garage hose, to counter the following day's hangover. I then brushed the sand off the bottom of my feet, silently entered the house, and climbed back into the comfortable pinewood bunk, and slept.

While Grandma disdained any form of work, I must admit that whenever the spirits so moved her, she could cook well, and she seemed to actually enjoy it. Grandpa and I loved Grandma's crab cakes. They were truly out of this world. The patties were just over an inch thick, composed of a sixty-forty blend of lightly sautéed crab meat and thick chunky mash potatoes, and this was mixed-up with some of Grandma's special spice blend, then powered with *Gold Medal* flour, and lightly fried in extra virgin olive oil, to finally be topped off with a delicious pink homemade remoulade sauce. Sometimes she'd put a bit of graded cheese in the potato-crab mix. The recipe for the remoulade sauce had come from Louisiana, a trifling little fact, which Grandma felt the need to frequently remind people of. Though not too difficult to make, my Mom and Grandma are the

only two people I've ever known, who could properly prepare that tasty dish. Grandma typically served the seafood specialty with succulent silver kernalled corn on the cob, cheese grits, collard greens, and well-brewed black ultra-sweet iced tea, with fresh green mint leaves stirred in.

While it might not sound like a gourmet feast, the meal was unquestionably a palatine treat, and one of the very few things I miss about my quirky little Grandma. With Grandpa at the meal, the conversation was brimming with legal words and phrases: fraud, evidence, affidavit, exculpatory, surplusage, amicus curiae, fruit of the poisonous tree, causative action, appeal, immunity, vicarious liability, malfeasance, just cause, embezzlement, etc. Consequently, the meal became a tremendous learning experience. Grandpa always took time to make sure that each term was clearly understood, so as to include everyone in the conversation. As a result, even my relatively ignorant Grandma found herself, begrudgingly showing interest.

Obviously, to create this mouthwatering culinary delight, you needed plenty of crabmeat. Catching and cleaning the crabs was Grandpa's contribution. How I marveled at the idea that he was going to acquire our

food, from the sea... not from a deli, restaurant, or grocery store, but directly from good ole Mother Nature! In those days, the waters of the Gulf of Mexico was inundated with extra large blue crabs. Currently, you don't see them that large, nor are they nearly that plentiful, but this was 58 years before the infamous *British Petroxic (BP)* oil spill, when the sands of the beaches of the gulf coast were still sugary white, unlike today's dingy beige.

And, while I don't think that the sand's change of color is solely due to the *BP* spill, I will never forget the derisive and condescending CEO of *BP*, Tony Bayward, smiling and grinning, while discussing the appalling incident on television news. His smile definitely didn't look like a child's nervous smile, but rather it was more like a smile of arrogance. *How can he smile? His company has just screwed our beautiful gulf.* Sure, we all admire a man, who can smile during tragic adversity, just not when he's the man, whose company is responsible for it! After all, aren't we all on the same spinning blue marble? If you kill the blue marble, what good is money, Tony? Never underestimate fossil fuels, for in the end, they'll probably destroy all life, except for the toughest life forms: certain bacteria, a few fungi, and maybe a

handful of extra hardy insects.

You can't get much more absurd, than Tony's untimely egomaniacal oily little smile. But I suppose people like Tony, the Koch brothers, certain Wall street titans, etc., just buy air time, and manipulate the mass media, to placate the perturbed, overly passive, masses. About ninety-five percent of Americans are like sheep. Conceivably, Tony's smile was to lighten the mood of the tragedy, but that stupid grin is probably the most badly timed grin in all of human history! It would be a bit like, when a mother, who has lost her young adult son or daughter in a war, is given the news by a grinning chaplain. Or, it might be something akin to Theodore Bundy, sitting in the courtroom smiling, as a mother describes what it was like to lose her daughter, or some foolish dolt, idiotically smiling, during the dedication ceremony of the holocaust museum.

Most likely, that imprudent smile is the only thing Tony will be remembered for by most of America's citizens. Way to go Tony! To be the CEO of such a massive company undoubtedly requires some brains, but the smile was something only a psychopathic simpleton would have displayed to the public, after grievously damaging their precious

environment. That spill had just cost thousands of folks in the fishing industry to lose their livelihood, and Tony elected to smile. Simply put, he made a bad matter worse, adding insult to injury. The idiot went on to complain, saying, "I want my life back." Ultra rich people typically think everything is about them, and that's why I'm worried about Trump, should he be elected, everything he does will be for self-glorification, and for his rich cronies, certainly not for the average American, unless they own stock in large cap stocks. If he's elected, he'll be loved by southern male rednecks and racial bigots.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MTdKa9eWNFw)

[v=MTdKa9eWNFw](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MTdKa9eWNFw)

Undoubtedly, the charismatic smile would have played well almost any other time, but Tony seems to be a Ph.D. with more ego, than compassion, more psychopathic mush, than empathic gray matter. All that intelligence with one shortcoming... a lack of caring... in his mind an insignificant piece of brain tissue, gone AWOL. It's not too different from the O-ring on the *Challenger*, just that one minor shortcoming. Maybe that's why his wife, abandoned

the matrimonial ship. The funny thing about blind spots is that we can't see them, and so egomaniacs view blind spots as inconsequential, or nonexistent. Such people frequently don't tend to miss, what they lack. What is truly impressive is that rare person, who is blind to their brilliance and integrity. Presuming a full-fledged psychopath can feel love and sympathy, is like assuming a moron can do calculus in his head. While both realize they're lacking something, only the moron cares. Albeit, morons occasionally pretend to understand, when they don't, just as psychopaths may pretend to care, when they don't. When I was a child, I thought that men pretended to have a conscience, and that having a conscience was a weakness found only in the fairer sex. So, I more than vaguely understand what it's like to be Tony, only minus being the CEO of a huge corporation, but without the inappropriate smiling.

In the Mobile of the early 1950s, there used to be what was known, as *The Crab Jubilee*, also called, *The Running of The Crabs*. This massive natural crab mating orgy would take place in Mobile's bay and sound, every few years. There were billions of the primitively armored creatures, covering the floor of the bay and the sound. The sandy bottom was often

two to ten crabs deep, covering approximately 250 square miles of the sandy bottom. Near countless numbers of robot-like crabs would be running over the backs of their fellow ancient crustaceans.

Moreover, a fair number of the crabs could even be seen swimming along the surface. Next to certain insects, the crab is one of the most heavily armored creatures, bristling with pointed spikes, and armed with immense powerful sharp pinchers. More than once, those pinchers have cut my hands and feet, and so I fully realize that the blue crab's pinch is impossible to ignore.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mobile_Bay_jubilee)

Mobile_Bay_jubilee

Perhaps, those *The Crab Jubilees* were the largest animal orgies on earth. Back then, the locals would catch so many crabs, that they'd often fill their boats, clean up to the gunnels, simply by using old fashioned long wooden handled crab nets. After the boat was full to the brim, the crabbers would be forced to balance and walk gingerly, along the gunnels of the boat, to avoid being pinched, often using the poles of the crab nets to push off the

bottom and thereby propel, as well as steer, the boat. Periodically, there were also *Shrimp Jubilees*, and *Flounder Jubilees*. These still exist, but they now pale in comparison to the sizes they used to be.

After the *Crab Jubilee*, freezers in the Mobile area would be packed full, with the delicious tender white crab meat. People had crab with grits for breakfast, crab meat and tartare sauce sandwiches for lunch, and various preparations of crab dinners: crab casseroles, crab cakes, cake salads, crab soups and chowders, crab gumbo, etc. Because of nature's magnificent bounty, the tender delicacy became as ordinary as pork and beans. In those days, the clear emerald Gulf of Mexico seemed to be teaming with an abundance wondrous sea life.

The oil companies now drill many thousands of holes in the floor of the Gulf, sucking-out the oil and gas from beneath it. The earth's crust is the thinnest of all the layers of the earth, and some people say that the places, where the crust is the thinnest are the areas of the ocean known as rift zones. Others, say Lake Baikal in Siberia has the thinnest crust. The lake itself is about 1700 meters deep, and has hot water springs, due to the hot magma, just below. Recently, I heard tell that the earth's crust under the

Gulf of Mexico is also exceedingly thin, as well, making the drilling easier. There are huge stores of black crude and methane, just below it. What might happen if all this drilling and removal of oil and gas were to cause the crust to crack? Maybe I'm just a tad too paranoid, because I live by the Gulf, or perhaps it has already cracked as a result of drilling. Whenever the methane holes are not properly sealed, the gas can bubble-up and be a worse pollutant to the atmosphere, than is the now controversial carbon dioxide.

The Gulf drilling all started back in 1938 (almost eighty years of punching holes in the Gulf floor), when *Pure Oil and Superior Oil Company* built a freestanding drilling platform in the Gulf, despite all the engineering challenges. They hired *Brown and Root Marine Operators* (Does that name sound vaguely familiar?), a Houston engineering and construction company to build a 320-foot by 180-foot freestanding wooden deck in a spot, which just happened to be about a mile off of Creole, Louisiana, coincidentally not too far, from where the *Deepwater Horizon* burned and very nearly ruined the entire Gulf of Mexico. Albeit, not usually covered by the media, more oil rigs continue to burn, even now.

<http://america.aljazeera.com/articles/2015/5/22/us-oil-platform-on-fire-in-gulf-of-mexico.html>

The original 1938 Creole platform was designed to withstand winds of 150 mph and constructed 15 feet above the water. Three hundred treated pine pilings (The actual number of pilings tends to vary in different reports.) were driven 14 feet into the Gulf's sandy bottom. After that first platform was successfully installed, the oil companies attacked the Gulf with a vengeance, as if it was their personal possession, and they clearly still feel the same way about it. The Gulf of Mexico is their's for the taking. Gold mines are owned by the companies, who discover them. Likewise, oil wells tapping into Mother Nature's black gold are owned by the companies, which find and drill them. While that may seem fair, because that's what you've always been taught, to my way of thinking, those companies are taking something that is the rightful possession of all of humankind, and at the same time, these wealthy companies are polluting our planet, all for their profit! Around 2006, NOAA (*National Ocean and Air Administration*) put out a map, showing that there were approximately 3,858 platforms in the Gulf. Yes, the number is shocking to say the least. Now, the number is far past 4000 ,and still climbing. This doesn't include the many thousands of more

unproductive holes, which have also been drilled in the bottom of the gulf. There are thousands of abandoned defunct drilling platforms all over the gulf.

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/>

File:Gulf_Coast_Platforms.jpg

After the notorious *BP* spill, folks living along the gulf coast tend to look at each platform as a ticking time bomb, just waiting for some terrorist to set off... those platforms represent thousands of time bombs, all over the Gulf of Mexico. Hypothetically, all a terrorist would have to do would be to padlock a heavy chain around the pipe, leading from the platform to the seafloor, with an attached explosive device, and let it slide on down the pipe to the sea floor, then boom! Or simpler yet, attach the bomb to an anchor and just drop it over the location where the oil is being extracted from the sea bottom, or where one of the many collective sea bottom oil pipes run toward shore. Any shutoff valve on the seafloor might easily be destroyed in such a blast. *And up from the Gulf, comes the bubbling crude...* Then, there goes the beautiful clear emerald green gulf waters, along with much of its spectacular flora and

fauna. All the more reason to switch to solar and wind, and stop burning dirty fossil fuels.

Currently, oil companies provide us various fuels at exorbitant prices. With advances in technology, it is now much easier to locate, drill, transport, and fractionate the crude oil into various fuels, as well as to deliver it. Yet, it continues to cost more, yet with all the advances in science, things should be getting cheaper and cheaper, rather than the reverse: clothing, food, appliances, dry goods, medicines, vehicles, shoes, building materials, cameras, computers, kitchenware, tools, electrostatic precipitators, catalytic converters, vehicles, industrial equipment and supplies, water filters, cars, tires, food, etc. That's why I can't understand the greed of corporations and their politicians, since science has now made it so that all people could live like kings, at least if it wasn't for greed. For example, Germany uses a tremendous amount of renewable energy: wind, hydro, solar, biomass, etc. Whereas, the United States just keeps on burning coal and crude oil products, destroying the atmosphere of the earth. If Trump or Hillary are elected, but especially Trump, my bet is they'll make it easier for the power companies, and say, 'the hell with solar power,' or

they'll stress that solar isn't cost effective, and that it will be years before it can become practical. The truth is that solar panels are remarkably cheap to make, but the mark-up is huge. The hardware and labor to make them represent 32 percent of the actual cost, yet even the cost of the materials is overly inflated.

<https://news.energysage.com/understanding-the-cost-of-a-solar-panel-system/>

Besides powering the engines of zillions of cars, trucks, aircraft, boats, ships, and various types of light and heavy equipment, the related emissions are dangerously polluting the big blue marble. All that oil, gas, diesel, coal, and the power industries, make an infinitesimally small number of people (compared to the population of earth) extremely wealthy. Those fuel and energy peoples are so rich in fact, that they can't begin to spend even a tiny fraction of their massive wealth. Those few people get practically all the money, while the rest of the world gets to deal with all the death-dealing pollution, and expensive power bills, heating oils, costly gas and diesel prices, as well as the increased prices of nearly everything

which cost more because of increased transportation costs. If we all drove electric cars, which are cheaper to build than cars with combustible engines, and we recharged our electric cars from solar panels on the roofs of our homes, or from solar power farm stations, pollution (atmospheric carbon) would drop like a rock. It was Fred C. Koch, whose sons are now the biggest right wing supporters in the United States, that came-up with a cracking method for refinement of black crude into gasoline. The two brothers, who own the company, have a net worth somewhere north of \$100 billion. Perchance, that's one of the germinal reasons why the republicans are the biggest the proponents of polluting corporations, that, and the fact that there is a shared lack of empathy in the personalities of most republicans... more psychopathic personalities. The democratic politicians are generally no less greedy, but the democratic voters do tend to be more empathic, than are the republican voters. While you may not agree, this assessment seems accurate to me. Even many republicans will agree with this, because many of them don't give a shit about, who sees their lack of empathy.

The oil and coal companies take what is

rightfully yours, and we, the people of earth, get to sustain all the environmental damage, while they, (the oil, coal, and power companies) get rich. What would it be like if a third of our defense budget went supplying the country with fuel and power? Those natural resources (oil, coal, and gas) should actually be owned the people of the planet, not by certain glutinous CEOs and their corporate boards, especially when they don't care about polluting the big blue marble... your blue marble. Yes, you may find it hard to believe, but the earth and its resources are owned by its citizens. Not just the burning of the fossil fuels, and the oil spills, pollute the planet, but even a well functioning oil rig pollutes, and drilling rig waste management leaves much to be desired, but I guess that's what the Gulf of Mexico is for, to function as a septic tank for the oil companies, and earth's atmosphere is the dumping ground for the world's power plants. Republicans love to say that China's coal fired generators are the world's worse polluters, but if you consider the number of people which are serviced by the kilowatts produced, the United States is far worse than China.

http://petrowiki.org/Drilling_waste_management

Early the next morning, I was still sleeping in the pine-made bed of the little beach house, when I was suddenly awakened by Grandpa's low gravelly voice, and his hand gently rocking my shoulder. He was standing there in his pajamas looking down at me, and wanting to get-going with the day's crabbing.

"Come on... wake-up, Joey. Get-up, boy. Time's ah wast'n. You and I need to go crabbing. Plenty of those blue crabs for the taking... Don't make any noise, or you'll wake-up your Grandma. Its Saturday and I don't have to go into the office, so let's make the most of the daylight, and go get those crabs. I don't want to be out there when the sun begins to beatdown and bake us." He quietly murmured this, then he headed toward the door, and I sleepily ambled along behind him.

A mug of aromatic coffee was in his right hand, and he was using the palm of his left hand in an unsuccessfully attempt to smooth-down a stiff stubborn section of grayish brown hair, which he'd apparently slept on. He momentarily stopped walking, slurped down the last of his coffee, set the empty mug on the concrete walkway, for Grandma to later find and raise hell about, then he continued-on

toward the pump house.

The pale morning light was gently filtering through the still slightly cool air, illuminating the distant clouds on the eastern horizon, indicating that the sun was nudging the underside of the horizon. The air was thick with nature's primordial brine, the illustrious chicken soup from which all life has sprung. Almost everyone believes this evolutionary fact, except for religious fanatics, which account for about ninety-five percent of Alabama's residents. There will always be people, who put their belief above their own reasoning, and feel good about doing so. A little more than four centuries ago, the Roman Catholic Church executed Giordano Bruno, Italian philosopher/scientist, for heresy. Early one morning, he was ushered from his jail cell, taken to the Piazza dei Fiori, in Rome, tied to a stake, and was burned alive. Needless to say, the Church officials were terrified of the ideas of a man, who was known throughout Europe as a brilliant thinker. In fact, during the man's execution, the executioners were ordered to tie Giordano's tongue, so he couldn't talk to those, who had gathered to watch his death. Giordano had made the fatal mistake of speaking the truth, promoting the Copernican solar system, where

the sun, not the earth, was at the center of the solar system. Almost all of the people, here in the south, who don't believe in evolution, are republicans.

In the next few minutes, the upper edge of the sun would become visible. In the dim luminescence, barefoot, only semiconscious and still in our flannel pajamas bottoms, Grandpa and I trudged down the cool little concrete walkway to the pink pump-house, an eight foot by six foot hut, which housed the home's electric water pump, and the home's hot water heater. The rest of the small building's interior served as a changing area for beach goers. The inside of the rough cut ligneous walls were studded with about a dozen large rusty nails, from which hung the bathing suits of my various relatives, who visited every-so-often. Each bathing suit hung from its own personal heavily rusted nail, which usually left a rusty brown streak on the suit's waist band. Taking off my flannel bear PJs, I took down my suit from its nail, and placed my flannel PJs on the nail, then I stepped into my bathing suit, pulled it up, tightened and tied the white cotton draw-string, ergo I was ready to head-out to the beach, and look for crabs. But, Grandpa was still naked, and worriedly searching for his bathing suit. He scanned the walls

and floor, and looked all around the inside of the pump-house. But the suit appeared to have somehow vanished. There in the dim light, standing in the buff, Grandpa sort of resembled a slightly stooped hairy Neanderthal, with his extra-large elongated cranium, great bushy eyebrows, enlarged supraorbital ridge, and loosely hanging lips. To help him, I too began to look for his bathing suit, but it wasn't to be found. *Wonder where it went? It was here, yesterday.* Grandpa, who desperately wanted to get started with the morning crabbing, became mildly frustrated.

“Damn! What in the world has your Grandma done with my bathing suit? I should have known she'd do this.” Grandpa groaned.

“Think she's paying you back for peeing on the bathroom floor, last night?” I asked.

“Who knows? Your Grandma can be a bit canny, at times. You see my bathing suit anywhere, Joey?” *He does know he peed on the floor!*

“No Grandpa, I don't know where it is, but it's not here, in the pump house. Do you want me to go ask Grandma where it is?”

“Lord no, boy! Have you lost your ever-loving mind? Don't you dare wake-up your Grandma. She's at her

best, when she's asleep. I'll just wear one of these other suits, hanging-up here on the wall... no problem."

He had made this comment about Grandma with an exaggerated ponderous shaking of his huge shaggy cranium. For me, at six years old, Grandpa's brief criticism, regarding Grandma being at her best when asleep, firmly registered. *He's trying to tell me that marriage is kind of a crazy thing. Maybe you shouldn't get married!* After the previous night's titanic singing-screaming session, and how Grandma continually ran down all good black people, I realized that Grandpa wasn't lying about the nature of marriage.

At least in part because of Grandpa, I then came to view marriage as something a foolish and dangerous gambit, where in order to 'successfully' play the game for the long-haul, both parties must master the requisite frustrating psychological techniques and endurance to survive various disagreements; not to mention, they had to live in the highly unnatural state of monogamy, to the absolute exclusion of some portion of their natural born desires. They also had to be willing to give-up some part of their freedom, and were expected, to share all aspects of their life's doings... no privacy. Furthermore, they must be able

to survive the gradual, but inevitable, metamorphosis, where the initial powerful sexual love is replaced by the love they feel for the resulting children and grandchildren, which I admit, can be a blessing, but some can be a curse.

Inevitably over time, both parties of the marriage are generally transformed into something largely unrecognizable, neither vaguely resembling the person, who first said, "I do." This concept seemed to fit nicely, regardless of whether the marriage survives, or mercifully ends, before one, or both parties, become a psychiatrically compromised. Nevertheless, and knowing all these things, I still got married, but I also was soon divorced, but why wait for years, when you can sense that the end is inevitable? Shakespeare had a few unrealistic, yet attractive, things to say about love.

Love is not love which alters it when alteration finds, or bends with the remover to remove: O no! It is an ever fixed mark that looks on tempests and is never shaken; it is the star to every wandering bark whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken. Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks within his bending sickle's compass come:

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks, but
bears it out, even to the edge of doom.

Shakespeare, Sonnet 116

Willy Wiggle Stick may have been the world's greatest writer, and a bit of a dreamer, but without dreams, sleep would indeed be like death, but then life may be like that, as well. While Grandpa may have loved Grandma in his youth, as I later knew them, they were miserable together, but in those days, divorce was considered something for failures. For Grandpa, there were lengthy periods, when he would do his level best to steer-clear of Grandma, he'd come home late, and leave bright and early. Even when he was home, he'd spend a fair amount of time in the bathtub, smoking his *Tampa Nuggets*, and reading. When Saturday arrived, Grandpa still had his legal work to catch-up on at the office, then there was his customary workout at the *YMCA*, and the late night poker games at the *Elks Club*. On Sunday, Grandpa went to church, but sometimes without Grandma, who'd go to the later service, or may have gone to visit one of her *Garden Club* members. Often, I've wondered if Grandpa didn't have another woman on the side, since after birthing her last child,

Grandma became something of a frosty wife, sleeping alone, with her bedroom door closed. Of course, she may have simply tired of being used as a baby factory. Nonetheless, Grandpa and Grandma bore-out that lengthy wedlock, all the way to the edge of doom.

Not all women are designed to be loving mothers, but in the society of those days, marriage and motherhood were heavily expected of the female, lest the woman be thought of as a pariah, or social outcast. Once the female child got into her early twenties, their family would usually pressure them to get married and start producing offspring. It is my belief that my mother-in-law did more than pressure; she may have conspired with my soon to be wife, to hatch a plot so that I'd marry her daughter.

I'll never forget pulling-up to that stop sign, where Margo began to sob uncontrollably, then when I asked what the problem was, she told me, that since she and I were living in sin, her parents had excommunicated her. At that time, I believed her. She dearly loved her dad, so I knew the news of excommunication had to have crushed her. So, I agreed that we should get married, assuming that we'd merely go through the casual formality of going

to the justice-of-the-peace for the very brief and cheap ceremony, yet as it turned out, her mother orchestrated a huge formal church wedding.

Later, it was Margo's father, who said something, which clued me into the fact there might not have been the parental excommunication. Her good father definitely wasn't made to be a liar. Before we got married, according to all that Margo had said, she never wanted kids... never. She made that eminently clear during our many pre-marriage discussions. Then, within three months after the marriage, Margo was all for having kids. In the early 1950s, it was expected that all women desperately wanted children, and that most men just needed a little push, to get them to commit. Then in 1977, along came Marilyn French's debut novel, *The Women's Room*, and it sort of swept the marriage-and-children myth aside. Now, as something of a corollary, more and more often, it seems that males are making the better parent, and it's the mother, which too often disappoints the child.

As long as I knew my Grandparents, Grandpa received little, if any, genuine affection from his wife. The only thing they still did together was to eat dinner, or actually Grandma sat with Grandpa, and

talked at him, while he ate, and patiently listened. The evening meal was their last vestige of their original romance. In the years I knew them, I never witnessed the masterful man even receiving a kind touch or word, but frequently he sustained a sharp tongue. Grandpa was like an honorable lion, living with a grumpy little hedgehog.

When Grandpa got home late in the evening, Grandma would bring-out his food plate, to the dining room table. Bernice had generally prepared and left it in the oven, before she'd walked home. However, if it was raining Grandma would begrudgingly give Bernice a ride to her home, always reminding Bernice how good she (Grandma) was being to her, by giving her that ride. During the evening meal, Grandma sat with Grandpa for about fifteen minutes, while he ate. She'd usually mention something she'd read in the paper that day, and would recite one or two jokes or stories from the *Reader's Digest*. Grandpa might make a comment or two about some legal case, but usually he'd just hurriedly chew his dinner to make good his escape.

As soon as he was finished eating, he'd pour a couple fingers of whiskey, and humorously offer Grandma a sip. She'd invariably curl her upper lip

like an angry chihuahua at the offer, and she'd go watch TV. Grandpa would usually quietly retire to the sleeping room, light a *Tampa Nugget* or his pipe, and open a good book. He'd drink, smoke, and read, until it was time for his bath, then as mentioned, he'd smoke and read in the bathtub. Quite likely, except for his four daughters, my august selfless Grandpa had made a major blunder in marrying Grandma. But then, maybe the four daughters were indeed the only critical variables in that peculiar mating selection, that outlandish pairing of monstrously different sets of chromosomes, the brilliant male Neanderthal, and the pretty petite hedgehog. Maybe no one ever loves anyone for who they really are.

The more understated aspects of mate selection may run-the-gambit, including such things as: phenotype (over all looks and physical characteristics), conscious and unconscious behavioral mannerisms, pheromones, voice tenor, body odors, cleanliness, facial expressions, desire or the lack of desire for children, sex drive and sexual proclivities, diet, random and not so random encounters, modes of transportation, clothes, talents, beliefs, education, friends, geopolitical opinions and issues, cultural

similarities or dissimilarities, propensity for exercise, religions or lack there of, shared and unshared intellectual interests, circadian cycles and sleep habits, sports, language, video games, IQs, EQs, social status and wealth, fears, goals, etc. The list is impossibly long, but in the case of my maternal Grandparents nothing seemed to explain why Grandpa married her, other than her profound good looks. She'd probably married him because of his ability to generate a good living, as an attorney. His and her reasons were likely nothing more than preludes to their four offspring. Of course, without those preludes, I wouldn't be here, and you wouldn't be reading this nonsense. When a hamadryas baboon farts in the Horn of Africa, a typhoon brews...

Grandpa often worked late at his law firm, long after the secretaries and most of the other lawyers had left. As mentioned, he'd also go to the YMCA to swim and stand around and chat with the other members. Occasionally, he'd head over to the *Elks Lodge* to drink a bit, smoke, and play a few friendly hands of poker. Eventually, he'd reluctantly return to his house with the rattling windows, for his ritualistic dinner.

In those days, there were a couple of high quality

whorehouses in the vicinity of the *Elks Lodge*. Among men, in the 1950s, visiting such a business was considered an acceptable norm, at least by all the males. In truth, I've have no idea if my Grandpa ever indulged, but once the last child was born, he slept alone. Years later, one of the women, who had once been employed at one of those whorehouses, but who had grown too old to continue with said employment, smiled when she said she recognized my Grandpa's name. I asked her, if he'd acted as her attorney and she only smiled. I chose to think that her smile was owing to the fact that his legal skills had served her well, still I never asked her to explain her enigmatic smile.

After his nightly soak in the tub, Grandpa would put on his pajamas, brushed his teeth with baking soda, rinse his mouth repeatedly, with salt water from the emerald green waters of the Gulf of Mexico, which he kept in a gallon jug under the bathroom sink. He though the waters of the Gulf held healing properties. Afterwards, he'd kneel by his twin bed and pray, and then climb up onto his lonely twin mattress. He slept only on his back. Grandpa was one of the people, who convinced me early on, that marriage was something, which should have ended

with the dark ages. And while the resultant children of a marriage could indeed be a blessing, matrimony itself was fraught, with too many disagreeable pitfalls. There's also the chance that the children may be living nightmares, regardless of the quality of their upbringing.

Supposedly, there's some evidence that the marriage thing may have started around 4,350 years ago, in Mesopotamia, in an area surrounding the Tigris-Euphrates River system, located in parts of what is now Iraq, Kuwait, Syria, Turkey, and Iran; where as you know, all the fighting still goes on. Of course, that speculation about where the formal institution of marriage began is just based on sketchy archeological records... not always the best evidence. Thousands of years before Christ and centuries after Christ. If you don't believe this, just look at what how little is known of Jesus's life. Mesopotamia could be the first place humans settled, when humans came wandering out of Africa, if indeed the human species first did originated in Africa. There's no absolute certainty that humans came from the dark continent. That idea is based solely on a few old archeological finds, and there's always the off chance, an earlier find is yet to be discovered,

somewhere else in the world. Years from now, some piece of skull may be found in Russia, France, Greece, India, etc., and then every theory about the origin of humanity will be reconsidered. Archeology is something of an inexact, but remarkably interesting retro-science. On the other hand, in my mind, Archeology is not really a science, but more like a treasure hunt, which depends on science.

Perhaps one day, with enough DNA samples, collected from millions of present-day humans and animals, we should be able to use math (i.e., regression analysis) to extrapolate the true history (ancestry) of all humans and animals, the ultimate genealogy... no more digging and scratching in the dirt, no more looking-up family records. With a little stretch of the imagination, we just might understand that we (humans and animals) are all just one big happy family; after all, every form of life evolved on the big blue marble. The same type of regression analysis could be done for plants, which oddly enough often have more DNA in their cells, than do animal cells. But please, don't make the idiotic assumption that plants are intellectual creatures. There are people, who believe stuff like that, because they lack knowledge, and they love a little

serendipity in their otherwise dull existence. The same is true for those poor people, who believe the earth is on 4000 years old. In fact, there used to be people that thought the sun orbited the earth, and that the earth was flat. Nevertheless, that DNA phenomenon may have something to do with why certain plants seem to be almost eternal. There's nothing quite like having plenty of back-up chromosomes to get the job done of protein synthesis, and to slow the inevitable aging process. Having those extra back-up chromosomes may reduce death, due to the loss of telomeres.

Prior to the marriage thing, people probably just migrated around in loosely organized groups, where most likely the strongest, most aggressive, and most sexually virile males had the most sex with the most appealing of the available women. Sad to say, that it only stands to reason that forced sex (rape) may have been the norm, in those days. It certainly exists in much of the animal kingdom. Scientists have reported rape-like behavior in ducks, geese, dolphins, and chimps. Genetically speaking, the orangutan's DNA is very close to that of the human's, and about half of those apes' matings are what appear to be rapes, or at least markedly forced copulations. These

behaviors of forced sex are not disputed in the scientific world. Maybe, pregnancies owing to rape are part of God's plan, since every pregnancy is blessed by God.

Perhaps the matrimonial thing was initiated to better bind the woman to the man, so the man could be more certain that the resultant offspring were indeed his, which is likely a DNA mediated behavior. Even male lions are known for kill the offspring of another male lion. DNA can be extremely selfish. Now, we have DNA paternity tests, to determine who beget whom, and whose sperm reached the egg first. It seems that back in 2011, there may have been a *Pew Research* report, which showed that barely half of Americans, over the age of 18, were married. In a 2014 report, from the Bureau of Labor Statistics claimed that about 125 million Americans, 16 years and older, were single. That's 50.2 percent of the population unmarried, compared with 37.4 percent of the population in 1976.

While that statistic may not shock you, it is a significant drop from 1960, when 72% of adults were married, only 28% were unmarried. At this rate of decline, the marriage institution may end sooner than we think; provided that the earth is still able to

support human life, which it probably won't be... too much global warming, and too many ignorant people, and too many greedy corporations, denying the reality of global warming. The increased atmospheric temperatures will likely produce massive plankton blooms, which will then die and sink to the bottom of the oceans, where the anaerobic bacteria on the ocean floor will consume said plankton. Then, the anaerobic bacteria will over reproduce, releasing enormous amounts of deadly hydrogen sulfide gas, as one of their waste products. The lethal gas will then bubble-up and pollute our atmosphere, ergo we all die. The toxic gas will probably start becoming problematic around 2030, if not sooner. In fact, it may have already begun. Exposures as low as 500 parts per million can be lethal. Survivors of hydrogen sulfide gas poisoning are often permanently brain damaged.

<https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/books/NBK219913/>

<http://journals.plos.org/plosone/article?id=10.1371/journal.pone.0068661>

<https://earthobservatory.nasa.gov/NaturalHazards//view.php?id=85338>

With regard to the earth's environment, if Trump beats Hillary for POTUS, the earth's environment will likely be doomed. It'll likely be put into a downhill slide, from which it may never recover. Relatively speaking, Donald is so uneducated (regardless of his intelligence, be it high or low) in the realm of science (and other areas), that he will always do what garners the most money, since it's the only thing he cares about, except for stoking his attention-seeking ego. It's not totally his fault; after all, he was raised to pretty much respect only money, and as mentioned, he has little education and never attended public schools; at least, compared to what I think is needed for the job of POTUS. And, he has an ego to match Stalin's. Moreover, Trump's just too old to change, too greedy, and mostly, he's too full of himself. Trump was good at baseball in high school. Lord knows, I don't care for Hillary, but at least she probably won't damage the environment, as badly as Trump might.

Please realize that these criticisms of Mr. Trump don't mean that I like Hillary any better, I don't. It's a mystery to me that so many people have overlooked the qualities and ideas of Senator Bernie

Sanders, whose currently been knocked out of the race. Now, it's down to Hillary and Trump. How is it that the most powerful country on earth, can't seem to come-up with a decent presidential candidate? Donald probably needs to stay in the business world, but not keep declaring bankruptcy and ruining his employees lives. Hillary should probably practice law, and stop kissing-up to Banks and Wall Street, and telling lies about being shot at.

While I firmly believe in romantic love, at least in the temporary sense, I never believed there was a point to my getting married, except maybe to one person, who died not too long after we'd gotten together. Before my Dad died, my parents were married for sixty-four years. As marriages go, it was a passable marriage, but my Dad, lead a life of concessions and tolerance. He made all the concessions and tolerated all of Mom's cute emotional outbursts; plus, he worked extremely hard and made all the money, as well as suffered through the raising of an insufferably bad son, his only surviving child. Complications during my birth, rendered my dear mother unable to bear any more children. Mom and Dad had wanted three kids. Adoption was frowned-on in the 1950s.

While Grandpa did his level best to minimize his interaction with Grandma, oddly enough in general conversation, he continued to espouse the virtues of marriage; probably because he'd been raised to believe in the Bible, and once a child is so thoroughly programmed, it's nearly impossible to see a more judicious and reasonable reality... too many brain circuits are already devoted to the person's interpretation of reality. And then, there's that extreme whip and carrot thing... hell and heaven. This conditioning holds true for almost every religion. The longer a concept is held in the brain's hippocampi, the more associative connections are made; hence, the more 'real and powerful' the memories (ideas, beliefs, philosophical theories, concepts, convictions, etc.) become. Let's face it, reality is nothing more than live circuits. That's why early programming is so profoundly effective. Consequently, things like: marriage, an all knowing religious God, burning forever, mysterious healing of the sick, eternal paradise, Jesus or Mohammed being the son of God, prophets, and angels, will consistently seem larger than life, regardless of their complete lack of logic. In fact, the believer will have located, what they consider to be enough supportive evidence (neuronal connections), that those 'spiritual'

things appear to be completely valid... unquestionably so in their mind; and anyone, who doubts those things, is simply flat-out wrong. Consequently, it becomes a snap to make that 'leap of faith,' that belief which allays our fears.

To see a religion for what it is, you must first conquer your fears.

The Daughter of God by William O. Marey

Nevertheless, there exists that very rare human brain, which can honestly reevaluate and change its own beliefs, when presented with irrefutable evidence to the contrary, and can therefore go against all that he or she has learned. Nevertheless, very few brains, which have endured early religious programming, can accomplish that feat, for even if logic dispels the supernatural, there is still the uncomfortable possibility that one may burn forever, and nothing hurts like a burn, and forever is a long time. If hell were a reality, what does that say about God... the greatest sadist ever.

Most brains just continue to assume that which is irrefutable is actually refutable, but just can't be

refuted at that particular time, or the irrefutable evidence is in fact simply judged erroneous, for indeed science sometimes refutes one of its own theories. Now, when the irrefutable evidence just gets to be 'too true,' then it's time to rely on faith! The problem with faith, it hardly differs from good old fashion brainwashing. It's all just a matter of the number and arrangement of synaptic connections. If you give it a bit of thought (also the product of neuronal connections), it really couldn't be much else.

This early programming works on many neurological levels. If you're raised to believe that money is the most important thing, and all your life has been devoted to the pursuit of money, then you will likely continue to pursue money, even if your corporation is destroying the planet. For such financially programmed people, it's just too difficult to switch gears and believe that human life is more important, than making money. Correspondingly, profits for the pharmaceutical companies are more important than developing cures for human illness, since a cure would represent a clear loss of income for the longterm treatment meds. Power companies profits are more important, than maintaining clean

air, and stopping the deadly global warming. The profits of military industries are more important than the millions of people, who are injured and killed in unjust wars. We certainly don't want any medical cures, since that would cut into profits being derived from long term treatments, nor do we want free medical care, for the same reason. It's sort of like fishing. Typically, if you learn fishing when you're a child, you tend to enjoy fishing into old age. If you learn to hunt and kill as a child, you're more apt to love killing throughout your life; although, the desire to kill may also have a strong genetic basis. If you don't start fishing or hunting till you're fifty, you generally don't find either to be too appealing. All these things are merely brain circuits, formed early. Again, just like those circuits forming religious beliefs, childhood circuits end-up forming more synaptic connections, ergo as time passes, they take-on greater interest and importance, ergo they form a person's reality.

Perhaps, people should look at new observations and experiences as a means of genuine discovery, rather than simply as facts to be manipulated to confirm their existing beliefs; but of course, for far too many folks, that's easier said than done! Perhaps,

early childhood education should stress the importance of maintaining a questioning mind, and a mind that is able to reevaluate it's own assumptions. Again, the more neuronal connections an idea possesses, the more legitimate the idea must seem. This fact may be why the Catholic have so many traditions, rituals, ceremonies, hymns, prayers, holidays, etc. In addition, the more neural comfort or pleasure, an idea stimulates in the brain, the more it is apt to be revisited, and consequently it's more apt to receive additional new connections. Also, the more fear an idea engenders the more likely a person is to think about it. For example, the idea of heaven and hell, are going to be repeatedly stimulated. One idea alleviates the fear of death, and the other is worse than death itself. Hence, more and more circuits are apt to be formed, which seems to validate them. Resultantly, those two imaginary eternal bus-stops become more and more real.

To maintain polite social acceptance, people must often not only wrestle with their logic, but also against their very neuroendocrine nature. For example, the average young man must struggle hard to be faithful to one woman, since almost every male's brain is wired to play the field. That is the

way nature intended males to be. Early in the marriage, it is easy for a male to be faithful, but certainly when the marriage becomes habitual and boring, it requires that the male fight against his natural (God given) inclinations. Quite possibly, the male may still love his wife, since for the male, sex is generally separate from what he equates with love. Most normal young men, unlike most females (certainly not all), are born so as to seek and enjoy variety. In evolutionary terms, this 'playing the field' aspect of male neurophysiology better assures the male of more offspring, and with a greater variety of genetic fitnesses. In other words, his DNA is much more apt to continue on into the future. It is completely abnormal neurobiology for a young male to desire only one woman. In fact, it's entirely absurd. The male doesn't have to devote nine months to pregnancy, and doesn't have the physiological bonding to the offspring, which the female does. When a male bonds to a child, it is more apt to be based on behavioral factors, rather than oxytocin-based factors. The nature of said maternal bonding is described in some degree of tedious detail in a later book.

Moreover, the male learns his appreciation of

beauty at a young age, and is likely programmed to mate with a female with certain phenotypic characteristics, indicating that she is young enough to be capable of bearing children, so an older woman is less likely to be perceived as being sexually appealing. Again, certainly the male may love her, but unfortunately not find her to be sexually appealing. I'm sure some females are likewise programmed that way about older men, just not nearly as often. Moreover, not all men are programmed as I've described, just the vast majority. So many women think that the sex of a marriage can be kept alive, by going to a different location to be intimate, or getting a new hair style, or by trying-out a new sexual fantasy, or by wearing new clothes or sexy lingerie, etc., and while such things do help a bit, the bottom line is, that for most men, those things practically make no difference, if they involve having sex with the same woman! Yes, men do like to have sex in new locations, with new fantasies, and with new sexy lingerie, as long as it's with a new and different woman. The varied actions, clothes, make-up, and locations don't really matter much after being together for years. Psychologists promote the lie that such things keep the sex life going strong. The fact is, that in almost all cases, at some point in a

relationship, only a different woman can actually fulfill his neurologically-based sexual desire! Once the carnal spark is gone in a marriage, it cannot be ignited by talking with some shrink. Never have I known a man, that went to a marriage counselor, because he'd lost interest in his wife, who again found his wife to be sexually exciting, after discussing things.

For 'most' men, variety is one of, if not the primary, driving force of sexual stimulation/desire. A man may have a wife, who's extremely bright and extraordinarily attractive, but a new woman, who is only average in brains and with so-so looks, is probably far more sexually appealing, simply because she's different! Whenever I've stated this to a female, nine times out of ten, they become slightly irritated, but they also seem to intuitively realize that it's the truth, and that the man doesn't equate casual sex with love. Perchance, the one woman out of ten, is the woman, who is that way herself, in that she too enjoys variety. Such desire for variety has usually been my case, and from speaking with many male friends, it is also been their proclivity.

The only males, I've known to the contrary, are few and far between, and most of them have been

characters in the movies. None of this is to say that men don't love their wives, when they're cheating on them, for most males still do. Most women can't agree/appreciate that comment, simply because they're wired differently. For a woman, the release of oxytocin during sex, binds to oxytocin receptors in her brain, which activates neurons, creating a bonding (provided the sex is good enough) to the male, which for many women is the essence of what they consider 'love.' But, sex doesn't make men feel love. Sex for a man doesn't create any bonding. It's more like something that simply feels terrific, but without what most men consider love to be.

While women obviously distain such male cheating, and it often doesn't play well in best-seller novels or movies, where the male protagonist is admired for his faithfulness, just think about the fact that guys are hardwired to be constantly in search of new sexual companionship. If society doesn't condone such normal unfaithful desires, then where in polite society is the standard man supposed to comfortably fit? Between the legs of just one woman, till dead do them part? After that comment, a fair percentage of the female readers, have probably thrown this book in the trashcan. An easy way to tell,

if a man is bored having sex with a particular woman, is if his eyes are frequently closed, during sex, or if he simply avoids eye contact during sex. With his eyes closed, it's easier for the male to imagine another female; someone he'd rather be having sex with.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Burning_Man

Yes, there are some monogamous guys, kicking around, but they are far from the majority, and their reasons for being monogamous are often not based on a sincere fervent desire for only their wives. Most probably, they are either desperately trying to obey 'social norms,' or attempting to adhere to the precepts of their intimidating religion. Consequently, the husband makes sure that all of his sexual energies, are directed towards his wife, regardless of how humdrum that may seem to be. And again, humdrum doesn't mean that she's not beautiful, smart, and inventive; it just means that most men aren't neurologically wired to be turned on by the same female, day after day, month after month, year after year.

In less simple terms, the memories and emotions, created by certain religions and social institutions, laid down in the mens' hippocampi (seat of memories) and amygdalae (seat of emotions) are so substantial that they can be used to inhibit the normal activity (seeking variety) of the Septal Nucleus (seat of sexual desire). It's a form of brain washing, and brain washing can indeed be powerful, just ask the dead people, who drank the purple *Kool-Aid* in Jonestown, Guyana. Without said programming, too many memories of sex with the same female act to block or inhibit stimulation of the Septal Nucleus, and diminish, if not erase, the male's sexual interest. That's why so many males fantasize about being with another woman, when having eyes-closed sex, with their wives. Perhaps, that's a good thing, since at least they are only cheating in their mind, not with their body.

There's a better than even chance that faithful guys are fairly intelligent, for most likely it takes a certain amount of cerebral wherewithal, to inhibit the primitively powerful impulses, he possesses to be with a different woman. Nevertheless, there's many a brilliant man, who has failed to accomplish that unnatural feat. Rumor has it, that besides his two

wives, Einstein had ten known lovers. Jefferson fathered quite a number of black offspring. JFK certainly was far from being a faithful husband. Just ask President Bill Clinton, about fidelity. According to the Simonton's estimate (not too reliable), he has an IQ of 156. Didn't the republicans make the most they could from that famous blowjob? That blowjob probably caused more historical turmoil, than any other blowjob in history. Of course, the republicans were the first to cast the stones. They used an entire quarry's worth. The website below lists the highest presidential IQs. Do you think George W. Bush made the list? If Trump gets elected, my bet is that he'll find a way to phony-up his score. Hillary is clearly the smarter candidate, but in my book, not honest enough to be POTUS... too sneaky. I suspect she's gay or bi, and while I don't have a problem with her being that way, if indeed it is true, I sense she has a basic dislike for men. Like I said, I wanted Bernie Sanders to be the next president. People down here in the South, usually say they don't like Bernie because he's a socialist, but the honest reason many southerners hate him, is because he's a Jew, and extremely intelligent. Many of Bernie's relatives were killed in the holocaust. To many folks down here believe the only thing wrong with the holocaust was

that it was limited to six and a half million.

<http://www.businessinsider.com/the-15-smartest-us-presidents-of-all-time-2015-3>

As a child, I noticed that many of the married men, who would come to the *YMCA*, after work, or on the weekends, would neither workout, nor would they stick around to socialize. Instead, they would quickly shower, and change into clean clothes, which they kept in their locker. They'd then leave the *Y* to go rendezvous with their temporary female hookup. Often, they'd leave on foot to be picked-up elsewhere, so their car remained in the *Y* parking lot, just incase the wife drove by. Moreover, the *Y* was only about six blocks from the *Elk's Club*, with its nearby houses of ill repute.

After a while, they'd come back to the *Y*, shower and change back into their work clothes, before leaving for their homes. Keeping your own locker at the *Y* cost a mere fifty cents a month, but you had to bring your own lock. The *YMCA* was the perfect cover for those very normal guys, who cheated. There were a few males, who'd scorn such adulterous

behavior, and as mentioned, they were generally the more religious men (parishioners, pastors, ministers, etc.), or perhaps they were gay men, married to a woman, who was their beard. Whenever a wife would call the YMCA, looking for her randy husband, who was then off making whoopee, someone on the Y's staff, or even one of the Y's members, would answer the phone in the men's locker-room, and tell her the requisite lie.

“He might still be in the steam-room... I saw him just a couple of minutes ago upstairs on the basketball court... I think he might have said something about going to the racquetball courts... Five minutes ago, I saw him going downstairs toward the weight room... Just a bit ago, he was heading for the pool... I saw him on the stairs, but I'm not exactly sure where he's at right now...” Such lying to another man's wife, was expected, and was considered to be the polite thing to do.

Whoever answered the phone would close the conversation by saying something like they'd be sure to tell the husband that she had called, just as soon as they saw him, again. In those days, women were not allowed in the Y. At times, the deceitful staff member would receive a generous tip from the

wayward husband. As mentioned, Hollywood and the bible have done their level best to lay ruin to that natural male sexual inclination. DNA has little concern for morality, and has wired the male brain to do whatever results in the greatest number of offspring, the greatest number of his surviving DNA chromosomes. But like it or not, often those cheating husbands were truly good guys. Moreover, they actually loved her wives and kids. Once again, if you're a female, you may not agree with that statement. Because of that male sexual neurophysiological condition, many males are destined to bounce back and forth between pointless pleasurable sex, and loving, yet boring sex.

Hard as it may be to believe, some of the finest and most considerate men were often the most unfaithful, and they were considered, by their unsuspecting wives and offspring, as being good men. Little in the world of human behavior is purely black or white. My suspension is that often the stronger the sex drive, the more apt a man is to cheat, but at the same time, more testosterone may make a braver, more hearty man. Correspondingly, with additional testosterone, he is more apt to keep his wife sexually satisfied, provided he also has the

requisite equipment and skills... Basic Physiological Psychology 101. Hence, women are often attracted to testosterone and bravery, not just for protection, but obviously for the correlated sexual reasons, including the increased likelihood of offspring. In addition, the more testosterone, the more aggressive, and the more likely the male will be successful in his employment, especially in a competitive based capitalist society. Although, as the world's population continues to grow, it seems that males are becoming less masculine in certain key aspects of behavior. In a way, that would make sense. Less masculine males are apt to produce less offspring, and the world is clearly overpopulated, hence.... Correspondingly, crowded cities tend to produce more male homosexuals. This is not to say, that some homosexuals are not masculine, but indeed many are not.

Some husbands and wives think they have love, when in fact their spouse is simply: a show piece, a co-parent, financial support, or an old habit. Maybe they stay together, because they need someone to take care of them, a meal ticket, just good company, or someone for occasional sex. Perhaps, their spouse is someone they out grew, but can't bare the drama

of going through a divorce. Perchance, they have important shared business, or they remain together for the kids' sake, etc. That's not to say there aren't great marriages that go the distance, there are, but it's uncommon; perhaps one day, to be rare as hen's teeth. I've yet to see a marriage that went the distance, which I'd call great. Too many couples realize that they've already invested heavily in the relationship, giving them the sense that the marriage must have some value, or that it's foolish to ignore, or give-up on, all that invested time and effort. Such couples often fail to look for viable alternatives.

I've seen a few great marriages, only they didn't last long!

Same Old Times by Dr. M.O. Warley

Husbands or wives, who don't love their mate, often avoid their mate, by coming home late and leaving early, and others mistreat or abuse their mate, sometimes physically, but most often verbally. These folks frequently assume that their behavior is indiscernible to others. But, it's usually easy to tell how they feel, by how they look or don't look at each

other, what they say or don't say to each other, how they treat each other, if they roll their eyes (that's an extremely bad sign), how they speak to people about their spouse, etc. Young people today, seem to be more about the momentary hook-up, than any type of long-term commitment. This fact sometimes terrifies me, when I consider my daughter, for it's easy to tell that she's not wired in that temporary way. She's more like an old fashion girl, who wants to have 'true love.' She's the kind of female that will equate sex with love, whence she would be more prone to periodic depression in the world of momentary hookups.

If she's anything like her mother, she'll greatly enjoy sex. Life's haphazard relationships are something of a crap shoot, in so many ways: memories, emotions, hardwired genetic reactions and drives, learned behaviorisms, billions of people, all 'bumping' into each other on *Facebook*, *Twitter*, *IM*, email, etc., creating near countless ongoing sane and insane permutations. Everyone is trying to make sense of whatever comes in through their sensory systems (mass media, books, conversations, sex, looks, body language, pupil dilations, make-up, clothes, pheromones, etc.), and generated in their

own thoughts and memories: conscious, unconscious; as well, some memories which are genetically based, yet manage to come into developing consciousness, via dreams, before birth, while in the womb. The neurophysiology of dreaming is also discussed in a later book.

The most transparent of the unhappily married are possibly the ultraconservative male control freaks, due to the simple fact that love has little to do with controlling people. These male pretenders are most often manic obsessive compulsive fellows, who married their wife, believing that he did her a favor by doing so. Such guys go for the trophy wives, because they often marry more to impress their friends, than for anything genuine. Whatever her living circumstance was, before he meant her, in his mind, by marrying her, he has allowed her to moved-up in the world; so in essence, such guys believe they have actually rescued their wives. At least that's what they want the wife and the rest of the world to believe. Something tells me, this may describe Donald Trump.

Such men are usually the showoffs of the world, doing almost anything for attention, ergo even their marriage becomes part of their never ending show.

They marry a showpiece and demand that she provide him with unlimited amounts of attention. That way, the male receives both public and matrimonial ministrations. For such a marriage to survive, the wife must deal with the man's ever screaming attention-seeking ego; otherwise, it's divorce time.

Generally, such men compliment their wives excessively, when in the public-eye, as a partial cover for the fact that they make her life a bit of a living hell away from the public. If such a couple breaks-up, those strange husbands then reverse themselves, claiming that the good wife was actually an unfaithful 'bitch.' Such husbands, who can be intelligent, want everyone to think they are the good and caring spouse, but by the same token, they will demand that the wife worship them! Concurrently, those males may treat their staff, co-workers, and friends like gold, while the wives are treated as second rate citizens. Such men are more apt to buy gifts for their associates and co-workers, than their wives. One of my many uncles might fall into that category.

Grandpa's missing bathing suit was so old and tattered, that Grandma may have taken it, the night

before, to help soak-up the urine, along with the sponge, thereby gaining some measure of revenge for 'Lake Grandpa,' while being able to claim that she was being practical. She certainly had her ways, clearly not excluding passive aggression, with a lot of unnecessary screaming thrown-in.

"I'll just wear this orange one." Grandpa swiftly proclaimed, pulling a bathing suit off its thick rusty nail.

He'd plainly chosen the wrong bathing suit. It was one which belonged to my one older cousin, who then was a skinny seven year old boy, and so I was certain that Grandpa couldn't possibly fit into the suit, then I saw that the entire suit was made of some bright orange stretchy elastic material. Even so, it still looked far too tight, for the pelvic region of a full grown man.

Still, Grandpa stepped both of his veiny ivory white feet through the leg holes of the stretchable orange bathing suit, then he began to yank it upward. Although Grandpa was a slim man, his struggling efforts reminded me of a plus-sized older lady, trying to pack all her extra physicality into a small girdle. Grandpa pulled up with all his might, violently wiggling his hips back and forth, while

huffing and puffing. Then to my shocked amazement, he'd somehow managed to finally get the kid's bathing suit all the way up to his waist! But while the elastic barely stretched enough to cover his adult pelvic region, in so doing, it violently hugged another highly sensitive portion of his anatomy, apparently with a near bone-crushing force, for immediately, Grandpa's face contorted into a horribly flushed and pained expression.

“My God! God Damn!” He yelled. *That's got to hurt bad!*

Within the confined space of the pump house, I jumped as Grandpa bellowed-out loud enough for the pastor, who lived next door, to have heard him; yet, no one came to investigate. It was the only time I'd hear Grandpa swear so wholeheartedly, whence I was forced to realize that the pain was excruciating. His testicles were being forcefully squeezed by the too-small child's elastic bathing suit. In a fumbling hasty emergency maneuver, Grandpa quickly managed to slip his fingers under the edge of the left leg of the stretchy material, pulling the leg-band outward, away from his body, hoping to ameliorate the testicular crush. Both of his gonads suddenly popped-out free, hanging just below the lower edge

of the suit's orange material. The lizard remained inside. With the boys freed, a look of relaxed contentment unfurled his brow, and a soft sigh passed his lips. At that point, in the dim morning light of the pump house, I saw a fine sheen of sweat had suddenly coated his wide aged forehead. *Wonder if I'll have wrinkles like that, one day?*

"That's feels better!" He peacefully murmured, while breathing like he'd just run a four minute mile.

Grandpa was so profoundly absentminded, that he didn't seem to realize that his large reddish-purple gonads were then hanging outside of his elastic swimsuit, visibly freewheeling, against his slim ultra-white left thigh, probably only semi-strangled by the narrow orange elastic leg band of the kid's bathing suit. Grandpa was not a man, who paid homage to the usual awarenesses of life. I'd venture to say that, save for dead men and men in a coma, there is probably not another bloke on the entire planet, who would not have realized that his family jewels were hanging out, swinging free, in full view, and openly bouncing against his upper left thigh. Those years of blocking out Grandma's monumental nagging, must have provided Grandpa with the power to ignore almost anything, except for perhaps

the love he felt for his daughters and grand-kids, or the profitable loyalty, he felt obligated to extend to the ever growing murderous criminal underworld. My loquaciously gifted maternal Grandpa was truly a very complex man, with a couple of missing pages.

The giggling purplish-red gonads contrasted dramatically with Grandpa's left china-white leg, yet the gonads seemed to somewhat color-coordinate with the sun bleached bright orange bathing suit. Indeed, the free purplish testicles created a very strange, if not shocking sight; looking more like two large crimson tumors, growing right out of his upper left thigh, right below the thin elastic band of the bathing suit. The unorthodox spectacle was unsettling to say the least, but as stated, Grandpa paid his exposed testicles no mind, likely thinking only of catching crabs for Grandma to make her tasty crab cakes; ergo, he just snatched-up the necessary crabbing equipment, and headed out the door, marching straight toward the beach, intent on catching crabs. While I generally consider food as merely fuel, I did so love Grandma's crab cakes.

In my misspent life, there have only been a couple of times, when I could begin to emulate Grandpa's ability to mentally block-out external

stimuli. Years later, when I was married, inadvertently I became proficient at blocking-out my good wife's conversation, to the point that occasionally she'd lightly hit me in the arm or shoulder, and ask me if I'd heard what she said. I'd snap out of my thoughts, to realize that in fact, I hadn't heard a word. I'd vaguely realize that she'd been speaking, but my own internal dialogue had essentially blocked her out, completely.

This is not to say that she wasn't intelligent and attractive, for indeed she was, but it is to say that I'm easily bored. Much later in my life there was a more dramatic event, where I'd completely block-out something, which unexpectedly happened one night in Mexico City (Book VI, Chapter entitled, *Sangre por Sangre*). That memory yet remains blocked. I'd accidentally become involved with a minor Mexican gang conflict, and had no weapon, and so was forced to improvise.

Once out of the pump house, Grandpa was hustling down to the beach front, with his purplish-red Christmas tree ornaments bouncing on his left thigh. They only needed a few sprinkles of sparkling silver and gold glitter to complete the effect. Many times since, I've thought about the fact that in a bona

fide manner, approximately 25% of me is the direct product of one of those two bouncing Christmas ornaments. Too bad, I didn't inherit his: powers of concentration, strong moral fiber, rhetorical skills, or his extremely rare photographic memory. But I definitely acquired his unscrupulous liar genes. With regard to the element of deceit, I wasn't just Grandpa's equal; I was his better. His moral fiber, and the fact that I had no ethical restraints, allowed me to take the lead.

The finest fluency simply fulfills its purpose.

by Dr. WA Morey

After momentary consideration, I elected to politely not say anything to Grandpa, concerning his exposed gonads. You might be thinking, "*Why didn't you tell your Grandpa about his vulnerable nads?*" But, things were different in the early 1950s; some issues just weren't to be discussed, between a grandfather and his grandson, especially when it involved the grandfather's exposed family jewels. Today, such inhibitions seem rather foolish. Anyway, my

neglecting to pointing-out his exposed testicles didn't seem to matter, since no one was on the beach; at least not right then.

While he was indeed my biological Grandpa, I hardly knew him, and while his powers of explanation were clear, I never understood the nature of the man, that well. My Dad was a military pilot, so we moved around quite a lot, and often stayed at locations far from Mobile. We'd move regularly, sometimes only staying six months at a given duty station, and sometimes staying, as long as three years. Ergo, I rarely got to see Grandpa, except during those once-a-year two-week summertime visits, but not always then, if we lived too far away. It was my mother, who wanted me to establish a bond with her father, but it just never happened, and it was obviously my fault, beginning with the bomb.

Yet even when I was visiting, Grandpa was generally not at home, away in the courtroom, or in the jail visiting a client, or at his law firm, or exercising at the *YMCA*, or playing cards, smoking cigars, and drinking in the *Elk's Club*. His concerted efforts to dodge my grumpy Grandma, also meant he dodged me. In my mind and never out loud, I nicknamed Grandpa, 'The Dodger.' Nevertheless, he

probably had decided to avoid me, because my indiscretion with the bomb, from the previous summer. Most likely, The Dodger thought that by staying away, he was killing two birds with one stone. Both my Grandpa and Dad were almost always far too busy to spend time with me. Albeit quite different, both men had extremely important jobs. My Dad was tasked with protecting the free world, and The Dodger protected Mobile's violent criminals, allowing them to go free, to continue their felonious mayhem, amongst the innocents. The Dodger remained mostly an enigmatic stranger. In a way, everyone, excluding my dear daughter, has remained something of a stranger to me. I know her better than she thinks I do. And, she probably knows me better than I think she does.

An innocent child can't hide much from their parent, hence I feel I do know my child, and I love her beyond all else. I had just started developing a conscience, a couple years before she magically materialized. That dear baby's birth markedly expedited the growth of my microscopic conscience. Having a child is like a chunk of your heart has vacated your chest and gone to reside somewhere inside that little person. You enjoy the fact that

you've been changed/modified, but the draw-back is that the child becomes a new fear of sorts. You constantly fear for them. If she gets gas pains, I fear it's colitis. Her hip hurts, it's possibly hip degeneration. A headache might be a brain tumor. A cold is the beginning of pneumonia.

When she was born and I'd lay on my back and place the tiny infant on my chest. It caused this profound feeling of completeness, which I'd never known before. Such love doesn't require that she reciprocate. For you prospective parents out there, the secret to controlling a girl child is fairly simple. You just do your best to make sure, that she knows, that everything you do and say, is because you desperately love her, and you don't lose patients, and yell your frustrations.

Grandpa's sophisticated crabbing equipment consisted of three extremely complicated and technologically advanced, items: an old slightly rusty metal wash tub with the usual clanging handles on opposite sides, a large slightly bleached-out inflated black rubber inner tube, probably from the wheel of a dump-truck, and the good old-fashioned six foot wooden-handled crab net. Grandpa threw the inner tube into the shallows, then wedged the metal wash

tub into the center of it, and with the crab net in one hand, and pulling the floating tube in the other, he waded out, until he was about belly button deep. In the summer the water was barely cool, and the surface was perfectly flat that morning. With his deep blue eyes constantly scanning the shimmering white sandy bottom, shaded by his huge bushy gray eyebrows, Grandpa searched for those tasty blue crabs, plainly enjoying the hunt. *This is cool as shit!*

“We are going to have crab cakes for lunch today, Joey!” He confidently declared; his eyes never stopping, their sweeping scan.

Holding on to the opposite side of the black inner tube, I leisurely floated on the calm surface and quietly frog kicked, so The Dodger didn’t have to pull my weight. By six, I was a decent swimmer. My Mom had been giving me swimming lessons, since I was one. Grandpa and I paralleled the shoreline. He livened-up the hunt by loudly singing various operas (Arias), and sometimes in other languages. At the time, I thought him to be a wee bit crazy. His favorite operatic language was Italian, since the language itself was more beautiful. Chinese, English, German, Russian, Japanese, and several other languages simply lack a certain beauty, and don’t

lend themselves to rhyme. Apparently, the blue crabs couldn't hear his singing.

Wading along, he'd spot a crab on the sandy bottom, or down in the seaweed, then he'd scoop it up, and dump into the floating metal washtub. The crab's hard carapace would clang, bang, and scrape against the tub's rusty metal inner walls. All Grandpa's movements seemed to be done in time with his singing. Upon catching a crab the volume of his singing would triumphantly increase. The pace of his wading, and even the movements of his scooping seemed to perfectly coincide, with the rhythm of his music, but occasionally he'd change the music's tempo to suit his movements. That's probably when the musical portion of his right hemisphere became more active. Either way, the opera and Grandpa's movements managed to synchronize.

While Grandpa knew the words, and clearly felt the song's passion, he had a gravelly voice, and at best, a four or five note range. Ergo at points, the song was forced to go flat, but whatever note Grandpa failed to reach, he'd just zealously sing it louder, assuming that the increased volume somehow made-up for his tonal inaccuracy. In that respect, he was like another singer, yet to later make the scene,

Janis Joplin... terrific passion, with marginal singing skill, at best. Nevertheless, listening to Grandpa's warbling was always a pleasure, as was listening to the amazing Janis Joplin. The Dodger was the male Janis Joplin of opera.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?
v=rTFUM4Uh_6Y](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rTFUM4Uh_6Y)

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?
v=iJb7cBfrxbo](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iJb7cBfrxbo)

Each beach house we'd pass, had its own wooden dock, the pilings of which, proved to be a great source of blue crabs. The clawed and spiked creatures would be hanging to the sides of the wooden pilings, apparently feasting off the piling's live barnacles. When approaching a wooden piling, the wildly crab would mechanically shift around to the opposite side, in a poor attempt to hide. Squirrels do the same thing, only with trees.

Once in a while, Grandpa and I would pause to silently watch the seemly mechanical monsters clanging around in the metal washtub, their hard exoskeletons scrapping the galvanized metal; their

bodies seeming to be as hard as the metal. Then suddenly out of the blue, The Dodger's mind would spring back into another booming opera, and so once again, we'd musically launch off in search of crabs, striding waist deep in the cool clear water. Grandpa's singing would inevitably stop all the bird songs. Even the cruising seagulls would detour in flight, not coming near.

That morning was the first time I'd seen a live crab. To my six year old mind the creatures appeared to be nothing short of amazing, like strange semi-dangerous mindless robots, completely void of thought and emotion. I studied them, trying to find if they had something of a recognizable face, something to indicate they could think or communicate, but I found nothing vaguely resembling what I considered to be a face. They were machine-like, menacing, completely void of cognition; hardwired in every respect, without the slightest indication of that fictitious thing, people like to call, freewill. When Grandpa pointed-out that their eyes were on the ends of the short stalks, I was shocked. *Those are eyes?* Dad had shown me pictures of crabs in books, but they didn't compare to actually seeing them live.

Their solid spiky shells were indeed blue, but also white, with small wispy patches of a blood red. It was their scary looking claws that were always orange-red tipped, as if they were stained from the blood of their killed prey. The bizarre stalk-eyed faceless creatures were constantly moving around the metal tub, while they pinched and climbed on top of each other, attempting to escape. When they finally momentarily stopped, they appeared to blow lots of little bubbles.

“Why do they blow so many bubbles, Grandpa?”

“They’re tired and bored, and those bubbles are how they entertain themselves, Joey.” He smoothly lied.

I enjoyed watching them, especially the larger older ones, which frequently had white barnacles attached to their shells. *How can something so ugly taste so good?* Though small, compared to some animals, the crabs seemed monstrous in appearance, since they seemed so cruelly determined, and dangerous in their prehistoric gadget-like actions. After a few minutes, the crabs simmered down, but the bubbles continued to come from their strange plate-like scissoring mouths. Fearfully, I speculated to Grandpa, that if the small creatures lived there in

the shallows, perchance there might be much larger ones out in the deep waters of the gulf, maybe capable of dragging down ships full of people, and snipping off arms and legs, with their giant red-tipped pinchers. Grandpa laughed and put my imagination to rest.

“Now there’s a frightening, fairly bizarre, thought,Joey. But, let me put your mind at ease. There are some giant crabs, but a long way from here, up in the waters near Alaska. But, they don’t bother people; besides, they’re real skinny, and have small pinchers, not much different from the pinchers on these old blue crabs in the washtub. They never hurt anyone. People pay a pretty penny for their tasty meat. Those Alaskan king crabs taste great, but after eating plenty of your Grandma’s crab cakes, I can truthfully say that the crab meat from these crabs in the Gulf ofMexico is just as good as that of Alaska’s king crab, maybe these are even better.”

“You sure can’t beat Grandma’s crab cakes!” I hardily agreed, looking forward to eating them for lunch, with the tender silver corn on the cob, collar greens, and tasty cheese grits.

After leisurely wading almost a mile down the scenic shoreline, then Grandpa turned around and

headed back. He'd managed to skillfully net about three dozen big blue crabs. He only netted the larger ones, telling me that you had to leave the young ones alone, so there'd be big ones later. That was probably the very first comment, I'd ever heard relating to animal preservation. Now days, with all the pollution, as well as the huge fishing ships, whaling ships, and humans over populating, I've got my doubts about the survival of life in our oceans.

Every now and then, the captured robotic crustaceans would recommence their rustling and banging, inside the washtub; only one crab managed to make good its escape from the rusty floating prison. It was then that we stopped, and Grandpa showed me how to safely hold a crab from their backside, using their segmented rear flippers, and that by just breaking off their claws, and throwing them back in the tub, the semi-dangerous animals were instantly rendered harmless. He had me grab one, and rip-off the animals claws. I was surprised at how easy it was, to hold the crab by its' rear flippers, the crab's swimming legs. Tearing its' claws off gave me a true feeling of accomplishment, for I had to first overcome my fear of getting pinched the strange-looking animal.

Astoundingly, the crabs didn't seem to mind, having their giant pinchers snapped-off. At least, they didn't scream or jerk around with pain. To me, it was clear they felt no pain. *They act they don't care if you rip their arms off! Crabs are strange creatures.* Without their pinchers, not lonely were they rendered harmless, but they couldn't climb out of the washtub. Grandpa lectured me, that blue crabs in the wild can regrow their pinchers! He said that they usually lost their claws, when fighting, and that the lost limb would be replaced after two or more molts. He also explained that a molt was when the crab temporarily loses its hard shell, and for a brief time the crab is called, a soft-shell crab. *How come they can regrow their arms and we can't? It's unfair, if I loose my arm, I can't grow it back!* This was the second lecture Grandpa had given me: first one was the gunpowder, and second, the regenerative capability of the crab.

"You sure that they can regrow their arms back, Grandpa?" I asked.

"They do it all the time, Joey. Some large fish may attack the crab, or sometimes the crabs fight between themselves, and so they lose an appendage, but unlike you and I, these little guys can regrow them." Grandpa sagely instructed me.

“Just how does the crab do that, Grandpa?”

“I don’t honestly have a clue, son. I guess it’s one of nature’s mysteries. Only God knows things like that. Probably one day, science will know, too. But one thing is for sure... we’ll never know all the mysteries of the universe, Joey.” He proclaimed like the good Christian, he was.

“Can those faith healer preachers make a man who’s lost a leg grow a new one, Grandpa?” I asked, thinking about Bernice’s husband, Jim, losing his leg in the sawmill accident.

“Those guys are all a bunch of big liars, Joey! Lots of people just want to believe that they or their family member can simply be healed by those tricksters, but that’s a bunch of bull crap!” He casually replied.

“They do that to get people to give them money?” I asked.

“Of course! They’ve got a few of their friends or stooges in the audience, who fake like they’re blind or crippled, then after the supposed faith healer put his hands on the idiot, they pretend to be healed. A lot of people believe that crap, because most people, in some ways, are a little simple minded.”

How well I recall being shocked about the crab's ability to regenerate their appendages, and that the faith healers were all liars. *Crabs are obviously not too smart, but they have four things we humans don't. One, they seemed to not feel pain. Two, they can regrow their arms! Three, they are tough and armored. And four, they can breathe underwater. Crabs are amazing machines. I wish I could be a crab, but change back to human, whenever I wanted. Dad doesn't feel pain either, maybe he's eaten a lot of crab meat. Could crab meat make you braver and pain free? Or, maybe if you ate a whole lot of it, you could regrow your arm. Those people, who go up on the faith healer's stage must be lying too, or they just pretend to be healed to not embarrass the preacher.*

Although, the crabs appeared clumsy in the washtub, they were speedy and beautiful swimmers, smoothly jetting and gliding sideways along the bottom. If a crab saw us coming, the creature would often swim and run twenty or thirty feet, effortlessly skimming along the sandy bottom, and then within a second or two, it would use its rear flippers to bury itself, barely under the bottom sand, then they were often invisible, so you had to keep your eye on where you last saw them. A slight deformity in the surface

of the sand would clue you in the the buried crab. Grandpa was always able to discern the exact location, where the armored animal had gone under the sand, then he'd scoop it up, in the crab net, and raise it up, with the sand falling through the netting. As mentioned, with each such catch, he'd triumphantly increase his singing volume. As mentioned, he'd sing the operas in various languages, ergo every now and then, he'd stop to translate the meaning of the lyrics, wrongly assuming that my six year old mind was remotely interested. The lyrics he translated didn't seem to be too different from the movies of the early 1950s (love, murder, betrayal, death, etc.), so I then wondered if the guys, who wrote the movies, didn't maybe listen to opera.

Neither prosecuting attorneys, nor crabs, could out-fox my eagle-eyed Grandpa. He easily defeated both. Perhaps, my Grandpa was the world's only operatic crabbers. Every now and then, looking down through the water, I'd see that Grandpa's testicles were still outside of the orange swim suit, and noticed that they looked as if they were trying to float-upward. That night, in the bathtub, I noticed my testicles tended to want to float, as well. *Testicles float... wonder why?* Maybe, they have a bit of air in

them? At age six, I found this observation to be nothing short of a major physiological discovery, right along with the fact that soaking in the bathtub made the skin of my fingertips wrinkle. *What if the wrinkles never went away? That's scary!*

We'd been crabbing for approximately three hours, by then the sun was well above the horizon, and blinding bright rays of light seemed to be reflecting off of everything, giving the world something of a surreal washout pastel appearance. With the heat of the rising sun, the cool Gulf water seemed so inviting.

We were very nearly back home, when I saw that the pristine shoreline was no longer uninhabited. *Someone's out there!* Out from the neighboring beach cottage had appeared the ever friendly elderly, Mrs. Edith Burns, a tall regale lady. The imperial woman had hair which bordered on actual orange, and her skin was whiter than her husband's whitest KKK hood (I wouldn't find-out about his klan membership, about another ten years.) Her hair had thinned-out with age, so she might as well been bald. To make matters worse, she'd teased it out, and locked it into place, with copious amounts of sticky hairspray, making her hair look like sparse strands of

orange cotton candy. Ergo, her shiny smooth white scalp shined through. For me hairspray seems strange, it that it made the woman's hair so hard and sticky, and unpleasant to the touch, a visual delight but a tactical disappointment. *She needs to just wash it, and leave it flat on her head, so her scalp doesn't show through so much, or maybe she likes the look of her shiny scalp? She looks like she's crazy.*

Mrs. Burns had wandered ten feet from the water's edge, apparently she'd been awaiting our return, most likely having heard Grandpa's thunderous singing. Even though she lived in the beach community, she dressed conservatively: white tennis shoes, a light green cotton skirt, extending well down below her knees, white short sleeved blouse, fully buttoned, even the very top button. Glancing through the clear water's surface, I could see that Grandpa's, twin purplish-red testicles were still liberated, and they were looking like a pair of strange colorful tumors, which were eerily growing right out of his extremely ultra white upper left thigh. *Holy shit, she's gonna see his testicles, if he gets out of the water!*

Mrs. Burn's husband was Pastor Edward T. Burns was the proud shepherd of an extremely large, and of

course all white, highly influential, baptist congregation, in the downtown Mobile. The wealthy bigoted church was just off Old Shell Road. All churches were segregated, in those days. Grandma was forever talking about 'those crazy black Holy Rollers.' Nevertheless, I later found out that, unlike Grandpa, Grandma actually believed in the faith healers... like I said... the eight grade. She had told me that those black church goers were called Holy Rollers, because they actually fell to the floor of the church and rolled around, because their bodies had been invaded by the Holy Spirit. *What a crock!* I must admit, I figured that, as usual, Grandma was lying about such black people, but on that one point in my young life, I found out she wasn't. That rolling craziness still goes on, today. Maybe it shows that I have a lack of appreciation for the Holy Spirit, but that ridiculous behavior still seems more than a little disturbing to me... the lengths people go to get free of their worries, and to get past their fear of death!

However, I must admit there are some rather popular white churches, in Mobile, where the congregation partakes in the equally absurd event, 'talking in tongues.' This mindless babbling occurrence is supposed to mean that they are in

communication with the Holy Spirit, and that the Spirit is talking through them. *What a load!* It most likely means that they're so happy to be freed from their daily concerns, and the burden of death, and exhilarated over proposition of eternal life, that they temporarily become blithering idiots, happy to be free for a short time. Holy rollers, or talkers in tongues... each to their own, I suppose.

Grandpa's neighboring white preacher was the type of guy, who seemed to enjoy making people suffer. He always seemed to look overly serious, and judgmental. The pastor strutted when he walked with his elbows unbent and his narrow shoulders slightly elevated, as if he was about to shrug, and he liked to push his lips out and narrow his eyes much like the candidate Donald Trump now does. His sermons, which he was forever discussing with Grandpa, possessed a malignant sense of self-righteousness, and most of them came with a spicy coating of brimstone; at least, that's what Grandpa told me in private. Grandpa also told me that that was why the church attendance had been falling-off. Nonetheless, when confronted by the man, Grandpa was friendly. In private, Grandma referred to Pastor Burns, as Pastor Fire and Brimstone. To this day, I don't know

if my Grandparents realized he was *KKK*. But, my bet is they did.

The church was adjacent to the Masonic Temple, so needless to say, most of the men in the congregation were Masons, which also meant that a fair percentage of them were *KKK*, men with that angry piece of gray mush. Almost all the black churches in Mobile were small and looked in disrepair. Many were just dilapidated shotgun houses with a two or three foot wooden cross crudely affixed to the front peak, or just nailed to the wall above the front door. One well known black church had a leaky roof, so the poor pastor had managed to get a bunch of discarded rusty tin roofing. He smeared a bunch of black tar, right over the old shingles, then nailed down the tin roofing, which miraculously stopped the leaks. Another black church was simply a small warehouse, and was similar in appearance to a place, I'd regularly visit, years later to purchase drugs, in the black section of Mexico City, an area called Tepito. Even though Mobile's black churches were clearly poor, their choirs could be heard at a much greater range, and generally sounded far better than those of their better built white counterparts. Knowing full well that it would rub Grandma the

wrong way, and that Bernice was listening, I once suggested that the white church choirs should challenge the black choirs to a sing-off... “The contest would be a kind of a goodwill thing, Grandma. What do you think?” Grandma told me to stop being a trouble maker. I affected being hurt. She knew that I was implying that the blacks sang better. She also realized they had better choirs.

As mentioned, the pastor’s wife, had probably been drawn to the shore by Grandpa’s booming opera, and/or she was curious, about how he’d fared, after the painful tongue-lashing Grandma had dealt him, the evening before, concerning his peeing on the bathroom floor. The pastor’s wife looked happy to see him.

“Hello, Buddy! How ya do’n?” Mrs. Burns happily sang out, using Grandpa’s nickname.

“Great! And you, Edith! It’s certainly a sincere pleasure to see you, on this most glorious summer morning. My fine grandson and I have just been catching a washtub load of blue crabs.” Grandpa replied, with a huge smile, holding the crab net in his right hand, and pointing at the washtub.

They’re both so friendly. Mrs. Burns should have

married Grandpa. Any woman would have been better than Grandma, and that mean old pastor should have married mean old Grandma.

Grandpa earnestly greeted Mrs. Burns, as if he were straight from the early nineteenth century, while melodramatically marching out of the water, directly into the brilliant sunlight, with his large hairy shimmering rosy red Christmas tree ornaments, bouncing on his pale white thigh. With rapped anticipation, I floated in the shallows, still holding onto the big black inner tube, my eyes firmly locked onto Mrs. Burn's smiling face, for I wasn't about to miss a single nuance of her impending reaction to the two red tumors.

Grandpa walked out of the water, dripping wet, and marched straight toward her. At first, she didn't notice the purple tumors, and just continued smiling at Grandpa's face. With her happy ultra pale expression, topped-off by her hairspray-stiff orange beehive hairdo, with her white scalp shining forth. The pastor's wife looked like something other than human. Hairspray was used by almost every woman in the 1950s. Th sticky mist of micodroplets had come into vague about the time of WWII. Grandpa was also smiling, although I'm sure that I had the

biggest smile of the three of us. As Grandpa stepped out of the water and onto the sand, Mrs. Burns vision suddenly tracked downward, no doubt attracted by the giggling of the colorful testicular orbs. Her eyelids then swiftly transformed from smiling thin slits, into questioning squinting holes, as three vertical lines appeared directly between her overly plucked eyebrows, and then her lips puckered-out. Mrs. Burns was clearly attempting to discern what it was she had spotted on Grandpa's white upper left thigh. Curiously, she continued to visually inspect the extremely tight children's orange bathing suit, and the strange pair of jiggling purplish-red tumor-like oddities for a good five-seconds. *She still doesn't know what she's looking at.* The Dodger continued his exuberant verbal greeting, and continued his march directly toward her.

Then all at once, Mrs. Burns eyes widened, becoming like large protruding golfballs, as her skinny reddish brown eyebrows suddenly elevated, as her thin pink lips reshaped into a near perfect "O" of surprise, as she finally realized exactly what it was, she had been scrutinizing. *She's figured it out! She now knows that those are Grandpa's nuts!* Even with the profound change in her facial expression, my

absentminded Grandpa remained entirely oblivious to his exposed testicles, as well as her look of surprise. The absentminded genius simply continued to jovially press-in closer, for a friendly conversation. This caused Mrs. Burns to inadvertently stumble back a few steps, so Grandpa just continued with his greeting discourse, talking about her husband's previous sermon, and he moved yet closer. Grandpa was always bad about invading personal space.

“...How is the pastor, today? I certainly enjoyed last Sunday's sermon, taken from the book of Daniel, as I recall. It was all about life, hope, and truth... not his usual hellfire and brimstone sermon. I must say, I thought it was a welcome change. He knowledge of the Bible is...”

One thing about my Grandpa, he was definitely friendly, and loved to talk, especially about the Bible. Goodness would seem to ooze from all his pores, when discussing the ‘Good Book,’ as he'd refer to it. Being a lawyer, and skilled rhetorician, he dearly loved extended conversations. He loved people so much, that at times, he'd unintentionally crowd them, which wasn't too bad, unless he was smoking or chewing one of his trademark *Tampa Nuggets*, or on that day when we'd just finished crabbing, where

his substantial reddish testicles were hanging out. This closing of the distance caused Mrs. Burns to again nervously step back, but this time her foot went into a slight depression in the sand, causing her to fall backwards on her butt, which caused Grandpa to reflectively leap forward to try to catch her. Grandpa sudden forward movement caused his testicles to be placed close to Mrs. Burns' face, and so she threw-up her hand, dramatically halting Grandpa's rescue attempt. He'd unknowingly given her a close-up view of his purple gonads.

Simultaneously, she shouted, "Stop!"

After her avoidance move, she was left laying sideways in the sand, with her face turned away, and then she commenced to stand-up, so again Grandpa felt obliged to help her up, ergo once more he stepped forward, reaching down for her hand. Once again his gonads were nearly in her face, and so Mrs. Burns deftly sideways, this time getting covered in sand, and then she rather awkwardly stood-up on her own, completely flustered. During the rollover maneuver her hand slipped, and her head came in firm contract with the sand, so Mrs. Burns' orange sticky hair had gotten covered a lot of sand, on one side. The weight the sand caused the beehive to

collapse on that one side, making her truly look like a space alien with only half a cranium. This sight caused me to burst-out laughing. I literally began to choke on my own laughter. Next, Mrs. Burns made an attempt to get the sand out of her hair by violently shaking her head, but this movement caused yet another metamorphosis of the alien, since the centrifugal force of her shaking her head caused nearly all the stiff sticky orange strands to stand straight-out from her then highly exposed scalp, yet still some grains of white sand remained attached to the hairspray. *She looks like she's been electrocuted.* Gradually the hairs began to droop down. Some of them fell in her face, so she used the back of her hand to flip them back atop her head.

“Oh, my goodness me!” She desperately moaned.

But, even with all Mrs. Burns strange behavior, Grandpa still failed to catch-on to the fact that his nads were exposed. Once Grandpa engaged someone in conversation, they were often pinned there for the duration, and being graced with a true photographic, the duration could at times seem like eternity. Moreover, Grandpa was a generous contributing member of the pastor's church, putting Mrs. Burns in a rather untenable position. She realized Grandpa

was unaware of his exposed gonads. At this point, I was trying to stop laughing, since I was having serious trouble catching my breath. Grandpa had tuned and looked at me, as if to say, ‘Why are you laughing?’

In an effort to be friendly, Grandpa had again launched into his rather one-sided discussion, all the while, still remaining unaware of his exposed purple gonads; nor did he remotely appear to notice Mrs. Burn’s shocked expression, or that her snow white skin had developed large areas of radiant crimson glow, even her scalp seemed to glow violet. Pink and red splotches appears all around her neck and cheeks. The Dodger just kept right-on talking, and I kept right-on laughing, especially when Mrs. Burns happened to nervously glare at me. *She knows why I’m laughing!* Only for a bit longer did Mrs. Burns remain flummoxed. She fully realized that my Grandpa, well known for his profound absentmindedness, was innocently unaware of his exposed wagging purple testicles. She also realized that had she just walked off, she would most certainly have gravely offended him, and she was the epitome of the courteous southern Christian woman.

Initially, she concentrated on keeping her eyes

firmly averted, fixed only on Grandpa's jovial wrinkly old face; nonetheless, occasionally her twin blue irises lost voluntary control, and spasmodically flitted down to the jostling reddish purple ornaments. Her face would then turn from a flawless milk white to a splotchy radiant plum. It was a regular chameleon-like transformation, and her respiration noticeably increased, while all the fingers of both her hands began to impatiently wiggle, and her forehead wrinkled and unwrinkled. She'd then impatiently raised up and down on her bare feet. *She doesn't know what to do!*

“Ha, ha, ha,…” I intellectually commented, still floating in the water, holding on to the inner tube with the metal washtub filled with crabs.

Mrs. Burns was at a complete loss for words, while Grandpa, who was never at a loss for words, continued rambling on and on, about the pastor's stirring Sunday sermon, and the hope-filled Book of Daniel, as well as something he'd once read in Shakespeare. Grandpa was forever drawing comparisons between certain parts of the Bible and certain of the works of Willie Wiggleswick. It was Grandpa's contention that Daniel was a fictitious biblical character, and simply an allusion to some

ancient king. That Daniel never truly existed, but that this hypothesis did not in anyway diminish the importance of the Book of Daniel.

Because of my untimely laughter, Mrs. Burns was acutely aware that I was enjoying her frustration, while I held onto the large black inner tube, basking in the brilliant sunlight. I could not take my eyes off her face, nor could I stop laughing.

What does it matter, if I laugh, I'll be gone soon, anyway? Like I said, in those days, I had no genuine conscience. *What can she possibly do to me?* I am sure that being a Pastor's wife, she viewed me as something of imp. Clearly, she wasn't completely wrong. The entire episode lasted less than a minute, before Mrs. Burns effected her creative escape.

"Oh, my goodness, I may have left something on the stove, Buddy. I've got to run. I don't want to have a fire on my hands. I'm so sorry... got to run! Talk with you later. Good to see you, Buddy. Have a good day, you laughing young man!" Mrs. Burns yelled, with the last sentence having been uttered in a slight harsher tone, while she spun on her heels and quick-stepped to the sanctity of her beach house.

"She was acting a bit unusual today, Joey." The

Dodger observed, as he returned to retrieve the tub filled with crabs.

I'm happy to say that there's still a part of me that has the humor of a six year old. Now, every time I eat crab cakes, and I think of my wonderful absentminded Grandpa and the bewildered Mrs. Burns. Sometimes, I take my beautiful daughter to a new local restaurant called *The Silver Cow*, on Balafox Street. Once, while I was eating my plate of crab cakes, I thought of the pastor's wife and laughed, causing my child to ask, "What's so funny, Daddy?"

"There's nothing funnier than real life, sweetie."

Likewise, at times there's also nothing sadder, for when my dear loving, and once brilliant, Grandpa became old, he developed Alzheimer's. As a result, he spent the last years of his life confined to a malodorous concrete block room in a depressing, yet highly profitable, nursing home. The nursing home had once been a kindergarten. That seemed appropriate, since Alzheimer's patients are a bit like children. The only bright spot in the place was that he was cared for by a short, rather rotund, young black woman, who sported a non-stop Mona Lisa smile, making her appear perpetually gently happy. She was patient and kind, with beautifully smooth

skin, black as onyx. That compassionate wonderful youthful woman was the only good thing about that heartbreaking residence. She was a woman of few words, but the owner of a fine heart, and a sympathetic ear, the perfect companion for my Grandpa. For Grandpa, she was patience, love, and kindness. For her, it was like living with someone who'd memorized all the world's fine literature, frequently reciting those eloquent words.

In Grandpa's murky mind, the short black lady was the loving wife, which he'd never had. Whenever family members dropped-by the nursing home to visit, Grandpa assumed the family members were strangers, and in an overly formal and cordial manner, he would introduce the sweet black woman as his wife, referring to her by using my Grandma's actual name, Lillie. Of course, in those days of significant racial prejudice, that social blunder shocked and irritated the older bigoted members of the family, and humored the younger folks. Once Grandpa was in the nursing home, Grandma never visited him, so she never met his new wife.

"It is so nice to meet you folks. Please come-in and allow me to introduce my good wife, Lillie. Welcome to our home." My senile Grandpa would

warmly greet his family members.

Grandpa never seemed notice the ebony attendant's skin color, and he treated that round saintly female with real love and respect. The young woman would smile and seemed to truly enjoy his delusional kindness, or at the least, she went along with him. The lovely black woman never yelled, criticized, or made fun of him, as had my ever critical Grandma. Without the slightest doubt, that young black female attendant brought him more happiness than had his real wife! Perchance, in his aged doddering state, Grandpa was finally come to enjoy some amount of genuine feminine kindness.

Most days in his smelly little room, Grandpa, who remained active till the end, had to be tied-down into an overstuffed chair. This was done by wrapping a twisted white sheet around his waist, then firmly tying it behind the back of the overstuffed chair, in which he sat. Oddly enough, he never tried to pull around the sheet and untie the knot; perhaps because he could still move his arms and legs. Seconds after expressing his frustration, he'd then forgotten about the sheet restraint and why he was frustrated, and he'd just continue to regale the young black sitter, with the finest quotes

literature had to offer, or he'd sing operatic love songs to her. He was still allowed to chew on his *Tampa Nuggets*, but not smoke them. Oddly enough, even though he could recall pieces of arcane literature and song, he didn't know the difference between a fart and a hurricane. He was just killing time, when time refused to die.

Too many people, just iterate acceptable responses, never venturing to think for themselves. These are normal people, not too dissimilar from programmed droids.

Dr. W.A. Morey

If God works in strange and mysterious ways, the deity doesn't exclude prolonged miserable suffering. God may be the biggest conundrum invented by man, or perhaps it's the other way around. Either way, the deity thing is a mystery, regardless of all the words, ever spoken or written... no matter how certain some people may claim to be.

It is wonderful how much time good people spend fighting the devil. If they would only expend the same amount of energy loving their fellow men, the

devil would die in his own tracks of ennui.

Helen Keller

For a blind woman she had remarkable vision. There is no doubt that grasping infinity has always eluded each and every three pounds of gray mush, so to me it seems amazing that so many people actually think they've figured-out the answers to the big questions, and so many of them vehemently disagree. When I'm dead, if I'm lucky enough to meet the great creator, I hope he explains his reasoning behind Alzheimer's, at least before he casts me down into the fiery lake. Most likely, his explanation will be beyond my comprehension, but perchance he'll momentarily loan me the necessary brain to understand.

To understand one thing completely is to understand everything.

The Complete Failure, by Rey A. Willmore, Ph.D.

If it wasn't for the fact, that he's so mysterious and knows what he's doing, one might think God was

completely fictitious, or if he does exist, that he possesses a special eccentric form of dark humor, especially when it comes to human misery. Some people blame Alzheimers on the devil. But, how does one put Alzheimer's on God, or on the devil?

Considering the size of the universe, and regardless of what some holy book says, I wonder whether a God, or the devil, really involves himself in things like human suffering, or even with any of the doings on that tiny insignificant wet rock, called earth. You can bet, that if only gays or black people got Alzheimers, the southern baptists would all be proclaiming that the disease was God's design, but it seems to me, that the disease is more common in whites. Alzheimers is simply a dreaded condition, resulting from a bunch of dead and malfunctioning neurons, owing to various unclear physiological causes. In addition, some of the etiology of, as well as a treatment for, Alzheimers is discussed in a later text.

Right now, the word is that the disease is caused by too much of a nuisance protein called beta-amyloid, which collects in neurons, and somehow begins to slowly kill them, or make them malfunction, and since every memory is nothing

more than circuits of neurons, the victim's memories slowly disappear. My bet is that beta-amyloid ties-up or blocks transport mechanisms in the cell membrane, or damages the histones on DNA, thereby damaging the protein tau, bending it into neurofibrillary tangles. At any rate, all the memories, representing Grandpa's family members and friends just steadily faded away. Yet for some reason, the disease spared his genteel nature, the operas, and thousands of literary quotes. In addition, he never forgot his loving black sitter, his new wife.

Possibly, Grandpa's last years of suffering were actually a matter of Karma, some miserable 'payback' for all the heinous criminals, he'd freed back into the bosom of innocent society to continue their criminal ways, or perhaps the disease was retribution for all the innocents, he'd succeeded in prosecuting and getting locked-away to unjustly rot in prison. So maybe, good intent and deeds contribute to good karma and future happiness, whereas woeful deeds contribute to bad karma and future suffering; yet, all of Grandpa miscarriages of justice were done, while following the letter of the law, and in the pursuit of money to sustain his wife and four daughters. Probably his senility was simply fate, a form of

molecular determinism. On the other hand, perhaps Karma and molecular-based determinism, or perhaps they both are one-in-the-same. The problem is that those early folks, who invented the concept of karma, never heard of an atom or molecule, not did they understand neurophysiology. Same with all the holy texts. You'd think that if those texts were inspired by whatever created the universe, there'd be a better explanation about life and the universe.

On questions like this, I believe the answer is determinism, physics, and medical science... no God's punishment, no macabre devil's delight, no Karma mysteriously coming back around... none of these supernatural things, just good old fashioned science; but, whatever the cause, Alzheimers is undeniably a horror story. My mush prefers to think that if there is a God, that he or she isn't a boring micromanager, who becomes involved in the mundane aspects of day to day life; like, what color to paint the doghouse, or getting money to pay the power bill, or helping someone to pick the right numbers for the lottery, etc. But, what do I know? Down here in the South, countless believers pray for all kinds of things: to not get a DUI, to find a better looking mate, to be found not guilty, to find a better

mate, to get a raise at work, to run a four minute mile, to be better luckier, to stop drinking so much, etc., but hardly anyone asks the Lord to make them a kinder person. So much communication is driven by ego. Through the years, when it comes to the big questions, maybe I haven't so much changed, as I've learned to accept my fears, and come to realize my vast ignorance.

It's likely that the unpleasantness of guilt could well be part of why the Catholic Church has become so popular, with it's two-sided wooden box, the gloriously forgiving confessional. Of course, the other reason is the hope of getting into a wonderful blissful paradise, not to mention, dodging the never ending pain of those eternal fires of hell. The confession box may have been started by some sixth century Irish monk, but the concept wasn't officially codified, until sometime in the early 1200s. What a handy-dandy idea, that monk had come-up with, a cheap little two compartment box with a door and a seat on each side. Then all you need is a penitent, needing to unload his or her guilt, and a patient priest, both speaking whispers through a small window, covered by a piece of screen or woven wicker, allowing each to partially avoid the embarrassing face-to-face.

Sometimes there's a priest on both sides of the box. Just imagine all those pedophilic priests occasionally confessing to and receiving absolution from their anointed pedophilic compatriot. And what if both are pedophiles, and wield immense aggregates of moral authority. How do such priests objectively assess the sins for which they too are guilty? Some might say, "Who better to evaluate and grant absolution, than another pedophile?" But if that logic were sound, then we should also allow psychopaths to pass judgement on other psychopaths. I'm not saying that pedophiles are psychopaths, but they clearly have a marked mental aberration, which is likely not their fault, but which certainly shouldn't be inflicted on children.

Considering the apparent high number of such malfeasant priests, there's the very real chance that the confessing priest sexually arouses the other. Quite likely only a slight percentage of the pedophilic priests are casted into the realm of public awareness, though that may soon change. Let's face it, wisdom isn't always so to react. As things are now, there seems to be an inordinately high percentage of these men, operating with the blessing of the church. The Catholic religion is not the only religion famous

for its pedophiles. Another well known religion is lead by a man, who they claim is the son of God, and who allegedly married a six year old, and consummated the 'holy' marriage, when the girl reached the ripe old age of nine, but if he's the Son of God, then who can argue, if it's immoral? This is not to mention, that he also had several wives, and no small number of slave concubines. Some guys have all the fun.

The Holy Roman Church probably chalks-up its pedophile problem to the devil's doing. The idiots down here in the South, think it's owing to the fact that the priests can't marry. If you can't understand something, then just says it's caused by God's will, or the devil's trickery. In a way, I feel those child molesters are partly innocent, since they're obviously psychologically abnormal. Some portion of their neurophysiology is plainly broken, or wired so that the sight of a child somehow stimulates their brain's *Septal Nucleus*, but I seriously doubt that the condition has anything to do with the priest not being married. That lie is probably designed to partially excuse their pedophilia. If you stand me in a room filled with naked kids and I'll get no erection, and so it seems to me that pedophiles have a screw

lose, an unusual piece of central wiring, and are therefore partially innocent. This is in no way to say I condone their actions, for I don't. But, perhaps it is something that should be looked at as a mitigating factor during their prosecution, if not their sentencing.

What I'm about to say is in no way meant to imply that gays are more apt to be pedophiles, for indeed they are not. I repeat... not! From what I've read, the rate of pedophilia is about the same in the straight and gay communities. Nevertheless, it also appears to me, that a very large proportion of Catholic priests are also homosexual. This assumption, about the gay priests, is solely solely on subjective observations of their speech patterns, movements, gestures, emotional responses to various issues, and other subtle behaviors. {There's a good chance that homosexuality is a natural and genetically-based occurrence. If that seems ridiculous, please read the chapter entitled, *Gay Nazi Rats*, in one of the last books of this series.} Certainly, relying on subjective observations to determine, if someone is gay, may be open to question; still, it can also be reasonably accurate. If true, the question begs the asking, why do so many

gay and/or pedophilic men enter the priesthood of the Catholic church? It's not hard to imagine why.

Part of the reason may have something to do with the convenient two-sided box, and the instant freedom granted from their gay or pedophilic-based guilt; not to mention, the fact once they're a priest, they no longer have to worry about the social and familial expectation of a heterosexual marriage! These 'sinful' priests have generally been raised in devoutly Catholic families, ergo they have no choice, but to perceive of themselves as shameful sinners, whether they be homosexuals and/or pedophiles, and so if they have a conscious, they are forced to live in a near constant state of self-loathing. During the developmental years, their entire persona develops in such a way, that they maintain a forged identity, to cover their 'dark-secret(s).'

There is no greater pleasure than relief from unrelenting pain.

No pain greater than madness.

Nothing more maddening than unpardonable guilt.

Catholic by Fate by Senior Cardinal AW

Romney

Such men need a guilt relief valve, to deal with their apparent wrongdoing. Such priests may wait until the pressure of their deeds build into a white hot agony, before they journey to the gloriously merciful two-sided box, where they purge themselves using vague details, yet enough to still receive their cherished absolution, and so they can emerge from the two-sided box, a happy soul. The guilt has been vanquished, until the priest again can't resist his neurophysiological abnormality, and is therefore driven back to the two-sided box. As the church currently operates, it appears that generally the pedophilic priests are mysteriously transferred to a new parish, before too loud a public outcry arises and/or someone seeks legal counsel. I've often wondered if those priests receive mandatory counseling, or are they placed on some kind of probation, or maybe excommunicated? No doubt, there's considerable discussion going on inside the Vatican, concerning this issue. By keeping such discussions private, they in effect are placing their power above the wellbeing of their child parishioners. The current pontiff says such priests

should be punished, but it's not exactly clear if they are being punished, or if so, how. In the early days of the church, unbelievers could be burned at the stake, but these days, pedophilic priests, at worst, seem to just be punished by being transferred.

But whoever causes one of these little ones who believe in me to sin, it would be better for him to have a great millstone fastened around his neck and to be drowned in the depth of the sea.

Matthew 18:6, English Standard Version

So much for forgiveness! But again, such folks are indeed mentally ill, regardless of whether their condition is created by the inherent wiring of their brain or their life's experiences. Pedophiles often try to awaken sexual pleasure in their young victim, so that the child later seeks continued molestation by the pedophile. The child therefore can sometimes develop a corresponding sense of guilt or shame. This situation with the pedophilic priests is being allowed to drag-on far too long, and that's probably due to the vast numbers of such priests. The problem is how does the church stop pedophilia, without looking like

a corrupt organization? The solution is simple...put them into counseling and don't allow them to be a priests, or just let the legal system lock them away. For that matter, the Vatican is rich enough they could buy some uninhibited islands, and stash the pedophilic priests there. But the church needs to stop the stalling and make a move. They need to put the children first! By continuing as it has, allowing the sexual molestation of so many children, the church has destroyed its precepts. Whence, it is no longer a valid Christian institution! When so little is done in response to such wide-spread abuse, it makes me think that nearly the church is largely made-up of priests, who are either a pedophile, or are protecting pedophiles, and that the more normal priests are currently in the minority; otherwise, it would seem that more corrective action would have been taken! What other conclusion can be reached?

But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Matthew 19:14

A priest's job is to bring the little children closer to Jesus, not to introduce them to gay or straight sex!

In effect, one might say that the Catholic church no longer exists, that it's officially dead. The religion has tied the milestone around its' neck and jumped into the Marianas Trench. Once a religion makes it clear, that it doesn't care about protecting and nurturing children, it's pretty well over, if not transformed into something evil. When you think about it, the two-sided box is like a freak'n miracle, a magic elixir for almost any form of guilt, and so it's perfect for the guilty pedophilic priests; nevertheless, it is also an enabling-machine, and not just for pedophilic sins, but quite likely for various others, for regardless of the crime or sin, to be forgiven is simply a visit to the box.

“Forgive me Father, for I have sinned. I know it's the seventh time this year, that I've lost my temper and put my wife in the hospital, but Father, I do try so hard to be stay calm, but you know, I feel like she doesn't listen to me. You know how women can be. *Or, maybe you don't.* She told the doctor, she fell off the back porch. But Father, I swear to God, I won't do it again, and I really mean it this time!”

“Forgive me Father, for I have sinned. I've been conducting drones strikes, where I kill a few terrorists, but in the process I've killed lots of

innocent people, old people, women, and children.”

“Forgive me father, for I have sinned. As you know, I own a rather large company. I didn’t absolutely have to, but I filed for bankruptcy. That way, I don’t have to pay all my employee pensions, and so I’ve walked away with their savings, millions of dollars. That way, I can start anew, with a better business model. Of course, many of my former employees are begging on the streets, with their handmade cardboard signs.”

“Forgive me Father, for I have sinned. I’m the CEO for a large pharmaceutical company. We research drugs to improve the public health, but we only research profitable longterm treatments, and never do we study drugs, which might actually effect a real cure. Furthermore, we are aware of cures, but keep them secret, especially those monoclonal antibodies. There are so many lines of research which could lead to cures, but I don’t allow my researchers to pursue them. I choose only to study and develop non-curative expensive medicines, which the patient has to take daily for their entire life, or they die. I don’t feel good about this, but can’t resist the money. Also, we use animals for research, whereas universities and *NIH* are not allowed. We have the

security to keep-out *PETA*.”

“Forgive me father, for I have sinned, I work for a company which makes cruise missiles. America launched hundreds of them into Baghdad, and its rather obvious that we killed ten of thousands of innocent women and kids. I helped to make these deadly missiles. And even though I didn’t launch them, I feel like I desperately need God’s forgiveness.”

The holy two-sided box offers such blessed psychiatric comfort, it could be enough to cause a rich person to leave all their wealth to the church, in sheer appreciation, as many a rich person has indeed done. Of course, the church has always benevolently accepted those funds. The confessional is also a huge intelligence gathering device. The priests, bound by the seal of the confessional, get to hear first-hand secret information about the people in their parishes; information which nobody else is apt to know, from: poor and the rich alike, criminals and judges, old and young, the intelligent and the slow, from vagrants to the politically powerful. During WWII the Catholic Church served the Third Reich quite well. They provided intelligence, and helped to smuggle-out war nazi criminals at the end of the war. Perchance, a

phenomenal TV series could be written around the Catholic confessional; after all, nothing on television is sacred anymore.

By itself, this confidential psychic cleansing, provided by the supernatural two-sided box, is enough of an incentive for any guilt-ridden pedophile to consider becoming a priest. What better place to work... access to kids, and forgiveness, all in one? Plus, if you get caught, the church will simply transfer you. Most likely, such a man also senses that the church is staffed with a higher percentage of guys such as himself. Correspondingly, as a priest, his family and community may come to revere him, at least for a while. In this way, by becoming a priest, the pedophile receives acceptance in both worlds, spiritual and secular. As stated, he gets pedophilic absolution from the two sided box, while receiving a steady supply of alter boys. There's also free food, clothes, and housing, as well as a living allowance, and there's that freedom from unwanted marriage, if he's also happens to be gay. Once again, allow me to mention that the rate of pedophilia is roughly the same for gays and straights. Priest can even drink booze, smoke tobacco, and more than a few indulge in various types of drugs. Correspondingly, they have

their own cost-free rehabs.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/
Saint_Luke_Institute](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Saint_Luke_Institute)

While I certainly don't condone pedophilic behavior, I still am interested in knowing what makes them tick. You've got to admit, their pathology is interesting. You see, I'm one of those molested children, as you'll soon read about, in the following books of this series. Still, I hold nothing against the Spanish woman, who regularly molested me at the age of almost twelve. Quite the contrary, I have fond memories of her. Nevertheless, I believe it may have had a marked effect on molding my personality, and my losing respect for authority, and temporarily I lost interest in my education; still, I'm not exactly sure what would have been different about me, had I not been sexually molested. It is even possible, that my being molested, had some positive benefits.

Oddly, it wasn't until I decided to scribble these poorly edited books, that I've actually spoken of the amazingly beautiful Spanish prostitute, who pressed

a piece of paper into my hand, with her address on it, and told me to come see her, but to bring a gift. For many years, I felt shame, but I did so enjoy my time with her. She was an intelligent prostitute, who'd initially approached me, when I was barely shy of twelve (1959), at a pigeon shooting club in southern Spain. It was clear from the prodigious outpouring of her Bartholin's glands, that she enjoyed having sex with a kid. I suppose my shame was not true guilt, but simply the desire to avoid embarrassing public criticism. My unease about the woman had been instilled by Mom and the church.

Please keep in mind my long hesitation to discuss my own childhood sex, if you hear of some woman, who took twenty or thirty years to finally mention what had happened to her, when she was a child. I get that long delay. There is the real possibility that the woman was like me, and enjoyed what happened to her as a child, but was embarrassed because of it; especially, if it involved one of her relatives. It only took me roughly fifty-three years to come forth about my experience, and I didn't consciously feel any physical or psychological trauma... at least, none that I know of, and in my case, no relative was involved. Because of my early sexual experience, I

did markedly change. That energetic comely Spanish siren really knew her game, and obviously enjoyed being with me. Something tells me, that the reason she enjoyed it so much, was the fact that I was a child, maybe because it was a taboo. Despite that, those erotic childhood experiences did not predispose me to pedophilia. Consequently, when I hear that someone, who has been arrested for being a pedophile, and they claim that they're a pedophile, because they were molested as a child, I tend not to believe them, but maybe I'm wrong; after all I'm only a case of one person.

My gut tells me that pedophilia happens, at some point, before the person is born, while developing inside the mother's womb. Certainly, there is no way, that a sane person would voluntarily decide to become a pedophile! No one wants to become a social pariah, and be so universally hated. There's even a chance that many pedophiles actually are at times fond of kids, in normal nonsexual ways. But whatever the cause of their sad condition, it certainly doesn't justify their sexual molestation of kids. Perhaps, kids in middle school and/or high school should be encouraged to seek confidential counseling, if they feel they are predisposed to such

abnormal feelings. What likely discourages their seeking professional help is the powerful public outcry against them. Many folks are quick to say that pedophiles should be killed.

Most of us don't understand how an adult can be attracted to a child, who doesn't possess a developed body, with mature sexual attributes and behaviors. The same might also be said for gay pedophiles. How is it they are attracted to small immature people of their own sex? This comment excludes those guys, who mistook an overdeveloped fifteen or sixteen year old for a twenty-year or twenty-one old. With advances in neurophysiology, biochemistry, endocrinology, and all the forms of brain imagining, there may soon be discovered a physiological explanation for pedophilia, but oddly enough, with all of the associated moral repugnance, pedophilia is not considered a primary research issue. If you have any doubts about that simply go online, and look for grants to study pedophilia.

Perhaps with research, a cure or preventive methodology, might be developed. Perchance, certain chemical markers could be identified in the amnionic fluid, or in the blood during early childhood. Most likely such an explanation may be

largely one of biochemistry, with some aspect of gene expression thrown-in. Gene mediation or expression doesn't have to only be for some dependable Mendelian trait, which we normally think of as being passed on from parent to child such as: hair color, height, skin color, eye color, or for certain genetically based diseases, i.e., diabetes, breast cancer, cystic fibrosis, Huntington's, etc. Perhaps, these faulty sections of DNA are designed by nature to kill those folks possessing them. Males with pedophilia are not likely to procreate and are likely to be killed by a parent. In both cases, pedophilia reduces population.

Pedophilia is hypothesized to be in about four percent of the male population, so why is it that most of humanity isn't more interested in studying its' causes? Why isn't more research money allocated toward its study and prevention, all the while more children continue to be harmed?

Damn The Kids, by

A.W. Reymiol, PhD

This is not to say that environmental issues can't influence how genes, and their associated histones

(large proteins attached to the DNA, which regulate the opening and closing of genes, and therefore protein synthesis) operate. Point of fact, I'm saying just the opposite. In a way, I'm saying that behavioral experiences and genes are cooperative in expressing the condition.

<https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC3199919/>

Hypothetically, pedophilia may never happen, if certain strands of DNA, don't manage to unwind; if the histones don't puff open the requisite genes, and allow the corresponding messenger RNA, and associated protein(s) to be synthesized. Hypothetically, said gene(s) may exist in many people, if not in all of humanity, but only go active in certain circumstances. As stated, something of a fumbling explanation is presented in the last of these books, in the chapter entitled, *Gay Nazi Rats*.

Unlike most of what's been scribbled herein, perchance that particular chapter (*Gay Nazi Rats*) actually has a nanoscopic aggregate of social significance. Sexual proclivities, which run contrary

to acceptable norms (statistically speaking, anything past two standard deviations), routinely result in powerful appetites, probably because of the associated repression, or voluntary inhibition of the involved neurons. This sexual inhibition allows the brain cells to store-up, abnormally large levels of their respective neurotransmitters, a physiological situation setting-up a more demanding neurological need. Perhaps such pedophiles are the ones, who murder the child to hide their crime. Considering that our children are our greatest gifts, I can't understand why the world hasn't made researching pedophilia a top priority, for it's got to be easier to treat a pregnant mother or teach a young child, than to try to fix a broken adult.